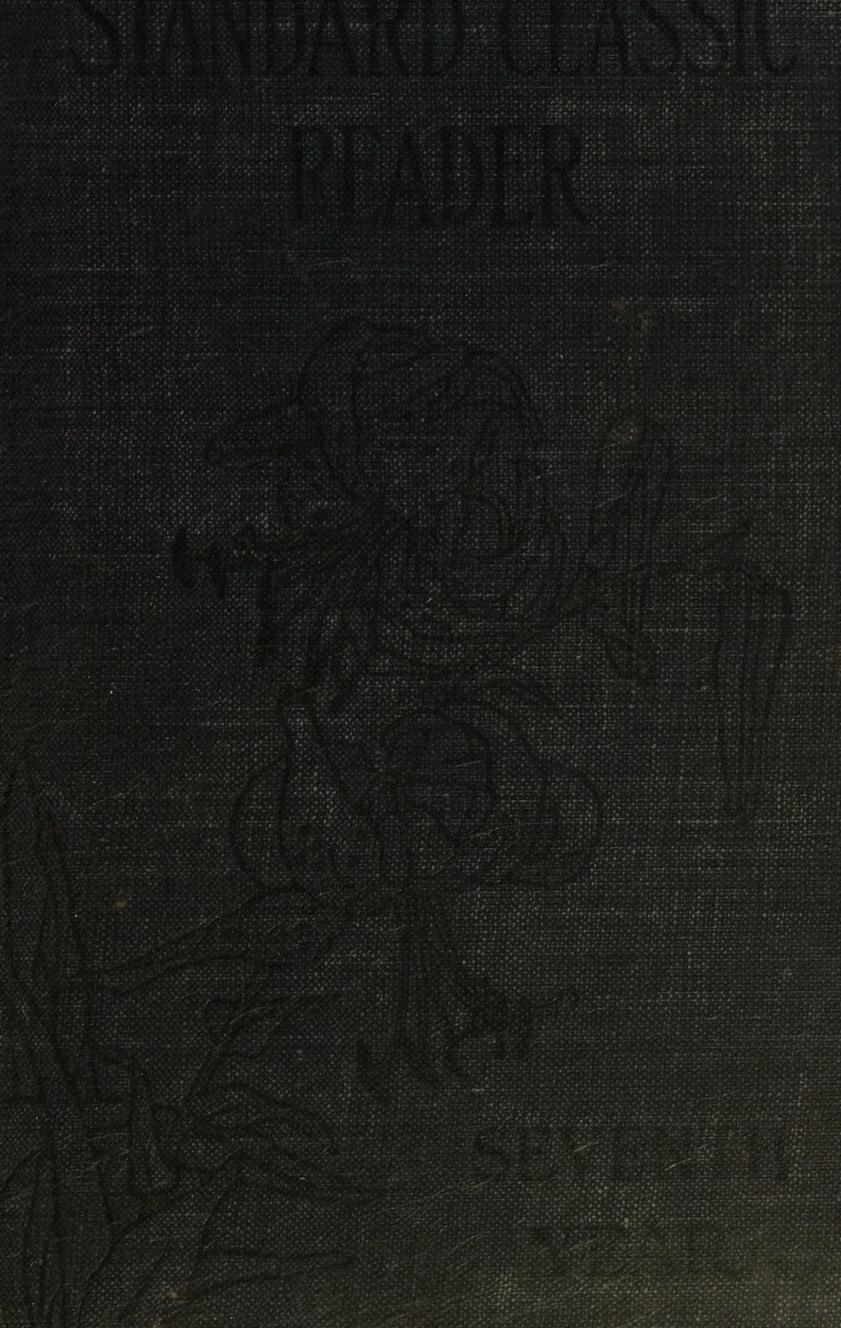


Angela Gebhard
3573 Grim St.
San Diego
Calif.

Bernadetta Costello $1.00
Grade 8

# STANDARD CLASSIC READER

FOR THE

## SEVENTH YEAR

---

PART I—LITERATURE
PART II—MYTH, LEGEND, HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY
PART III—STORIES OF INDUSTRY

---

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

COPYRIGHT, 1912, 1915
BY
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

# FOREWORD

The Standard Classic Reader for Seventh Year is the fourth of a series of five Classic Readers carefully compiled, edited and annotated for use in the intermediate and grammar grades of of the common schools.

The Standard Classic Readers for Seventh and Eighth Years are arranged in parts, grouping the selections under three heads:

I Literature.
II Myth, Legend, History and Biography.
III Stories of Industry.

Part I is devoted to classic literature represented by the best American and British authors. Each selection is of genuine, intrinsic literary value. It is difficult to conceive of a list of similar extent which would present to pupils of this grade a more fitting selection of literary studies.

Part II is designed not only for its value as present reading, but also to familiarize the pupils with those incidents and characters of mythological, legendary, Biblical and historical lore without which it is impossible to appreciate fully the literature studied in high school or read later in life. There are Norse, Roman and Grecian myths; Old German, Roman and British legends; Bible Stories; and incidents and biographies from Grecian, Roman, English and American History.

These selections are arranged chronologically; this is manifestly the best arrangement, since it is in the seventh year that the formal study of history is usually introduced into the course of study. It will be noticed that this material takes the place of the Dramatic Readings provided in the earlier books of the series, Standard Classic Readers for Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Years.

In a similar manner, in the Readers for Seventh and Eighth Years, Stories of Industry given in Part III, take the place of Memorizing in the earlier books of the series.

The unity of plan, variety of material, excellent arrangement, and splendid adaptation to grade, are distinctive features of the series. These, with the appropriate biographies, the explanatory notes, the historical references and other study helps given, the publishers feel are adequate reasons for offering to the schools the Standard Classic Readers with the assurance that they will be fully satisfactory.

## CONTENTS

### PART I


Rip Van Winkle ..... *Washington Irving* ... 7
Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie ..... *Henry W. Longfellow* . 31
Afton Water ..... *Robert Burns* ..... 103
The Bells of Shandon ..... *Francis Mahony* ..... 105
Sir Galahad ..... *Alfred Tennyson* ..... 108
Crossing the Bar ..... *Alfred Tennyson* ..... 111
Nicholas Nickleby and the Brothers Cheeryble ..... *Charles Dickens* ..... 112
The Story of Little Nell ..... *Charles Dickens* ..... 128
The Barefoot Boy ..... *John G. Whittier* ..... 149
My Playmate ..... *John G. Whittier* ..... 153
A Day in June ..... *James R. Lowell* ..... 156
The Bells ..... *Edgar Allan Poe* ..... 159
Annabel Lee ..... *Edgar Allan Poe* ..... 164
The Deacon's Masterpiece; or The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay" ..... *Oliver W. Holmes* .... 166
The Planting of the Apple-Tree ..... *William C. Bryant* ... 171
October ..... *William C. Bryant* ... 175
Hymn on the Fight at Concord ..... *Ralph W. Emerson* .... 176
Paul Revere's Ride ..... *Henry W. Longfellow* . 177
From a Speech in the Virginia Legislature . *Patrick Henry* ..... 184
The Great Carbuncle ..... *Nathaniel Hawthorne* . 187
As You Like It ..... *Charles and Mary Lamb* 205
King Lear ..... *Charles and Mary Lamb* 224
Love of Country ..... *Sir Walter Scott* ..... 241
The American Flag ..... *Joseph R. Drake* ..... 242
Kentucky Belle ..... *Constance F. Woolson* . 245


### PART II


Stories from Norse Mythology
The Beginning ..... 251
Odin at the Well of Wisdom ..... 253

Thor's Hammer ..... 256
Valkyries' Song ..... *Felicia D. Hemans* .... 269

Greek and Roman Myths
The Creation ..... 271
Pandora ..... 272
Pygmalion and Galatea ..... 275
Clytie ..... 278
Scylla and Charybdis ..... 280
Pegasus and Bellerophon ..... 284
Arachne ..... 288
The Wanderings of Æneas ..... *Alfred J. Church* ..... 292

Romulus and Remus ..... 307
Lohengrin and Elsa ..... 312
Beowulf ..... 318
Hengist and Horsa ..... *H. A. Guerber* ..... 325
The Story of Merlin ..... 328
The Story of King Arthur ..... 336
King Arthur and Guinevere ..... 340
The Story of Moses ..... 347
The Burial of Moses ..... *Cecil F. Alexander* .... 353
The Story of Ruth and Naomi ..... 356
Coriolanus ..... 360
Cincinnatus ..... 364
Alexander the Great ..... *H. A. Guerber* ..... 367
Clovis the Frank ..... *Lillian L. Price* ..... 375
The Death of De Soto ..... 384
Pere Marquette ..... 386
Robert La Salle ..... 391
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ..... *Felicia D. Hemans* .... 396
George Washington in the French and Indian War ..... 398
How the Colonies Grew United ..... 407

PART III

The Cotton Industry ..... 409
Wheat ..... 417
Corn ..... 424

WASHINGTON IRVING
Author of "Rip Van Winkle." (See page 7)

# STANDARD CLASSIC READER
# SEVENTH YEAR
## PART I LITERATURE

### RIP VAN WINKLE

#### A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. His education, which was as good as the schools of those days afforded, was finished when he was about sixteen. He was very fond of reading when a boy, "The Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe," being his particular favorites. His first literary work was in the form of essays, written over the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. In 1804, his health having declined, he went abroad. He returned to America with restored health, and two years later the "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," appeared. "The Sketch Book," from which "Rip Van Winkle" is taken, was published in 1819. The "Conquest of Granada" and "The Alhambra" are the result of many delightful weeks spent in southern Spain. While Secretary of the London legation he wrote the "Companions of Columbus," and received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford University. In 1842, he was appointed minister to Spain, returning to America four years later. During the last years of his life he wrote the "Life of Mahomet" and the "Life of Washington." He died November 28, 1859, and his grave looks over the quiet loneliness of Sleepy Hollow and the winding Hudson.

The following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that

legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province, during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed, was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend.

But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.

> By Woden, God of Saxons,
> From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
> Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
> Unto thylke day in which I creep into
> My sepulchre. — *Cartwright.*

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all

the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky: but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man, he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are

rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them: — in a word, Rip was ready to attend

to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood

His children, too, were ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders,

shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can stand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who

was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and land'ord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst

I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent, but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or a sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ringing through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl,

skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees, He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what

could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaich, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-

lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were over-powered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from which he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at nine-pins — the flagon — "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountains had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and

shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companions had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras and witch hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the

rusty fire-lock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — stronge faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it.

Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth

the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows, as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers — "a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown

culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army at the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point! — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewil-

derment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wits' end; I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else, got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

"Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him: but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she had died too but a short time since: she broke

a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in a most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Halfmoon*, being permitted in

this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he, himself, had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm,but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petti-

coat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskills, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins: and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE — The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart* and the Kypphauser Mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very vener-

able old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. — *D. K.*"

POSTSCRIPT — The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies, which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it; but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among

the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Who wrote "Rip Van Winkle"?

How long a time is supposed to have passed from the beginning to the end of the story?

What are the principal events in the story?

What is the most humorous situation?

What do you think is the most pathetic?

What are the finest descriptive portions?

Locate the Hudson River upon a map. The Kaatskill Mountains.

Why does Irving refer to them as "fairy mountains"? Paragraph 2.

What types of character are disclosed in the description of life at the village inn?

What are the impressions given of early life in New York?

What are the references to the customs and manners of Knickerbocker days, and where do they occur in the story?

What historical characters are mentioned?

What are the chief traits of Rip Van Winkle? What are his good characteristics? What are the objectionable traits in his character?

Tell the story of his home life with Dame Van Winkle.

What light is thrown upon Rip's ability to work?

What weakness does he exhibit? Wherein lies his strength?

Show how the character of Dame Van Winkle influences the action of the plot. What sort of woman was she?

Was Rip Van Winkle altogether to blame? Does Washington Irving intend to make him weak in our eyes? Is he made to appear ridiculous or do we sympathize with him? Give your reasons for the opinions you have.

What figures of speech are employed by the author to increase the interest and add force to the narrative?

## NOTES

(The figures refer to page and line)

Page 7 *Posthumous.* Published after death.

8: 21 "*More in sorrow,*" etc. A warm friend of Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, had, in a discourse before the New York Historical Society, criticised the way the author, in his *History of New York*, had treated many names which were held in veneration as those of the founders

of families. Irving took the criticism good-naturedly, however, and gave it this playful notice in the introduction to *Rip Van Winkle*.

8: 32 *Thylke*. That same; an Old English compound of *thus* and *like*.

8: 33 *Cartwright*. (1611–1643.) A poet and playwright as well as a lecturer on metaphysics at Oxford.

8: 35 *Kaatskill*. Also written Catskill.

9: 1 *Barometer*. An instrument for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere.

9: 15 *Peter Stuyvesant*. The last governor of the New Netherlands in 1647. It was he who conquered the Swedes on the Delaware.

9: 27 *Fort Christina*. The Swedish settlement, which was not far from the present town of Wilmington.

10: 2 *Curtain lecture*. A scolding administered by a wife to her husband after they have retired.

10: 4 *Termagant*. A Saracen god who was depicted in the old dramas as a very violent and quarrelsome character.

10: 24 *Tartars*. The people of Tartary, a country in the central part of Asia, who are famous horsemen.

11: 20 *Galligaskins*. A kind of wide breeches, originally worn by the inhabitants of Gascony in France.

12: 27 *George Third*. (1738–1820.) He was king of England from 1760 to 1820.

13: 4 *Junta*. A band of men joined together for political ends.

15: 14 *Jerkin*. From the French *jargot*, a short, close-fitting jacket of rough cloth.

15: 30 *Amphitheatre*. The word is of classic origin and signifies a building, elliptical in shape, where games and contests were held.

16: 18 *Doublet*. A close fitting, outer garment, extending from the neck to below the waist.

16: 19 *Hanger*. A broad, short sword which hung at the side.

16: 20 *Roses*. That is, rosettes of ribbon in the form of roses.

17: 10 *Hollands*. A kind of gin made in Holland.

17: 29 *Fire-lock*. An old time musket in which the powder was ignited by striking a spark from a flint and steel.

20: 18 *Night-cap*. A red cap on the top of a "liberty-pole" was a sign of freedom. In ancient Rome, when a slave was freed, a red Phrygian cap was put upon his head as a token of freedom. A similar cap was worn by the Revolutionists in France and is now regarded as a symbol of liberty.

20: 23 *Metamorphosed*. From two Greek words, meaning transformed.

20: 31 *Phlegm.* Dullness, apathy.

21: 4 *Bunker's Hill.* A hill in Charlestown, Mass., where the famous battle of that name was fought.

21: 6 *Babylonish.* Babylon is supposed to have stood on the spot where the Tower of Babel was built, and hence has become a synonym for confusion of speech.

21: 16 *Federal.* The Federals were those who belonged to the party favoring the recently adopted constitution, and inclining to follow the foreign and domestic policy of England. The Democrats, on the other hand, opposed the adoption of the Constitution, and were inclined to follow the example of France.

21: 31 *Tory.* In the colonies, the party who were loyal to the king.

22: 15 *Stony Point.* A rocky promontory on the Hudson River, forty-two miles north of New York. There was a fort here during the Revolution, which was captured by General Wayne on July 16, 1779.

22: 16 *Antony's Nose.* Another promontory on the east side of the Hudson, just at the north entrance of the Highlands. Irving says, in his *History of New York*, Bk. VI. Chap. X.:

"It must be known then that the nose of Antony the Trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Antony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the gallery, contemplating in it the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all its splendor from behind a high bluff on the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass; the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing-hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon. When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood."

24: 33 *Hendrick Hudson.* An English navigator who attempted to find a northwest passage to China. He sailed up the Hudson for the first time on September 11, 1609. Two years later he discovered Hudson Bay, where his crew sent him adrift in a small boat and left him to die.

24: 35 *Half-moon.* The name of Hudson's vessel.

25: 13 *Ditto.* From the Latin *dictus.* Literally that which has been said before, likewise.

# EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. At the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, where he studied for four years and took his degree with high honors in 1825. His strong preference for a literary career soon showed itself, and having been offered the newly-established professorship of languages in Bowdoin College, for the purpose of qualifying himself for the post, he visited Europe, and spent three and a half years travelling in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England, studying the languages and literature of these countries. In 1829, he returned to America, and entered upon the duties of his professorship. In 1835, he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and *belles-lettres* in Harvard College, resigning in 1854. He died March 24, 1882.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

## Part the First

### I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forest old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside.
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that fed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden,
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them.
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the Sycamore tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns, and the farmyard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains, and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates.
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled around in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallows!
Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children,
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening,
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled,
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor,
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streanmlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair,

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bag-pipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: —
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-horn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

## III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English,
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and child-like,
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children:
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Lêtiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened—
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children:
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extended his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public —
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others,
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public —

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs: and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré:
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn.
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lips, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone.
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothespress
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage.
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceedingly fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight,
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

## IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses, the blithe Acadian peasants;.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen, but the track of wh · ' in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant;

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*.
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commisson.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant that you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you: for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hail-stones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the fields and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo, the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar,
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.
Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And, at the head of the board, the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As over the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai;
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the doors and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window,
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

## V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach,
Piled in confusion, lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! Oh, inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms in wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried.

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard —
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silenced reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered, and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead,
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pre!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror,
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people —
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges;
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

## Part the Second

### I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand Pré,
When, on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannahs —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her.
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes!" we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year: come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely, but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike,
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she had heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was a mingled voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps:
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley,
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air,
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin,
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness —
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music;
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night was heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off — indistinct — as of wave or of wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar,
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered —
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee: for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest,
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and the waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed
silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to
madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bac-
chantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with
emotion,
Slowly they enter the Têche where it flows through the green
Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
dwelling: —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of
cattle.

## III

Near to the bank of the river, o'er-shadowed by oaks,
from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-
tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A
garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms.
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of
timbers
Hewn from the cypress-trees, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending;
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said — and his voice grew blithe as he said it —
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler!
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphant procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: —
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies:
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen, she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee!"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods: and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon.
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sand and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceasless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,

From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches.
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her.
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lillinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the home-like sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered: —
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith and thy prayer will be answered!"
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance.
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River,
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old Rene Leblanc had died and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger,
And her ears were pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver streams of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger; —

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands; —
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble wall seemed to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: — "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
As are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals.
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

---

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them.
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy ;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

## VOCABULARY

Acadie (ä-kä-dē′)
Atchafalaya (ach-af-a-li′ ä)
Bacchantes (bak-kän′ tēs)
Beau Sejour (bō-sā-zhör′)
Bellefontaine (bel-fon-tān′)
Eulalie (ū-lā′li)
Fontaine-qui-bout (fon-tān′ kē-bö′)
Gaspereau (gas′per-ō)
Grand Pré (gron-prā′)
Lajeunesse (lä-zher-nes′)
Loup--garou (lö-ga-rö′)
Melita (mel′ i-ta)
Minas (mē′nas)
Natchitoches (Nak′ e-tōsh)
Opelousas (op-e-lö′sas)
Têche (tēsh)

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Who were the Acadians?

On what historical event is the poem founded? Who was King of England at that time?

What was the religion of the Acadians? Quote passages to prove your statement.

Select and explain some Biblical references. Why so many in the poem?

Study with a map the course of Evangeline's journey. From the Great Lakes down the Ohio into the Mississippi; down the Mississippi to Bayou of Plaquemine in Louisiana; from Bayou of Plaquemine to Lakes of the Atchafalaya, into the Têche and then to St. Martin; up the Mississippi to Adayes; from Adayes to Ozark Mountain; across the Plains to South Pass in Rocky Mountains; back to Philadelphia by slow journeys.

Compare the word picture of the forge of Basil the Blacksmith with that of the "Village Blacksmith."

Who are the principal characters in the poem?

Describe Basil the blacksmith. Note the word painting which portrays his character.

Study the character of Evangeline as girl, maiden and woman.

Why was René Leblanc an important personage in Grand Pré?

What passages show the fidelity and sympathy between Father Felician and his people?

What lines show his influence and his deep love and trust of his friends?

## NOTES

32: 14 *Giving the village its name* (Grand Pre). Fr. *grand*, great, and *pre*, meadow.

38: 18 *Saint Eulalie.* A female martyr of the early church; the Norman saying was that, "If the sun shone on St. Eulalie's day (February 12), there will be apples and cider in plenty."

44: 8 *Louisburg is not forgotten*, etc. Louisburg, a place in the island of Cape Breton, was attacked and taken by the English in 1745. The Fort Beau Sejour was bombarded and reduced in 1749, and Port Royal was taken in the same year. The latter place is now called Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne.

45: 19 *Loup-garou.* Man-wolf. A human being changed into a wolf and greedy for human flesh. In this and the following seven lines allusion is made to traditional and fairy stories known at that time in Acadia.

52: 14 *Tous les*, etc. "All the Good Folks of Chartres" and "The Chimes of Dunkirk," the names of two old French airs.

68: 1 *To braid St. Catherine's tresses.* To remain unmarried; a phrase said to be derived from the practice of unmarried women dressing the heads of the statues of St. Catherine, the patron saint of virgins.

69: 19 *Fair Opelousas.* A fertile and beautiful part of the State of Louisiana.

82: 8 *Cured*, etc. The poet here refers to an old charm for the cure of disease. Elias Ashmole, in his diary, April 11, 1681, says, "I took early in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away. Thanks be to God."

84: 3 *Upharsin.* See *Daniel* V., 25.

87: 14 *Fata Morgana.* A name given to a striking deception of the eyesight, which has been principally remarked in the Strait of Messina, between the coasts of Sicily and Calabria. The images of men, horses, towers, palaces, columns, trees, etc., are occasionally seen from the coast, sometimes in the water, and sometimes in the air, or at the surface of the water. It is a kind of mirage. Italian, because supposed to be the work of a *fata*, or fairy, called *Morgana.*

# AFTON WATER

## Robert Burns

Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland, was born January 25, 1759, in a small, clay-built cottage, about a mile and a half south of Ayr. His father had to struggle all his life with poverty and misfortune, but he made every exertion to give his children a good education. Robert was sent to school at the age of six, and by the time he was nine he had read with enthusiasm every book that came in his way, especially poetry. His first volume of poems was published in 1786, and had a wonderful success. His brief life of thirty-seven years was one continued struggle, yet he was able to give to literature some of its most precious jewels. He died at Dumfries, Scotland, July 21, 1796.

Afton Water, an unimportant Ayrshire stream, is tributary to the river Nith, into which it flows near New Cumnock. The scenery along its banks is celebrated for its beauty. There has been considerable speculation as to who the Mary who "sleeps by the murmuring stream," may have been. According to Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, it was Highland Mary, whose grave is in the kirkyard at Greenock; while others hold Mrs. Stewart of Stair was the person the poet had in mind.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

By what name is Burns sometimes affectionately called?
What is meant by "Afton Water"?
In what part of Scotland is it?
Whom did the poet mean by "Mary," according to his brother Gilbert?
Whom did others think he may have had in mind?
Read Burns' poem, "Highland Mary."
What are "braes"?
Look up "stock-dove" and "lapwing" and tell what kind of birds they are. Are they found in this country?
Explain "mild ev'ning weeps over the lea" and "sweet-scented birk."
Why does the poet call the river the theme of his lays?

# THE BELLS OF SHANDON

## Francis Mahony

### (Father Prout)

Francis Mahony, an Irish journalist and poet, was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1804. He was educated for the priesthood in Paris and Rome, and was ordained. In 1834, however, he gave up his calling, and began to write under the name of Father Prout. He died at Paris, May 10, 1866.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so mild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
"Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican —
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk, O
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me —
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Find Cork and the River Lee on your map of Ireland.
Explain "while at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate."
Explain "each proud swelling of thy belfry."
What is the Vatican and where is it?
Explain "cymbals glorious" and "gorgeous turrets."
Explain "sweeter than the dome of Peter flings o'er the Tiber."
Where is Moscow? Find it on your map.
What is a kiosk?
What are minarets?
Explain "Such empty phantom I freely grant them."
What American poet has written a poem on "The Bells"?
Name all the other poems you have read or heard about bells.

## NOTES

34 *"Old Adrian's Mole."* "Mole" as used here applies to a form of ancient Roman mausoleum. Adrian, or Hadrianus, Emperor of Rome, 117–138 A. D., erected the mausoleum called the *Moles Hadriani* in Rome. He laid the foundation of several cities, the most important of which was Adrianapolis.

40 *Notre Dame.* A famous cathedral in Paris.

49 *Bell in Moscow.* The great bell of Moscow, called the Czar Kolokol (king of bells), is in the Kremlin, the citadel of Moscow. It was cast in 1737, the largest bell ever made, weighing about 443,000 pounds and being nineteen feet in diameter and the same in height. It is supposed never to have been hung, and is now used as a chapel, having been raised in 1836, after lying half buried since 1737, when a piece was broken out of its side in a fire. The largest bell in actual use is also in Moscow.

51 *St. Sophia.* A famous mosque in Constantinople. It was built as a Christian Church by the Emperor Constantine in 325–326. On the occupation of the city by the Turks in 1453, St. Sophia was appropriated as a Mohammedan place of worship.

# SIR GALAHAD

## Alfred Tennyson

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809. In 1828, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won a medal for his poem, "Timbuctoo." Among his greatest works are "The Princess," from which "The Bugle Song" is taken, "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," and "Enoch Arden." On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson was made Poet Laureate of England. He died October 6, 1892.

Sir Galahad was the noblest and purest knight of King Arthur's Round Table, and the one who was successful in finding the Holy Grail. According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was necessary for those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought word and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's Court to go in search of it.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease.
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,

This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Who was Sir Galahad?
In what other great work of Tennyson's do we read of him?
Explain "carves the casques of men."
Why was Sir Galahad's strength equal to the strength of ten?
What was a maiden knight?
What was the prize Sir Galahad was striving for?
Tell the story of the Holy Grail.

## NOTES

1 *Casques.* Helmets.
9 *Lists.* The field or enclosed space where the combat took place.
10 *Combat.* A fight, a contest.
16 *Thrall.* A slave, a captive.
18 *Crypt.* An under or hidden part of a building. In churches, cathedrals, etc., the crypt is used as a burial place.
42 *Virgin.* Pure.
53 *Copses.* Woods or thicket of small trees or bushes.
57 *Hostel.* An inn; hotel.

## CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

### HELPS FOR STUDY

What did Tennyson mean by "crossing the bar?"
Why did he choose the time of sunset and evening star?
What causes the moaning of the bar?
Why, then, does the poet ask that there be "such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound and foam"?
What do you think is meant by "that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home"?
What is "our bourne of Time and Place"?
Where will the flood bear him?
Who does he call the Pilot?

# NICHOLAS NICKLEBY AND THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE

## Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens was born February 7, 1812, at Landport, in Portsea, England, where his father, who was a clerk in the Navy Pay-office, was at that time stationed. When Charles was ten years of age the family moved to London. Owing to money difficulties of his father, the boy was obliged to go to work in the warehouse of a blacking factory, where he remained for two years. Then, his father's money affairs being in a better condition, he was sent to school for two years. Upon leaving school, he was employed in a lawyer's office, but the passion for literature was strong within him, and he made up his mind to be a newspaper reporter. At the age of nineteen, he became parliamentary reporter for a newspaper, and at twenty-one his first writing was published in a magazine. From this time he continued to write, and for over thirty years there followed from time to time many works from his pen. Dickens died at Gadshill, June 9, 1870.

The gross mismanagement of some private boarding schools in Yorkshire having been reported to Mr. Dickens, he resolved to visit these institutions. The story of "Nicholas Nickleby" followed, the main incidents of which are represented as having occurred in one of these schools for unfortunate boys.

The extracts given here relate the experience of Nicholas after he had left in disgust the Yorkshire school to which his unfeeling uncle had sent him as a teacher, and when he had found his way back to London. Almost friendless and dispairing, Nicholas is at last befriended by two rich and kind-hearted brothers, named Cheeryble. As clerk he works with the faithful and simple-hearted Tim Linkinwater, whom we admire for his devotion to duty, his feeling for others, and his happy spirit of contentment.

### MEETING WITH FRIENDS

As Nicholas stopped to look in at the window, an old gentleman happened to stop too, and Nicholas, carrying his eye along the window panes from left to right in search of some placard, which should be applicable to his own case,

caught sight of this old gentleman's figure, and withdrew his eyes from the window to observe the same more closely.

He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large, to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat. But what chiefly attracted the attention of Nicholas, was the old gentleman's eye—never was such a clear, honest, merry, happy eye as that. And there he stood, looking a little upward, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch-chain: his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head (but that was evidently accident, not his ordinary way of wearing it).

He had such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth, and such an expression of mingled slyness and kindheartedness lighting up his jolly old face, that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten meanwhile that there was such a thing as a soured mind or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world. As the stranger was moving away, Nicholas caught his eye, and, in the awkwardness of the moment, stammered out an apology.

"No offence — oh, no offence!" said the old man.

This was said in such a hearty tone, and the voice was so exactly what it should have been from such a speaker, and there was such cordiality in the manner, that Nicholas was emboldened to speak again.

"A great many chances here, sir," he said, half-smiling as he motioned towards the window.

"A great many people willing and anxious to be employed have thought so very often, I daresay," replied the old man. "Poor fellows, poor fellows!"

He moved away as he said this; but seeing that Nicholas was about to speak, slackened his pace, as if he were unwill-

ing to cut him short. After a little of that hesitation which may be sometimes observed between two people in the street who have exchanged a nod, and are both uncertain whether they shall turn back and speak or not, Nicholas found himself at the old man's side.

"You were about to speak, young gentleman; what were you going to say?"

"Merely that I almost hoped — I mean to say, thought — you had some object in consulting those advertisements," said Nicholas.

"Ay, ay? what object now — what object?" returned the old man, looking slyly at Nicholas. "Did you think I wanted a situation now? Did you think I did?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and wrists as if he were washing them. "A very natural thought at all events, after seeing me gazing at those bills. I thought the same of you at first, upon my word, I did."

"If you had thought so at last, too, sir, you would not have been far from the truth," rejoined Nicholas.

"Eh?" cried the old man, surveying him from head to foot. "What! Dear me! No, no. Well-behaved young gentleman reduced to such a necessity! No, no, no, no."

Nicholas bowed, and bidding him good-morning, turned upon his heel.

"Stay," said the old man, beckoning him into a by-street, where they could converse with less interruption. "What do you mean, eh? What do you mean?"

"Merely that your kind face and manner — both so unlike any I have ever seen — tempted me into an avowal, which, to any other stranger in this wilderness of London, I should not have dreamt of making," returned Nicholas.

"Wilderness! Yes it is, it is. Good. It is a wilderness," said the old man with much animation. "It was a wilderness to me once. I came here barefoot — I have never for-

gotten it, Thank God!" and he raised his hat from his head, and looked very grave.

"What is the matter — what is it — how did it all come about?" said the old man, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas, and walking him up the street. "You are — eh?" laying his finger on the sleeve of his black coat. "Who is it for — eh?"

"My father," replied Nicholas.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Bad thing for a young man to lose his father. Widowed mother, perhaps?"

Nicholas sighed.

"Brothers and sisters, too — eh?"

"One sister," rejoined Nicholas.

"Poor thing, poor thing! You are a scholar, too, I daresay?" said the old man, looking wistfully into the face of the young one.

"I have been well educated," said Nicholas.

"Fine thing," said the old gentleman: "education is a great thing — a very great thing — I never had any. I admire it the more in others. A very fine thing — yes, yes, yes. Tell me more of your history. Let me hear it all."

There was something so earnest in the way in which all this was said that Nicholas could not resist it. He ran over the main points of his little history without reserve, merely suppressing names, and touching as lightly as possible upon his uncle's bad treatment of Kate. The old man listened with great attention, and when he had concluded, drew his arm through his own.

Don't say another word — not another word," said he. "Come along with me. We must not lose a minute."

So saying, the old gentleman dragged him back into Oxford Street, and hailing an omnibus on its way to the city, pushed Nicholas in before him, and followed, himself.

As he appeared in a condition of restless excitement, and whenever Nicholas offered to speak, interposed with — "Don't say another word, my dear sir, on any account— not another word," the young man thought it better to be silent. So into the city they went, without any conversation; and the further they went, the more Nicholas wondered what the end of the adventure would be.

### THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE

The old gentleman got out with great alacrity when they reached the Bank, and once more taking Nicholas by the arm, hurried him along Threadneedle Street, and through some lanes and passages on the right, until they at length emerged in a quiet shady little square.

Into the oldest and cleanest-looking house of business in the square, he led the way. The only inscription on the door-post was "Cheeryble Brothers"; but from a glance at the directions of some packages which were lying about, Nicholas supposed that the Brothers Cheeryble were German merchants.

Passing through a warehouse, Mr. Cheeryble (for such Nicholas supposed him to be, from the respect which had been shown him by the warehousemen and porters whom they passed) led him into a little counting-house like a large glass case, in which counting-house there sat — as free from dust and blemish as if he had been fixed into the glass case before the top was put on, and had never come out since — a fat, elderly, large-faced clerk, with silver spectacles and a powdered head.

"Is my brother in his room, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble, with no less kindness of manner than he had shown to Nicholas.

"Yes he is, sir," replied the fat clerk, turning his spec-

tacle-glasses towards his principal, and his eyes towards Nicholas; "but Mr. Trimmers is with him."

"Ay! And what has he come about, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble.

"He is getting up a subscription for the widow and family of a man who was killed in the East India Docks this morning, sir," rejoined Tim. "Smashed, sir, by a cask of sugar."

He is a good creature," said Mr. Cheeryble. "He is a kind soul. I am very much obliged to Trimmers. Trimmers is one of the best friends we have. He makes a thousand cases known to us that we should never discover of ourselves. I am *very* much obliged to Trimmers." Saying which Mr. Cheeryble rubbed his hands with delight, and Mr. Trimmers happening to pass the door that instant on his way out, shot out after him and caught him by the hand.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Trimmers — ten thousand thanks — I take it very friendly of you — very friendly indeed," said Mr. Cheeryble, dragging him into a corner to get out of hearing. "How many children are there, and what has my brother Ned given, Trimmers?"

"There are six children," replied the gentleman, "and your brother has given us twenty pounds."

"My brother Ned is a good fellow, and you're a good fellow, too, Trimmers," said the old man, shaking him by both hands. "Put me down for another twenty — or — stop a minute, stop a minute. We must not look ostentatious; put me down ten pounds and Tim Linkinwater ten pounds.

"A cheque for twenty pounds for Mr. Trimmers, Tim. God bless you, Trimmers — and come and dine with us some day this week; you will always find a knife and fork, and we shall be delighted. Now, my dear sir — cheque for Mr. Trimmers, Tim. Smashed by a cask of sugar, and six poor children — oh dear, dear, dear!"

Talking on in this strain, as fast as he could, to prevent

any friendly remonstrances from Trimmers, on the large amount of his donation, Mr. Cheeryble led Nicholas, astonished by what he had seen and heard in this short space, to the half-opened door of another room.

"Brother Ned," said Mr. Cheeryble, tapping with his knuckles, and stooping to listen, "are you busy, my dear brother, or can you spare time for a word or two with me?"

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied a voice from the inside, so like in its tones to that which had just spoken that Nicholas started, and almost thought it was the same, "don't ask me such a question, but come in directly."

They went in without further parley. What was the amazement of Nicholas when his conductor advanced and exchanged a warm greeting with another old gentleman, the very type and model of himself — the same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters — nay, there was the very same white hat hanging against the wall!

As they shook each other by the hand, the face of each lighted up by beaming looks of affection, which would have been most delightful to behold in infants, and which, in men so old, was very touching, Nicholas could observe that the last old gentleman was something stouter than his brother. But nobody could have doubted their being twin brothers.

### TIM'S OBJECTIONS

"Brother Ned," said Nicholas's friend, closing the room door, "here is a young friend of mine that we must assist. We must make proper inquiries into his statements, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, and if they are confirmed — as I am sure they will be — we must assist him; we must assist him, brother Ned."

"It is enough, my dear brother, that you say we should," returned the other. "When you say that no further in-

quiries are needed. He *shall* be assisted. What does he require? Where is Tim Linkinwater? Let us have him here."

"Stop, stop, stop," said brother Charles, taking the other aside. "I have a plan, my dear brother, I have a plan. Tim is getting old, and Tim has been a faithful servant, brother Ned; and I don't think pensioning Tim's mother and sister, and buying a little tomb for the family when his poor brother died, was a recompense for his faithful services."

"No, no, no," replied the other. "Certainly not. Not half enough, not half."

"If we could lighten Tim's duties," said the old gentleman, "and prevail upon him to go into the country now and then, and sleep in the fresh air, two or three times a week (which he could if he began business an hour later in the morning), old Tim Linkinwater would grow young again in time; and he is three good years our senior now. Old Tim Linkinwater young again! Eh, brother Ned, eh? Why, I recollect old Tim Linkinwater quite a little boy, don't you? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Tim, poor Tim!"

And the fine old fellows laughed pleasantly together: each with a tear of regard for old Tim Linkinwater, standing in his eye.

"But hear this first — hear this first, brother Ned," said the old man hastily, placing two chairs, one on each side of Nicholas. "I will tell it to you myself, brother Ned, because the young gentleman is modest, and is a scholar, Ned, and I should not feel it right that he should tell us his story over and over again as if he were a beggar, or as if we doubted him. No, no, no."

"No, no, no," returned the other nodding his head gravely. "Very right, my dear brother, very right."

"He will tell me I am wrong, if I make a mistake," said Nicholas's friend. "But whether I do or not, you will be very much affected, brother Ned, remembering the time

when we were two friendless lads, and earned our first shilling in this great city."

The twins pressed each other's hands in silence, and, in his own homely manner, brother Charles related what he had heard from Nicholas. The conversation which followed was a long one, and when it was over a secret conference took place between brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater in another room.

Before Nicholas had been closeted with the brothers ten minutes, he could only wave his hand at every fresh expression of kindness, and sob like a child.

At length brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater came back together, when Tim instantly walked up to Nicholas and whispered in his ear in a very brief sentence (for Tim was a man of few words), that he had taken down the address in the Strand, and would call upon him that evening at eight. Having done which, Tim wiped his spectacles and put them on, preparatory to hearing what more the brothers Cheeryble had to say.

"Tim," said brother Charles, "you understand that we have an intention of taking this young gentleman into the counting-house?"

Brother Ned remarked that Tim was aware of that intention, and quite approved of it; and Tim having nodded, and said he did, drew himself up and looked particularly fat, and very important. After this there was a profound silence.

"I am not coming an hour later in the morning, you know," said Tim, breaking out all at once, and looking very resolute. "I am not going to sleep in the fresh air — no, nor I am not going into the country either. A pretty thing at this time of day, certainly!"

"That is obstinancy, Tim Linkinwater," said brother Charles, looking at him without the faintest spark of anger, and with a countenance radiant with attachment to the

old clerk. "That is obstinancy, Tim Linkinwater; what do you mean, sir?"

"It is forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened and the fires out.

"I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There is the same mignonette box in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There is not — I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it — there is not such a square as this in the world. I *know* there is not," said Tim, with sudden energy, and looking sternly about him. "Not one. For business or pleasure, in summer time or winter — I don't care which — there is nothing like it.

"There is not such a spring in England as the pump under the archway. There is not such a view in England as the view out of my window; I have seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four-and-forty year; and if it were not inconvenient, and did not interfere with business, I should request leave to die there."

"Tim Linkinwater, how dare you talk about dying?" roared the twins by one impulse, and blowing their old noses violently.

"That is what I've got to say, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Charles," said Tim, squaring his shoulders again. "This is not the first time you have talked about superannuating

me; but if you please we will make it the last, and drop the subject forevermore."

With these words, Tim Linkinwater stalked out and shut himself up in his glass case, with the air of a man who had had his say, and was resolved not to be put down.

The brothers interchanged looks, and coughed some half-dozen times without speaking.

"He must be done something with, brother Ned," said the other, warmly; "we must disregard his old scruples; they cannot be borne. He must be made a partner, brother Ned; and if he won't submit to it peaceably, we must have recourse to violence."

"Quite right," replied brother Ned, nodding his head; "quite right, my dear brother. If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will. We must quarrel with him, brother Charles."

"We must — we certainly must have a quarrel with Tim Linkinwater," said the other. "But in the meantime, my dear brother, we are keeping our young friend; and the poor lady and her daughter will be anxious for his return. So let us say good-bye for the present, and — there, there — take care of that box, my dear sir — and — no, no, no, no, not a word now; be careful of the crossings and —"

And with many words to prevent Nicholas from pouring forth his thanks, the brothers hurried him out, shaking hands with him all the way, and pretending very unsuccessfully — they were poor hands at deception! — not to see the feelings that mastered him.

### NICHOLAS BEGINS WORK

Nicholas's heart was too full to allow of his turning into the street until he had recovered some composure. When he at last glided out of the dark doorway corner in which

he had been compelled to halt, he caught a glimpse of the twins peeping in at one corner of the glass-case, as if undecided whether they should follow up their late attack without delay, or for the present postpone laying further siege to Tim Linkinwater.

To recount all the delight and wonder which the circumstances just detailed awakened, and all the things that were done, said, thought, expected, hoped, is beside the present course and purpose of these adventures.

It is enough to state, in brief, that Mr. Timothy Linkinwater came punctual to his appointment; that he reported strongly and warmly in favor of Nicholas; and that next day he was appointed to the vacant stool in the counting-house of Cheeryble Brothers, with a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

"And I think, my dear brother," said Nicholas's first friend, "that if we were to let them that little cottage at Bow which is empty, at something under the usual rent, now? Eh, brother Ned?"

"For nothing at all," said brother Ned. "We are rich, and should be ashamed to touch the rent under such circumstances as these. Where is Tim Linkinwater?— for nothing at all, my dear brother, for nothing at all?"

"Perhaps it would be better to say something, brother Ned," said the other, mildly; "it would help to preserve habits of frugality, you know, and remove any painful sense of obligations. We might say fifteen pound, or twenty pound, and if it was paid make it up to them in some other way.

"And I might secretly advance a small loan towards a little furniture, and you might secretly advance another small loan, brother Ned; and if we find them doing well — as we shall; there is no fear, no fear — we can change the loans into gifts. Carefully, brother Ned, and by degrees, and without pressing upon them too much; what do you say now, brother?"

Brother Ned gave his hand upon it, and not only said it should be done, but had it done, too; and in one short week Nicholas took possession of the stool, and Mrs. Nickleby and Kate took possession of the house; and all was hope, and light-heartedness.

There surely never was such a week of discoveries and surprises as the first week of that cottage. Every night when Nicholas came home something new had been found out. Then, this room was embellished with a curtain, and that room was rendered quite elegant by a window-blind, and such improvements were made as no one would have supposed possible. Then, there was Mrs. Nickleby who did something now and then, but not often — and Kate, who busied herself everywhere, and was pleased with everything — and Nicholas, who helped and encouraged them. All the peace of home was restored, with such new zest imparted to every pleasure, and such delight to every hour of meeting, as misfortune alone could give.

### TIM'S FLOWERS

"A fine morning, Mr. Linkinwater," said Nicholas, entering the office one day.

"Ah!" replied Tim, "talk of the country, indeed! What do you think of this, now, for a day — a London day?"

"It is a little clearer out of town," said Nicholas.

"Clearer!" echoed Tim Linkinwater. "You should see it from my bed-room window."

"You should see it from *mine*," replied Nicholas, with a smile."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Tim Linkinwater; "don't tell me. Country!" (Bow was quite a rustic place to Tim.) "Nonsense! What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers? I can buy new-laid eggs in Leadenhall market

any morning before breakfast; and as to flowers, it is worth a run upstairs to smell my mignonette, or to see the double-wallflower in the back-attic window, at No. 6 in the court."

"There is a double-wallflower at No. 6 in the court, is there?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, is there!" replied Tim, "and planted in a cracked jug without a spout. There were hyacinths there this last spring, in — but you'll laugh at that, of course."

"At what?"

"At their blossoming in old blacking-bottles," said Tim.

"Not I, indeed," returned Nicholas.

Tim looked at him for a moment, as if he were encouraged by the tone of this reply to talk more on the subject; and sticking behind his ear a pen that he had been making, and shutting up his knife with a smart click, said:

"They belong to a sickly bed-ridden hump-backed boy, and seem to be the only pleasure, Mr. Nickleby, of his sad existence. How many years is it," said Tim, pondering, "since I first noticed him, quite a little child, dragging himself about on a pair of tiny crutches?

"Well! well! not many; but though they would appear nothing, if I thought of other things, they seem a long, long time, when I think of him. It is sad a thing," said Tim, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very often."

"It is a good heart," said Nicholas, "that heeds such things. You were saying —"

"That the flowers belonged to this poor boy," said Tim. "That's all. When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window and sits there looking at them all day long. We used to nod at first, and then we came to speak.

"Formerly, when I called to him of a morning, and asked

him how he was, he would smile and say, 'better'; but now he shakes his head and only bends more closely over his old plants. It must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds, for so many months; but he is very patient."

"Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?" asked Nicholas.

"His father lives there, I believe," replied Tim, "and other people, too; but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. I have asked him very often if I can do nothing for him; his answer is always the same — 'Nothing.' His voice has grown weak of late, but I can *see* that he makes the old reply.

"He can't leave his bed now, so they have moved it close beside the window, and there he lies all day; now looking at the sky, and now at his flowers, which he still makes shift to trim and water with his own thin hands. At night, when he sees my candle, he draws back his curtain, and leaves it so till I am in bed.

"It seems such company to him to know that I am there that I often sit at my window for an hour and more, that he may see I am still awake; and sometimes I get up in the night to look at the dull melancholy light in his little room, and wonder whether he is awake or sleeping. The night will not be long coming," said Tim, "when he will sleep and never wake again on earth. We have never so much as shaken hands in our lives; and yet I shall miss him like an old friend.

"Are there any country flowers that could interest me like these, do you think? Or do you suppose that the withering of a hundred kinds of the choicest flowers that blow, called by the hardest Latin names that were ever invented, would give me one fraction of the pain that I shall feel when these old jugs and bottles are swept away as lumber? Country!" cried Tim; "don't you know that I could not

have such a court under my bed-room window anywhere but in London?"

With this Tim turned his back, and pretending to be absorbed in his accounts took a chance of wiping his eyes when he supposed Nicholas was looking another way.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why did Dickens write the story of "Nicholas Nickleby"?

Give a description of the old gentleman who stopped to look in the window.

What sort of an impression did he make upon Nicholas?

Explain "got out with great alacrity."

What is a counting-house?

Why did Mr. Cheeryble wish to be put down for ten pounds instead of for the whole twenty?

Explain "ostentatious."

How was Nicholas affected by what he saw and heard?

Explain "without further parley."

What is meant by pensioning anybody?

What is a "secret conference"?

What did Tim mean by "Foreign Post nights"?

Explain "help to preserve habits of frugality."

Why did Nicholas say it was a little clearer out of town?

What did Tim tell Nicholas of the little deformed boy and his flowers?

Do you think Dickens chose an appropriate name for the Cheeryble Brothers?

# THE STORY OF LITTLE NELL

## Charles Dickens

The following extracts are taken from "The Old Curiosity Shop." Little Nell lived with her grandfather, the owner of the Old Curiosity Shop, who lost his savings at the gaming table. Believing that he might still make a fortune, he borrowed money from a dwarf named Quilp, to whom he gave a bill of sale upon his property, This money was also staked and lost, and the old man, unable to repay the dwarf, was obliged to give up his home. He and Little Nell are then forced to become wanderers.

### THE PILGRIMAGE BEGINS

The child's heart beat high with hope and confidence. She had no thought of hunger, or cold, or thirst, or suffering. She saw in this but a return of the simple pleasures they had once enjoyed, a relief from the gloomy solitude in which she had lived, an escape from the heartless people by whom she had been surrounded in her late time of trial, the restoration of the old man's health and peace, and a life of tranquil happiness. Sun, and stream, and meadow, and summer days, shone brightly in her view, and there was no dark tint in all the sparkling picture.

The old man had slept, for some hours, soundly in his bed, and she was yet busily engaged in preparing for their flight. There were a few articles of clothing for herself to carry, and a few for him — old garments, such as became their fallen fortunes, laid out to wear; and a staff to support his feeble steps, put ready for his use. She went to rest with a lighter heart.

From many dreams of rambling through light and sunny places, she awoke to find that it was yet night, and that the

stars were shining brightly in the sky. At length, the day began to glimmer, and the stars to grow pale and dim. As soon as she was sure of this, she arose, and dressed herself for the journey.

The old man was yet asleep, and as she was unwilling to disturb him, she left him to slumber on, until the sun rose. He was anxious that they should leave the house without a minute's loss of time, and was soon ready.

The child then took him by the hand, and they trod lightly and cautiously down the stairs, trembling whenever a board creaked, and often stopping to listen. They got the door open without noise, and passing into the street, stood still.

"Which way?" said the child.

The old man looked, irresolutely and helplessly, first at her, then to the right and left, then at her again, and shook his head. It was plain that she was thenceforth his guide and leader. The child felt it, but had no doubts or misgivings, and putting her hand in his, led him gently away.

It was the beginning of a day in June; the deep blue sky unsullied by a cloud, and teeming with brilliant light. The streets were, as yet, nearly free from passengers, the houses and shops were closed, and the healthy air of morning fell like breath from angels on the sleeping town.

The old man and the child passed on through the glad silence, elate with hope and pleasure. They were alone together once again; every object was bright and fresh; nothing reminded them, otherwise than by contrast, of the monotony and constraint they had left behind.

Forth from the city, while it yet slumbered, went the two poor adventurers, wandering they knew not whither.

The two pilgrims, often pressing each other's hands, or exchanging a smile or cheerful look, pursued their way in silence. Bright and happy as it was, there was something solemn in the long, deserted streets. All was so still at

that early hour, that the few pale people whom they met seemed as much unsuited to the scene as the sickly lamp, which had been here and there left burning, was powerless and faint in the full glory of the sun.

Before they had penetrated very far into the labyrinth of men's abodes which yet lay between them and the outskirts, this aspect began to melt away and noise and bustle to usurp its place.

At length these streets becoming more straggling, dwindled and dwindled away, until there were only small garden patches bordering the road. Then came a turnpike; then fields again with trees and haystacks; then a hill, and on the top of that the traveller might stop, and — looking back at old St. Paul's looming through the smoke — might feel at last that he was clear of London.

Near such a spot as this, and in a pleasant field, the old man and his little guide (if guide she were, who knew not whither they were bound) sat down to rest. She had had the precaution to furnish her basket with some slices of bread and meat, and here they made their frugal breakfast.

The freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the beauty of the waving grass, the deep green leaves, the wild flowers, and the thousand exquisite scents and sounds that floated in the air, sunk into their breasts and made them very glad. The child had repeated her artless prayers once that morning, more earnestly perhaps than she had ever done in all her life, but as she felt all this, they rose to her lips again. The old man took off his hat—he had no memory for the words — but he said amen, and that they were very good.

"Are you tired?" said the child. "Are you sure you don't feel ill from this long walk?"

"I shall never feel ill again, now that we are once away," was his reply. "Let us be stirring, Nell. We must be

further away — a long, long way further. We are too near to stop and be at rest. Come!"

There was a pool of clear water in the field, in which the child laved her hands and face, and cooled her feet before setting forth to walk again. She would have the old man refresh himself in this way too, and making him sit down upon the grass, cast the water on him with her hands, and dried it with her simple dress.

"I can do nothing for myself, my darling," said the grandfather; "I don't know how it is; I could once, but the time's gone. Don't leave me, Nell; say that thou'lt not leave me. I loved thee all the while, indeed I did. If I lose thee, too, my dear, I must die!"

He laid his head upon her shoulder and fell asleep, singing to himself in a low voice, like a little child.

He awoke refreshed, and they continued their journey. The road was pleasant, lying between beautiful pastures and fields of corn, about which, poised high in the clear blue sky, the lark trilled out her happy song.

They were now in the open country; the houses were very few and scattered at long intervals, often miles apart. They walked all day, and slept that night at a small cottage where beds were let to travellers. Next morning they were afoot again, and though jaded at first, and very tired, recovered before long and proceeded briskly forward.

They often stopped to rest, but only for a short space at a time, and still kept on, having had but slight refreshment since the morning. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, when drawing near another cluster of laborers' huts, the child looked wistfully in each, doubtful at which to ask for permission to rest awhile, and buy a draught of milk.

It was not easy to determine, for she was timid and fearful of being repulsed. At length she stopped at one where the family were seated round the table — chiefly be-

cause there was an old man sitting on a cushioned chair beside the hearth, and she thought he was a grandfather and would feel for hers.

There were besides, the cottager and his wife, and three young sturdy children, brown as berries. The request was no sooner preferred, than granted.

"God save you, master," said the old cottager in a thin, piping voice; "are you travelling far?"

"Yes, sir, a long way" — replied the child; for her grandfather appealed to her.

"From London?" inquired the old man.

The child said yes.

Ah! He had been in London many a time — used to go there often once, with wagons. It was nigh two-and-thirty year since he had been there last, and he did hear say there were great changes. Like enough! He had changed, himself, since then. "Sit thee down, master, in the elbow-chair," said the old man, knocking his stick upon the brick floor, and trying to do so sharply. "Take a pinch out o' that box; I don't take much myself, for it comes dear, but I find it wakes me up sometimes, and ye're but a boy to me."

The milk arrived, and the child producing her little basket, and selecting its best fragments for her grandfather, they made a hearty meal. Everything was clean and neat, and as the child glanced round, she felt a tranquil air of comfort and content to which she had long been unaccustomed.

"How far is it to any town or village?" she asked of the husband.

"A matter of good five mile, my dear," was the reply; "but you're not going on to-night?"

"Yes, yes, Nell," said the old man hastily, urging her too by signs. "Further on, further on, darling, further away if we walk till midnight."

"There's a good barn hard by, master," said the man, "or there's travellers' lodging, I know, at the 'Plow an' Harrer' unless you're very anxious to get on —"

"Yes, yes, we are," returned the old man fretfully. "Further away, dear Nell, pray further away."

"We must go on indeed," said the child, yielding to his restless wish. "We thank you very much, but we cannot stop so soon. I'm quite ready, grandfather."

But the woman had observed, from the young wanderer's gait, that one of her little feet was blistered and sore, and being a woman and a mother too, she would not suffer her to go until she had washed the place and applied some simple remedy, which she did so carefully and with such a gentle hand — rough-grained and hard though it was with work — that the child's heart was too full to admit of her saying more than a fervent "God bless you!"

They trudged forward, more slowly and painfully than they had done yet, for another mile or thereabouts, when they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and looking round, observed an empty cart approaching pretty briskly. The driver on coming up to them stopped his horse and looked earnestly at Nell.

"Didn't you stop to rest at a cottage yonder?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the child.

"Ah! They asked me to look out for you," said the man. "I'm going your way. Give me your hand — jump up, master."

This was a great relief, for they were very much fatigued, and could scarcely crawl along. To them the jolting cart was a luxurious carriage, and the ride the most delicious in the world. Nell had scarcely settled herself on a little heap of straw in one corner, when she fell asleep, for the first time that day.

She was awakened by the stopping of the cart, which was about to turn up a by-lane. The driver kindly got

down to help her out, and pointing to some trees at a very short distance before them, said that the town lay there, and that they had better take the path which they would see leading through the churchyard. Accordingly, towards this spot, they directed their weary steps.

### JARLEY'S WAX-WORK

The afternoon had worn away into a beautiful evening when they arrived at a point where the road made a sharp turn and struck across a common. On the border of this common, and close to the hedge which divided it from the cultivated fields, a caravan was drawn up to rest; upon which, by reason of its situation, they came so suddenly that they could not have avoided it if they would.

At the open door sat a lady, stout and comfortable to look upon, who wore a large bonnet trembling with bows. And that it was not an unprovided or destitute caravan was clear from this lady's occupation, which was the very pleasant and refreshing one of making tea.

"Hey!" cried the lady of the caravan, scooping the crumbs out of her lap, and swallowing the same before wiping her lips. "Come nearer, nearer still," said she beckoning to Nell to ascend the steps. "Are you hungry, child?"

"Not very, but we are tired, and it's — it's a long way —"

"Well, hungry or not, you had better have some tea," rejoined her new acquaintance. "I suppose you are agreeable to that, old gentleman?"

The grandfather humbly pulled off his hat and thanked her. The lady of the caravan then bade him come up the steps, likewise, but the drum proving an inconvenient table for two, they descended again and sat upon the grass, where she handed down to them the tea-tray, the bread and butter, the knuckle of ham, and in short everything of which she had partaken herself.

"Set 'em out near the hind wheels, child, that's the best place," said their friend, superintending the arrangements from above. "Now hand up the teapot for a little more hot water, and a pinch of fresh tea, and then both of you eat and drink as much as you can, and don't spare anything; that's all I ask of you."

While they were thus engaged, the lady of the caravan sat down upon the steps and called "George"; whereupon a man in a carter's frock, who had been so shrouded in a hedge up to this time as to see everything that passed without being seen himself, parted the twigs that concealed him, and appeared in a sitting attitude, supporting on his legs a baking-dish and a half-gallon stone bottle, and bearing in his right hand a knife, and in his left a fork.

"Yes, Missus," said George.

"Would these two travellers make much difference to the horses if we took them with us?" asked his mistress, pointing to Nell and the old man, who were painfully preparing to resume their journey on foot.

"They'd make a difference in course," said George, doggedly.

"Would they make much difference?" repeated his mistress. "They can't be very heavy."

"The weight o' the pair, mum," said George, eyeing them with the look of a man who was calculating to an ounce or so, "would be a trifle under that of Oliver Cromwell."

Nell was very much surprised that the man should be so accurately acquainted with the weight of one whom she had read of in books, as having lived considerably before their time, but speedily forgot the subject in the joy of hearing that they were to go forward in the caravan, for which she thanked its lady with unaffected earnestness. She helped with great readiness and alacrity to put away

the tea-things and other matters that were lying about, and, the horses being by that time harnessed, mounted into the vehicle, followed by her delighted grandfather.

Away they went, with a great noise of flapping and creaking and straining, and the bright brass knocker, which nobody ever knocked at, knocking one perpetual double knock of its own accord as they jolted heavily along.

When they had travelled slowly forward for some short distance, Nell ventured to steal a look round the caravan and observe it more closely. One half of it was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to accommodate a sleeping-place constructed after the fashion of a berth on board ship. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also a closet or larder, several chests, a great pitcher of water, and a few cooking utensils and articles of crockery.

The lady of the caravan sat at one window in all the pride and poetry of the musical instruments, and little Nell and her grandfather sat at the other in all the humility of the kettle and saucepans, while the machine jogged on and shifted the darkening prospect very slowly.

She sat looking at the child for a long time in silence, and then getting up, brought out from a corner a large roll of canvas about a yard in width, which she laid upon the floor and spread open with her foot until it nearly reached from one end of the caravan to the other.

"There, child," she said, "read that."

Nell walked down it, and read aloud, in enormous black letters, the inscription, "JARLEY'S WAX-WORK."

"Read it again," said the lady, complacently.

"Jarley's Wax-Work," repeated Nell.

"That's me," said the lady. "I am Mrs. Jarley."

Giving the child an encouraging look, intended to reassure her and let her know that, although she stood in the

presence of the original Jarley, she must not allow herself to be utterly overwhelmed and borne down, the lady of the caravan unfolded another scroll, whereon was the inscription, "One hundred figures the full size of life," and then another scroll, on which was written, "The only stupendous collection of real wax-work in the world," and then several smaller scrolls with such inscriptions as, "Now exhibiting within" — "The genuine and only Jarley" — "Jarley's unrivalled collection" — "Jarley is the delight of the Nobility and Gentry" — "The Royal Family are the patrons of Jarley."

"Is it here, ma'am?" asked Nell, whose curiosity was awakened by this description.

"Is what here, child?"

"The wax-work, ma'am."

"Why, bless you, child, what are you thinking of? It's gone on in the other wans to the assembly-rooms, and there it'll be exhibited the day after to-morrow. You are going to the same town, and you'll see it I dare say. It's natural to expect that you'll see it, and I've no doubt you will. I suppose you couldn't stop away if you was to try ever so much."

"I shall not be in the town, I think, ma'am," said the child.

"Not there!" cried Mrs. Jarley. "Then where will you be?"

"I — I — don't quite know. I am not certain."

"You don't mean to say that you're travelling about the country without knowing where you're going to?" said the lady of the caravan. "What curious people you are! What line are you in?

We are poor people, ma'am, and are only wandering about. We have nothing to do — I wish we had."

"You amaze me more and more," said Mrs. Jarley, after remaining for some time as mute as one of her

own figures. "Why, what do you call yourselves? Not beggars?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know what else we are," returned the child.

"Bless me," said the lady of the caravan. "I never heard of such a thing. Who'd have thought it! Do you want a good situation for your grand-daughter, master? If you do, I can put her in the way of getting one. What do you say?"

"I can't leave her," answered the old man. "We can't separate. What would become of me without her?"

"I should have thought you were old enough to take care of yourself, if you ever will be," retorted Mrs. Jarley sharply.

"But he never will be," said the child in an earnest whisper. "I fear he never will be again. Pray do not speak harshly to him. We are very thankful to you," she added aloud; "but neither of us could part from the other if all the wealth of the world were halved between us."

Mrs. Jarley was a little disconcerted by this reception of her proposal, and looked at the old man, who tenderly took Nell's hand and detained it in his own, as if she could have very well dispensed with his company or even his earthly existence.

"If you're really disposed to employ yourself," said Mrs. Jarley, "there would be plenty for you to do in the way of helping to dust the figures, and take the checks, and so forth. What I want your grand-daughter for, is to point 'em out to the company; they would be soon learnt, and she has a way with her that people wouldn't think unpleasant, though she *does* come after me. It's not a common offer, bear in mind," said the lady, rising into the tone and manner in which she was accustomed to address her audiences, "it's Jarley's wax-work, remember."

Mrs. Jarley remarked that with reference to salary she

could pledge herself to no specific sum until she had sufficiently tested Nell's abilities, and narrowly watched her in the performance of her duties. But board and lodging, both for her and her grandfather, she bound herself to provide and she furthermore passed her word that the board should always be good in quality, and in quantity plentiful.

Nell and her grandfather consulted together, and while they were so engaged, Mrs. Jarley with her hands behind her walked up and down the caravan with uncommon dignity and self-esteem.

"Now, child?" cried Mrs. Jarley, coming to a halt as Nell turned towards her.

"We are very much obliged to you, ma'am," said Nell, "and thankfully accept your offer."

"And you'll never be sorry for it," returned Mrs. Jarley. "I am pretty sure of that. So as that's all settled, let us have a bit of supper."

In the meanwhile, the caravan blundered on, and came at last upon the paved streets of a town, which were clear of passengers, and quiet, for it was by this time near midnight, and the townspeople were all abed. As it was too late an hour to repair to the exhibition room, they turned aside into a piece of waste ground that lay just within the old town-gate, and drew up there for the night.

Sleep hung upon the eyelids of the child so long, that, when she awoke, Mrs. Jarley was already decorated with her large bonnet, and actively engaged in preparing breakfast.

Rumbling along with most unwonted noise, the caravan stopped at last at the place of exhibition, where Nell dismounted amidst an admiring group of children, who evidently supposed her to be an important item of the curiosities, and were fully impressed with the belief that her grandfather was a cunning device in wax.

They all got to work without loss of time, and very busy they were. As the stupendous collection was yet concealed by cloths, Nell bestirred herself to assist in the embellishment of the room, in which her grandfather also was of great service. When the festoons were all put up as tastily as they might be, the stupendous collection was uncovered, and there were displayed divers sprightly effigies of celebrated characters, singly and in groups, clad in glittering dresses of various climes and times, and standing more or less unsteadily upon their legs.

When Nell had exhausted her first raptures at this glorious sight, Mrs. Jarley ordered the room to be cleared of all but herself and the child, and, sitting herself down in an arm-chair in the centre, formally invested Nell with a willow wand, long used by herself for pointing out the characters, and was at great pains to instruct her in her duty. And so well did Nell profit by her instructions, and so apt was she to remember them, that by the time they had been shut up together for a couple of hours, she was in full possession of the history of the whole establishment, and perfectly competent to the enlightenment of visitors.

Although her duties were sufficiently laborious, Nell found in the lady of the caravan a very kind and considerate person. As her popularity procured her various little fees from the visitors on which her patroness never demanded any toll, and as her grandfather too was well-treated and useful, she had no cause of anxiety in connection with the wax-work, beyond that which sprung from her recollection of Quilp, and her fears that he might one day suddenly encounter them.

Often and anxiously her thoughts reverted to her grandfather, and she would wonder how much he remembered of their former life, and whether he was ever really mindful of the change in their condition and of their late helplessness and destitution. When they were wandering

about, she seldom thought of this, but now she could not help considering what would become of them if he fell sick, or her own strength were to fail her. He was very patient and willing, happy to execute any little task, and glad to be of use; but he was in the same listless state, with no prospect of improvement — a mere child — a poor, thoughtless, vacant creature — a harmless fond old man, susceptible of tender love and regard for her, and of pleasant and painful impressions, but alive to nothing more. It made her very sad to know that this was so.

But the bitterness of her grief was not in beholding him in this condition, when he was at least content and tranquil, nor in her solitary meditations on his altered state, though these were trials for a young heart. Cause for deeper and heavier sorrows was yet to come.

### A FRIEND IN NEED

In all their journeying, they had never longed so ardently, they had never so pined and wearied, for the freedom of pure air and open country, as now. No, not even on that memorable morning, when, deserting their old home, they abandoned themselves to the mercies of a strange world.

"Two days and nights!" thought the child. "He said two days and nights we should have to spend among such scenes as these. Oh! if we live to reach the country once again, though it is only to lie down and die, with what a grateful heart I shall thank God for so much mercy!"

With less and less of hope or strength, as they went on, but with an undiminished resolution not to betray by any word or sign her sinking state, so long as she had energy to move, the child, throughout the remainder of that hard day, compelled herself to proceed; not even stopping to rest as frequently as usual, to compensate in some measure for the tardy pace at which she was obliged to walk. Even-

ing was drawing on, but had not closed in, when they came to a busy town.

Faint and spiritless as they were, its streets were insupportable.

They were dragging themselves along through the last street, and the child felt that the time was close at hand, when her enfeebled powers would bear no more. There appeared before them, at this juncture, going in the same direction as themselves, a traveller on foot, who, with a portmanteau strapped to his back, leaned upon a stout stick as he walked, and read from a book which he held in his other hand.

It was not an easy matter to come up with him, and beseech his aid, for he walked fast, and was a little distance in advance. At length he stopped, to look more attentively at some passage in his book. The child shot on before her grandfather, and, going close to the stranger, began, in a few faint words, to implore his help.

He turned his head. The child clapped her hands together, uttered a wild shriek, and fell senseless at his feet.

It was no other than the poor schoolmaster. Scarcely less moved and surprised by the sight of the child than she had been on recognizing him, he stood, for a moment, silent and confounded by this unexpected apparition.

But, quickly recovering his self-possession, he threw down his stick and book, and dropping on one knee beside her, endeavored by such simple means as occurred to him, to restore her to herself; while her grandfather, standing idly by, wrung his hands, and implored her with many endearing expressions to speak to him, were it only a word.

"She is quite exhausted," said the schoolmaster, glancing upward into his face. "You have taxed her powers too far, friend."

"She is perishing of want," rejoined the old man. "I never thought how weak and ill she was, till now."

Casting a look upon him, half-reproachful and half-compassionate, the schoolmaster took the child in his arms, and bidding the old man gather up her little basket and follow him directly, bore her away at his utmost speed.

There was a small inn within sight, to which, it would seem, he had been directing his steps when so unexpectedly overtaken. Towards this place he hurried with his unconscious burden, and rushing into the kitchen, deposited it on a chair before the fire.

The landlady soon came running in, followed by her servant-girl carrying vinegar, hartshorn, smelling-salts, and such other restoratives; which, being duly administered, restored the child so far as to enable her to thank them in a faint voice, and to extend her hand to the poor schoolmaster, who stood with an anxious face, hard by. Without suffering her to speak another word, or so much as to stir a finger any more, the women straightway carried her off to bed.

While her supper was preparing, the child fell into a refreshing sleep, from which they were obliged to rouse her when it was ready. As she evinced extraordinary uneasiness on learning that her grandfather was below-stairs, and was greatly troubled at the thought of their being apart, he took his supper with her. Finding her still very restless on this head, they made him up a bed in an inner room, to which he presently retired.

### THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

By little and little the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber. Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew closer together, and after a few whispered words — not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered — followed him. They moved so gently that their

footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile — the hand that had led him on, through their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while

her own was waning fast — the garden she had tended — the eyes she had gladdened — the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour — the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday — could know her never more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the World to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on she sunk to sleep. She never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget — and clung with both her arms around his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once — except to her — or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for

the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday — a bright, clear, wintry afternoon; and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, some stood uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried, "God help him!" as he passed along.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice — rung its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing — grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old — the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful

spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some — and they were not a few — knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place — when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave — in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them — then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

1. From what work of Dickens is the story of Little Nell taken?
2. How did Little Nell feel upon starting out on the pilgrimage?
3. Explain "unsullied by a cloud."
4. What is a labyrinth?
5. Explain "penetrated very far into the labyrinth of men's abodes."
6. Why did the child feel like saying her prayers again that morning?
7. What is the meaning of "laved her face and hands"?
8. What is meant by a "draught of milk"?
9. What was the "Plow and Harrer"?
10. What do you think was the proper name of the "Plow and Harrer"?
11. What is a caravan?
12. What do you think George meant by saying that the weight of Little Nell and her grandfather "would be a trifle under that of Oliver Cromwell"?
13. What did Mrs. Jarley mean by "wans"?
14. Explain "pledge herself to no specific sum."
15. Explain "cunning devices in wax."
16. What is the meaning of "divers"?
17. Explain "divers sprightly effigies."

What is a "patroness"?
Explain "never demanded any toll."
Who was Quilp?
Explain "solitary meditations."
Explain "unexpected apparition."
Memorize some of the passages in "The Death of Little Nell."

## NOTES

130: 14 *St. Paul's.* A cathedral in London, begun in 1765, in place of the cathedral of the 11th-13th centuries, which was destroyed by fire in 1666. It was completed in 1710.

135: 27. *Oliver Cromwell* Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, from the death of Charles I., 1649, to the restoration of Charles II., 1660. He was born at Huntington, England, April 25, 1599, and died at Whitehall, London, September 3, 1658.

137: 10 *Gentry.* Well-born and well-bred people. In England, the class of people of means or leisure below the rank of nobility, sometimes called the upper middle class.

142: 10 *Portmanteau.* (Porter, carry, and manteau, cloak, mantle.) A leather bag used in traveling for carrying clothing.

143: 11 *Hartshorn.* Ammonia. The hart is the male of the red deer. Formerly the antlers of the hart were much used as a source of spirits of hartshorn or ammonia.

146: 20 *Remorseless toll.* The pitiless sounding of the bell in slow, measured, single strokes, It was the custom in English country towns and villages to toll a bell upon the passing away of anyone. The strokes were equal in number to the years of the person's age.

# THE BAREFOOT BOY

## John Greenleaf Whittier

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. His school training, as a boy, was of the most limited kind and his opportunities for reading were few. When he was about nineteen his first published poem appeared in a paper for which his family subscribed. The editor of the paper, upon learning who the author of the verses was, called upon the young man, and convinced him that he should choose a literary career. By working at making shoes and teaching school, Whittier was enabled to earn enough money to take him through two years in the Haverhill Academy. In three years after leaving the academy he contributed to various publications more than a hundred poems, and had written many others. He died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase
Of the wildflower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played;

Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,

Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin,
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Do you think "The Barefoot Boy," might be a picture of Whittier's own boyhood?
What does "republican" mean here?
Name some of the "tenants of the wood."
Did you ever see a tortoise? A woodchuck? A ground-mole?
Do you know how the "oriole's nest is hung"?
What does Whittier mean by "Plied the snouted mole his spade"?
What does he mean by "prison cells of pride"?
What do you think would be "forbidden ground"?

## NOTES

25 *Habitude.* Customary manner of living.
34 *Groundnut.* The peanut.
39 *Artisans.* Those skilled in any art or trade; mechanics.
40 *Eschewing.* Avoiding; escaping from.
63 *Hesperides.* In Greek Mythology, the Hesperides were the maidens who guarded the golden apples which were a marriage-gift for the goddess Hera.
78 *Pied.* Spotted.
96 *Moil.* Labor; drudgery.

## MY PLAYMATE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;

Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems —
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours —

That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

## HELPS FOR STUDY

To what does Whittier compare the falling of the blossoms?
Explain Stanza 6.
Explain "where all the golden year her summer roses blow."
What is meant by "dusky children of the sun"?
Explain "homespun lap."
Do you think there is a personal note in this poem?

## NOTES

13 *Kith and kin.* One's own people.
16 *Kine.* An old plural form of cow.
59 *Veeries.* The veery is one of the five song-thrushes common in the eastern part of the United States.

# A DAY IN JUNE

## James Russell Lowell

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. At his graduation from Harvard University in 1838, he wrote the class poem. Three years later he published a volume of poems. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," from which "A June Day," is taken, was published in 1848. He was appointed Minister to Spain in 1877, and in 1880 was sent to England as Minister at the Court of St. James. He returned to the United States in 1885, passing the rest of his life quietly at Cambridge. He died August 12, 1891.

There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —
'Tis the natural way of living.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

How does "life murmur"? How "glisten"? Do you think of the birds, bees, the shine of an insect's wing?

What is the "flush of life"?

Why does the buttercup catch the sun in its chalice?

Draw the contrast between the father and mother birds?

How is the green of the spring spoken of as the flow of the tide?

How does Lowell express his joy in the "high-tide of the year"?

## NOTES

1 *Lavish.* Profuse.

5 *If it be.* Whether it be.

15 *Startles.* Starts.

16 *Chalice.* From the Latin, *calix,* a cup.

20 *Atilt.* Tilted up.

21 *Illumined.* Lighted up.

22 *Deluge.* Flood.

26 *Nice.* Sensitive; discriminating.

45 *Couriers.* Messengers sent to announce a coming event.

47 *Chanticleer.* The name of the cock in an ancient French epic called "Reynard the Fox." It has become so common that it is no longer regarded as a proper name.

# THE BELLS

## Edgar Allan Poe

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, February 19, 1809. His parents died when he was very young and he was adopted by Mr. John Allan of Richmond, Va. Edgar was educated in private schools in Richmond and in England, and he attended the University of Virginia. His first volume, "Tamerlane and Other Poems," was published in 1829, in Boston, where he had gone after a quarrel with Mr. Allan. He did not realize much from this venture, however, and becoming reconciled with Mr. Allan, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. He remained there but a few months, preferring to turn to literature as his profession. His writings are included under "Poems" and "Tales." He died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849.

The subject of this poem was suggested by the poet's friend, Mrs. Shaw. It was revised several times before it was finally published in its present form.

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire.
And a resolute endeavor

Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —

They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells !—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

In reading the poem does it seem as if you really "hear the bells"?

Which are the silver bells? The golden bells? The brazen bells? The iron bells?

Explain: "tintinnabulation that so musically wells," "gush of euphony voluminously wells," "mad expostualtion with the deaf and frantic fire," "world of solemn thought their monody compels."

## NOTES

8 *Crystalline.* Like crystal; clear.

10 *Runic.* The poetry of the ancient Scandinavians, written in Runic characters, or letters formed chiefly by straight lines.

11 *Tintinnabulation.* A word supposed to represent the resounding sound of the bells.

20 *Molten.* Melted.

26 *Euphony.* Pleasing sounds; melody; harmony.

26 *Voluminously.* In large quantity.

37 *Brazen.* Made of brass.

38 *Turbulency.* A disturbed state; disorder.

44 *Clamorous.* Loud and noisy; resounding.

45 *Expostulation.* The act of arguing with or protesting against.

56 *Palpitating.* Throbbing; panting.

72 *Monody.* A poem or song, usually a lament, chanted by a single person.

75 *Melancholy.* Sad, gloomy.

84 *Monotone.* One and the same tone.

89 *Ghouls.* Demons that feed on the dead.

93 *Pæan.* A song of triumph. Originally a hymn of thanksgiving sung to Apollo, the healer.

## ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kindgom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

When Poe was twenty-seven he was married to a very young girl, the beautiful Virginia Clemm.

Do you think Poe might have written this poem as an expression of his sorrow for her death?

What was the one thought of the maiden?

What does the poet say caused the death of Annabel Lee?

Explain: " A love that was more than love," "highborn kinsman," "dissever my soul from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee," "sounding sea."

## NOTES

11 *Seraphs.* The highest order of angels. See *Isaiah* VI, 1–6
17 *Kinsman.* Member of the same race or family.
19 *Sepulchre.* Tomb; burial-place.
32 *Dissever.* Separate.

# THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

## OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HORSE SHAY"

### A LOGICAL STORY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. Although he chose medicine as his profession, he attained great success both as a poet and as a prose writer. Many of his poems were composed for special occasions. In 1847, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard College, and held this position until 1882. He died in Boston, October 7, 1894.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down.
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace — lurking still.
Find it somewhere you must and will —
Above or below, or within or without —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakest place mus' stan' the strain;
' n'the way t' fix it, uz I maintain
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke —
That was for spokes and floors and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum" —
Last of its timber — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,

Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thorough-brace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through" —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grand-children — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER — the Earthquake-day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay.

But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*.
First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n-house clock —
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,

How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once and nothing first —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why does Holmes call this "A Logical Story"?
What is a drone?
Where was the "German hive"?
Tell the meaning of lines 13, 14 and 15.
What do you think is meant by "Settler's ellum"?
What does "ewe-necked bay" mean?

## NOTES

2 *Logical.* From *logic*, the science of correct reasoning.

10 *Georgius Secundus.* (Latin.) George Second, King of Great Britain and Ireland 1727–1760. He was born at Hanover, Prussia, November 10, 1683, and died at London, England, October 25, 1760.

12 *Lisbon-town.* Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake November 1, 1755.

14 *Braddock's army.* During the French and Indian War the English forces under General Braddock were defeated near Fort Duquesne in 1755.

20 *Felloe.* The circular rim of a wheel, into which the outer ends of the spokes are inserted.

20 *Thill.* A shaft of a cart or carriage. The thills extend from the body of the carriage one on each side of the horse.

22 *Thorough-brace.* A strong band of leather extending from the front C-spring to the back one, and supporting the body of a coach or other vehicle.

41 *Lancewood.* A tough, elastic wood much used in coach building.

90 *Whippletree.* The same as "whiffletree." A crossbar, pivoted in the middle to which the traces are fastened in a cart, carriage, etc. Also "swingletree."

# THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

## William Cullen Bryant

Bryant is distinctly an American poet. Almost all his poetry is inspired by some aspect of the natural scenes among which he was reared. He was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. After leaving Williams College, he studied law, but was never fond of the profession, preferring to devote himself to literature. When only nineteen he wrote "Thanatopsis," but was too modest to submit it for publication. It was, however, published in 1817. Although engaged in editorial work, Bryant continued to write poetry at intervals throughout his life, and also published translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." He died in New York, June 12, 1887.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them;
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

## HELPS FOR STUDY

In a letter of Bryant's we read: "I have been, and am, at my place on Long Island, planting and transplanting trees, in the mist, sixty or seventy; some for shade, most for fruit. Hereafter, men, whose existence is at present merely possible, will gather pears from the trees which I have set in the ground, and wonder what old covey of past ages planted them."

How does the poet say the tree should be planted?
What do we plant when we plant an apple tree?
Make a list of the many benefits which the tree gives us.
What is meant by fruitage?
Explain "Winds and our flag of stripe and star.

## NOTES

2 *Greensward.* The surface of the grass.
13 *Thrush.* The robin, which belongs to the thrush family.
15 *Lea.* Field.
43 *Cintra's vine.* The grapes of Cintra, a city of Portugal, are famous.
44 *Line.* From the tropics.
51 *Sojourners.* Travelers.
56 *Roseate.* Rosy.
57 *Verdurous.* Thick foliage.

## OCTOBER

### William Cullen Bryant

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

### HELPS FOR STUDY

What does the poet mean by "heaven's delicious breath"?

Have you been in the woods when they were beginning "to wear the crimson leaf"? When was it?

Explain "suns grow meek, and meek suns grow brief."

Explain "Journeying, in long serenity away."

To what does Bryant refer when he says, "When my last sand twinkled in the glass"?

## HYMN ON THE FIGHT AT CONCORD

### Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803. He prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, graduating in 1821. While at Harvard he took prizes for essays and one for declamation and was class day poet at his graduation. For a time he was a Unitarian clergyman in in Boston, and later became a lecturer. His writings consist of essays, poems, etc. Emerson was called the Sage of Concord, having settled in the town of Concord, Mass., in 1835, dying there April 27, 1882.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

From the windows of an upper room in the "Old Manse," of Hawthorne's romance, Emerson's grandmother watched the battle of Concord Bridge.

In 1836, a monument was erected at Concord Bridge to commemorate the battles of Lexington and Concord.

What do you know of the story of these battles?

Who were the "embattled farmers"? The "foe"?

What is the "votive stone"?

Explain: "arched the flood," "shot heard round the world," "memory may their deeds redeem."

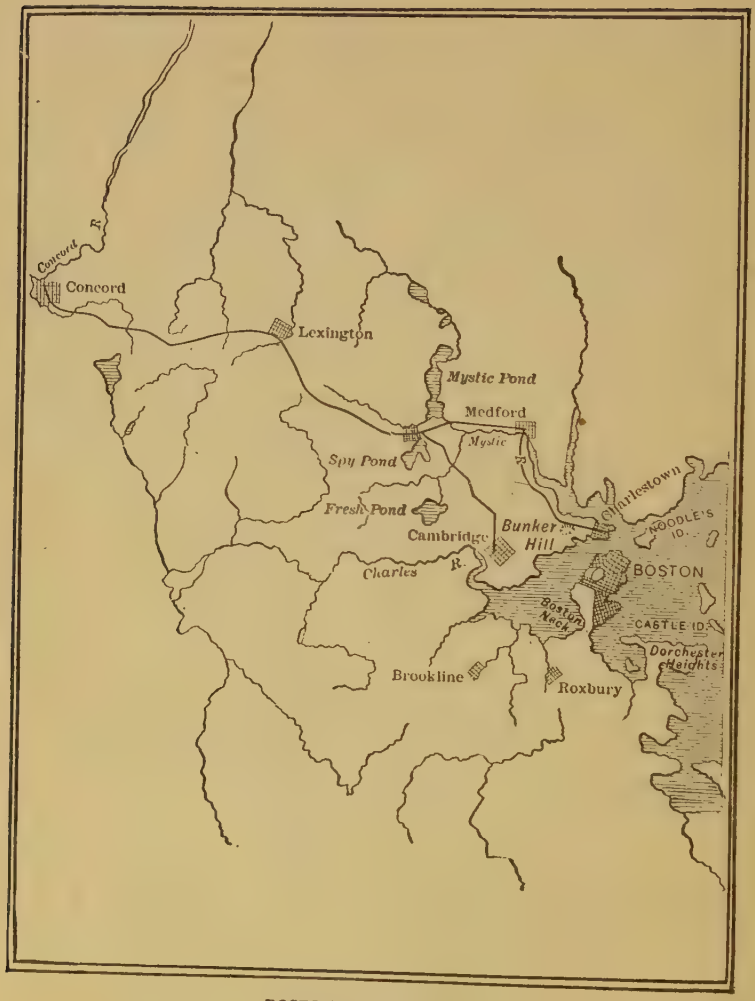
## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light —
One, if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay




BOSTON AND VICINITY

The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade —
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side.
Now gazed at the landscape far and near.
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of the birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,

From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

The poet Longfellow and a number of his friends spent many evenings at an old tavern near South Sudbury, Mass. At the time, Mr. Longfellow was engaged in writing a series of short poems, and he conceived the idea of representing these as having been told by the friends who came to the gatherings. He called the stories, "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The landlord is first introduced, and he begins with "Paul Revere's Ride," which is called "The Landlord's Tale."

Where is Middlesex? What towns are situated in Middlesex?

Where is the Charlestown shore with reference to Boston?

Locate the Mystic River.

Where is Concord Bridge? How is the spot marked?

Why are the last six lines of stanza 3 introduced? Have these lines any bearing on the story?

Notice how the poet holds to the military idea in his description of the church-yard. Select all expressions of this kind in stanza 6.

What tells you in stanza 7 that Paul Revere was eager to start on the ride?

Why is the account of the battle in stanza 13 given so briefly?

What is the meaning of the last six lines of the last stanza?

What is the "word that shall echo forevermore"?

Does a patriot ever have a call to duty other than the call to arms?

Explain some way in which a good citizen may report to the call of duty.

Explain "to be up and to arm," "swinging wide at her moorings," "with muffled oar," "A phantom ship," "that was magnified by its own reflection in the tide," "that round him made masses and moving shapes of shades," "A moment only he feels the spell of the place and the hour," "A line of black that bends and floats," "Kindled the land into flame with its heat," "Alders that skirt its edge," "Gaze at him with a spectral glare."

## NOTES

2 *Paul Revere.* Born in Boston, January 1, 1735. He was the son of a goldsmith whose trade he followed. When he was only twenty-one he served as lieutenant of artillery, in the expedition against Crown Point. He also worked at copper plate printing and engraved the plates from which the paper money of Massachusetts was made. He was present at the Boston Tea Party, and was also one of the Sons of Liberty. He lived nearly forty years after the Revolutionary War, dying in Boston, May 10, 1818.

6 *His friend.* Robert Newman, sexton of the North Church.

7 *Town.* Boston, Mass.

9 *North Church.* Christ Church, in Salem Street, Boston. It was opened for worship Sunday, December 29, 1723, and still stands.

11 *Opposite shore.* Charlestown, Mass.

13 *Middlesex.* A county in Massachusetts.

18 *Moorings.* That by which a ship is secured, as the anchor, chains and bridles laid crosswise of the bottom of a river or harbor.

20 *Phantom.* Ghostly, unreal.

20 *Each mast and spar.* By this Longfellow probably means the masts, yards, booms, etc. The term "spar" is applied to the stick of timber used for each of these.

27 *Muster of men.* Gathering together of the troops.

29 *Grenadiers.* British soldiers.

33 *Belfry-chamber.* That part of a church steeple where the bell is hung.

35 *Sombre.* Dark and gloomy.

45 *Sentinel's tread.* A sentinel is a soldier who is placed as guard or watch.

62 *Impetuous.* With force and violence.

67 *Spectral.* Ghostly.

84 *Alders.* Shrubs or trees usually found growing in damp places.

99 *Aghast.* Filled with sudden fright or horror.

# FROM A SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE

## Patrick Henry

Patrick Henry, a celebrated American orator and statesman, was born in Studley, Hanover County, Virginia, May 29, 1736. His early education was obtained from his father, who did not consider him a very promising scholar. Later he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar. He was a delegate to the Virginia Convention, and also to the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1776. He was Governor from 1776 to 1779 and from 1784 to 1786. In 1796 he declined a nomination as Governor. He was elected to the State Senate in 1799, but did not live to take his seat, dying on June 6 of that year, in Red Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia.

We are destined at some period, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether we choose to reach this condition by slow gradations, in the distant future, lingering on through a long and sickly minority — subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies, foreign and domestic, whom we are too weak to resist or chastise — or whether we choose, rather, to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of high destinies, and to an ability to cope, single-handed, with the proudest powers of the Old World that may oppose us.

If we prefer the latter course, as I trust we do, we must invite immigration; we must encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the Old World, to come and settle in this land of promise, thus making it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate, and the happy. This land must be the asylum of the distressed; must be filled to the measure of its population as speedily

as may be, through the means which Heaven hath provided.

I venture to prophesy that there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth — able, sir, to protect and preserve herself without resorting to that policy, always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms, her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent — her white-winged commerce sailing the most distant seas, her navy checking the vain boasts of those who now proudly assume to rule the waves.

But the great need is men; we must have men. The heavy forests of timber which beshadow our lands must be cleared away; the dormant wealth which covers the face of our soil, and lies hidden beneath the surface, can be gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Our forest trees must be made into ships, to transport the lavish gifts of the soil from which they spring. We must have commercial men, too, and commercial capital, to take our productions and place them in the best markets abroad. Our great want, sir, is men; and these we will have speedily, if we are wise.

Do you ask how we are to get them? Open the doors, sir, and they will come in. The Old World is peopled to overflowing with a population ground down by the oppressions of the governments under which it lives. Already they are standing expectant on their native shores, looking with longing eyes upon your fruitful valleys.

They see here a land of promise, blessed with natural and political advantages such as no other country upon earth enjoys — a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a lane which lies calm and quiet beneath the spreading pinions of the white angel Peace, and where Content and Plenty are abiding guests

at every home! More, they see still more than all this — they behold a land which Liberty hath chosen for her home — Liberty, no longer a fabled goddess, a myth of poetic fancy, a hope of dreaming enthusiasts, but a real divinity, her altars rising on every hill throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of freemen, the whole great region smiling under her blessed influence.

Bid the celestial goddess to stretch forth her fair arm to the people of the Old World, beckoning them to come; invite them; welcome them, and surging streams of humanity will flow in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wild forests will vanish, and fields of plenty will appear; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will stand before the world a nation fit to defy the powers of any adversary that fate may set against you.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Has Patrick Henry's prophecy come true?
What is meant by "white-winged commerce"?
Name some of the lavish gifts of the soil.
How many million of freemen are there now to "chant the glories of our land"?

## NOTES

184: 3 *Gradations.* Advancing step by step.
184: 5 *Minority.* The smaller part; a number less than half.
184: 5 *Machinations.* Underhand plottings; contriving of schemes for carrying out some forbidden or evil purpose.
184: 7 *Chastise.* Punish.
184: 10 *Cope.* To strive or struggle with.
184: 13 *Husbandmen.* Farmers; men engaged in agriculture.
184: 17 *Asylum.* A place of refuge; shelter.
185: 2 *Prophesy.* Foretell.
185: 14 *Dormant.* In a state of rest; asleep.
186: 4 *Enthusiasts.* Those whose minds are excited, and who are carried away by their belief in a certain principle.
186: 15 *Adversary.* Enemy.

# THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

## A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

### Nathaniel Hawthorne

(From "Twice-Told Tales")

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. His father was a sea captain, and died when his little boy was only four years old. Hawthorne's boyhood was sad and lonely, and as he grew up he had few friends. It is said that he was shy and dreamy, silent and unwilling to talk. In 1821, he entered Bowdoin College and became a member of the same class as Longfellow. Most of his books were written for older people, but he loved children and was glad to write for them. His best known stories for young folks are "Tanglewood Tales," "A Wonder Book," and "Grandfather's Chair." He died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864.

The Indian tradition, on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded, is both too wild and too beautiful to be fittingly given in prose. Sullivan, in his "History of Maine," written since the Revolution, remarks that, even then, the existence of the Great Carbuncle was not entirely discredited.—*Hawthorne*

At nightfall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither not as friends, nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Ammonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who

had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that black verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds, or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Ammonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance, if only a solitary man had listened while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which, a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again, in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met, in city, or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weather-beaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and be-

came the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise, the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Doctor Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes, during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that, at the commencement of his studies, he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment — and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story, that Master Pigsnort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer-time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name, that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature, to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away; which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was

fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jewelled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial-vault of his dead progenitors, rummaging their moldly coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person, in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveller's tale of this marvellous stone, in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could be quenched only in its intensest lustre. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third,

being encamped on a hunting expedition, full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that over-powered the moon, and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other, in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction, that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem and bewildered those who sought it, either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit; all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel — who, doubtless, is as wise as any graybeard of the company; here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss, that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear-skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy

the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. I hope for no enjoyment from it; that folly has passed long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone, because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me, in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength — the energy of my soul — the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead, on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gate-way of this mountain region. Yet, not to have my wasted life-time back again, would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me forever."

"O wretch, regardless of the interests of science!" cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. "Thou are not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the lustre of this most precious gem that was ever concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it — for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation — I shall return to Europe, and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible, or set on fire with the blowpipe. By these various methods, I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world, in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary

destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But, verily," said Master Ichabod Pigsnort, "for mine own part I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages — and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the Evil One. Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pigsnort," said the man with spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on ship-board, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into Heathendom, if Providence should send me hither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have ā wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the

jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day will I gaze upon it; my soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!"

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak! Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think!" ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy his intercourse — "to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself, that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, on the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres!"

"It is a noble thought," said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow!" exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle, because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us. It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows aglowing, as if there were a great fire of pine knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project, in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth, that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing, in *rerum natura*. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of every man, one whit less an ass than thyself, that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men, whose yearnings are downward to the dark-

ness, instead of heavenward, and who, would they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains, and the rock bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial points of Heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the blow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry, while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke, from visions of unearthly radiance, to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were, than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain, and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she in haste. "The strange folk are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither, that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other ad-

venturers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Ammonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food, ere they turned their faces to the mountain-side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind, and cloud, and naked rocks, and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths, rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her, and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage, and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again, the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly inter-

woven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants, in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high, that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one centre, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again more intensely, alas! than beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation, when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together, with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but

often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last, she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And O how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart! — we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction, the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid, I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. 'By this time it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the

brow of a cliff, impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate — and the consciousness was fearful. Often, from childhood upward, they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest lustre on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance, they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or, perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at

his own feet, as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it!"

Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep shuddering groan, he dropped his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence!"

Matthew saw that she was faint, and, kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

"Yes, dearest!" cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast, "we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the

cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle?"

Out of the hollow of their hands, they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff, and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell, that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pigsnort soon gave up the quest, as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town dock, in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs, had become so disordered, that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burned with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And, for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite.

The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say, that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the wilful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward, at sunrise, as duly as a Persian idolator; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's Church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient lustre of the gem. For it is affirmed that from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake,

and that, at noontide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing, as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that, many miles from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

From what source is this story derived?

What mountains are meant by the "Crystal Hills"?

Where is the Ammonoosuck River? The Saco River?

Describe the members of the party searching for the Great Carbuncle?

Who was Captain Smith?

Tell some of the incidents in his life.

About when was this search for the Great Carbuncle supposed to have taken place? Why do you think so?

Explain "long-sought shrine," dial points of heaven," splendor blasted orbs," "Persian idolator."

## NOTES

187: 14 *Carbuncle.* A beautiful gem, of a deep red color. It is found chiefly in the East Indies. When held up to the sun it loses its deep tinge and becomes the color of a burning coal.

193: 24 *Great Mogul's.* The Great Mogul was the name common among Europeans for the ruler of the so-called Mogul empire, or empire of Delhi.

194: 15 *Grub Street.* A street in old London, described by Dr. Johnson as "much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called grub-street."

195: 25 *Rerum natura.* (Latin.) The nature of things.

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## Charles and Mary Lamb

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 10, 1775. He went to school at Christ's Hospital, a celebrated school for boys, where he remained seven years. At school he met the poet Coleridge, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship. Although employed in an office for over thirty years, Lamb devoted much time to writing. He died December 27, 1834.

Mary Lamb, 1764–1847, sister of Charles, was also an author. Together they wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare." These "Tales" are stories taken from the Plays of the great poet.

During the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be

forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors: they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition: and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that, howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment and her own dependence on the false usurper made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favorite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match therefore Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had long been practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men; in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the

young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was, like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke: therefore when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill-humor. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend, and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke

kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me, I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? For then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay; for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and ate together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience, speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; there-

fore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her: and, leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore: she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way,

now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no further; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel: and to seem courageous to his new sister he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke: and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and have perished for want of food; but, providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied, that he was only servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house, to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied

themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver, on his blessing, to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education, he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, Oliver's envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he

returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! Why are you virtuous? Why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? And why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight: and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your faithful wages are spent I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said,

"O my dear master, I die for want of food — I can go no further!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerily, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here a while, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady cover of some large trees. Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear, and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore, I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or to be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest,

we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered: therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome," and they fed the old man and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was: and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind: and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favor, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty: but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversa-

tion with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I were Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing

these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did; which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness: but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness: but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother: and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious

lioness: but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy cond ct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: and they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother who had so cruelly used him: and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted: and when he recovered, he pretended he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver,

"Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this: she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had seen approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish: for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the Lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he

thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic: but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced to the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him, with all his faithful followers, to the sword; but by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention: for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much

talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related), to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

In what country were the events in this story supposed to have taken place?

What is meant by "usurper"? By "voluntary exile"?

Who was Robin Hood? Tell what you have heard or read about him.

Explain "fleet the time carelessly."

What was the golden age?

What is venison?

What does "dappled " mean?

Why are the deer spoken of as poor, dappled fools?

What did the duke say of adversity? To what did he compare it?

Explain "remote from public haunts."

How was wrestling regarded in those times?

Do ladies attend wrestling matches nowadays?

What impression did the young wrestler make upon those who saw him?

How did he regard the request of Celia and Rosalind?

What did Rosalind mean when she said, "I am out of suits with fortune"?

Do you think Celia proved herself a true friend to Rosalind?

Give a brief account of the adventures of Celia and Rosalind after setting out for the forest of Arden.

What did Orlando's old servant mean by "He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age"?

Why did Orlando think he must use force in order to obtain food from the duke and his friends?

Explain "put on the countenance of stern command" and "where bells have knolled to church."

What did Orlando do before sitting down to eat?

What is a doe? A fawn? Why do you think Shakespeare uses this comparison?

How did Ganymede propose to cure Orlando of his love for Rosalind?

Tell of the first meeting between Rosalind and her father?

Why was the Duke amused by the remark of the shepherd boy as to his parentage?

Tell of the reconciliation between Orlando and Oliver?

To what did this lead?

Give in your own words an account of the double wedding, the repentance of the usurper, and the restoration of the dukedom to the lawful duke.

What characters in the story do you consider the finest? Why?

# KING LEAR

## Charles and Mary Lamb

Lear, King of Britain, had three daughters, Goneril, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the Court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking that truly her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same

hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness: insomuch that she found all other joys dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought: and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say; thinking, no doubt, that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favored by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favorite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honor him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed,

she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious: but after the crafty, flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch — who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart — that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall: whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers, bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned: with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers

with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honored as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive: nor now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor, in times past, to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still; and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness: for he would answer with his life, his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honor was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his peparations for departure, but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the

ma'd who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love: and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The King of France and Duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her; and the Duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions: but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kindgom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the Duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions; and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty; but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the wicked dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colors. Even before the expiration of the first month,

which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything, to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behavior of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill*, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good Earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay, and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving-man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to

the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers, which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favorite, the high and mighty Earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business: this poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humor, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master, for his imprudence in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters: at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters:

> For sudden joy did weep,
> And he for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play bo-peep,
> And go the fools among.

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick: such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains: and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear: for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter: she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient, so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights: that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feastings; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she had spoke an untruth: and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behavior and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a

marble-hearted demon, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril so as was terrible to hear: praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to to him: that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill humors, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met: and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behavior to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved: which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he

was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect: so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when, upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him: and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company, but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand: and he asked Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. And Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights: for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Goneril with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and get a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril.

As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behavior, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heartbroken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom) which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor old king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

The winds were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of a storm in a dark night, did King Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder: and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea, till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

> But he that has a little tiny wit,
> With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> Though the rain it raineth every day:

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant, the good Earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, "Alas! sir, are you here? Creatures that love night, love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding-places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear." And Lear rebuked him and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate; but the tempest in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frighted the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country-people, who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying, "Who gives anything to poor Tom?" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country-folks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass; for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but he having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughter's ill-usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy Earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as Earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful

condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colors the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband, that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these daughters and their husbands, and restore the king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear, having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till, by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter: to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him: and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his

child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child, Cordelia! And she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said, that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said, that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

. . .

It falling out about this time that the Duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding the Earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away with her sister by poison: but being detected in her practices, she in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring

the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion: but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad Earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good Earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill-usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person: so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad Earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl; and how Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Was Lear really a King of Britain?

How were the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy "joint suitors"?

What is meant by Lear preparing to leave the management of his affairs to "younger strengths"?

Why are Goneril and Regan spoken of as being made of "hollow metal"?

Explain the expression, "glad his ears."

Why was King Lear shocked by Cordelia's words?

What did he mean by telling her to mend her speech lest it should mar her fortunes?

In what way were Cordelia's two suitors affected by her loss of fortune?

Do you think the Earl of Kent was a true nobleman?

Explain "laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel."

What were the stocks?

Were the stocks ever used in our country? When?

What is rosemary? In which play of Shakespeare's is found the expression, "Rosemary, that's for remembrance"?

Tell in your own words about the meeting between King Lear and Cordelia?

Give your opinion of the different characters in the story.

## NOTES

224: 1 *Lear.* A mythical king of Britain. The story of Lear was first told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a writer of historical tales who lived in England in the twelfth century. Spenser also gives it in the second book of the "Faerie Queene."

236: 7 *Bedlam beggar.* Bedlam was a corruption of Bethlehem. The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem was founded in 1247 as a priory, or religious house, and was afterwards used as an asylum for lunatics. A Bedlam beggar was a former inmate of this asylum, who, discharged as cured, but often only partially cured, was licensed to beg. Such persons wore a tin plate as a badge on their left arm.

# LOVE OF COUNTRY

## Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771. When he was eight years old he was sent to the Edinburgh High School, and two years later entered the University of Edinburgh. He did not complete his course, but in 1786 began the study of law. He is equally celebrated as poet and novelist. The selection given here is from his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," published in 1805. He died at Abbotsford, Scotland, September 21, 1832.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

### HELPS FOR STUDY

What was Scott's native land?
Do you think he loved his country?
Explain "mark him well," "no minstrel raptures swell," "concenter'd all in self," "shall forfeit fair renown," "doubly dying," "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

### Joseph Rodman Drake

Joseph Rodman Drake was born in New York City, August 7, 1795. During his early life he was forced to struggle with poverty. He studied medicine, graduating at the age of twenty. His best known poems are "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag." He gave promise of attaining high rank as a poet, but his death occurred when he was only twenty-four years of age. He died in New York, September 21, 1820.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
  The milky baldric of the skies,
And stripped its pure, celestial white
  With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free;

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war;
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly;
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What is meant by "unfurled her standard to the air"?
What is the "azure robe of night"? The milky baldric of the skies"?
Why is the symbol of Freedom's chosen land given into the hand of an eagle-bearer?
Who is the "majestic monarch of the cloud"?
What is meant by "harbingers of victory"?
When does the "signal trumpet tone" speak?
What is the "long line"?
Explain "By angel hands to valor given."
Explain "Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, and all thy hues were born in heaven."

## NOTES

3 *Azure.* The blue color of the sky.
6 *Baldric.* A belt, or an ornament resembling a belt.
25 *Harbingers.* Forerunners; messengers giving notice beforehand of the coming of someone or something.
46 *Careering.* Moving rapidly, as if in a race or charge.
56 *Welkin dome.* The blue sky.

## KENTUCKY BELLE

### Constance Fenimore Woolson

Constance Fenimore Woolson, a grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper, was born in Claremont, N. H., in 1848. Her writings consist chiefly of novels. She died in Venice, Italy, in 1894.

"Morgan's Raid," occurred in the summer of 1863. A Confederate force under Gen. John H. Morgan dashed across Kentucky into Indiana and Ohio, and in trying to recross the Ohio River they were surrounded and captured.

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away —
Gone to the country-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay:
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roschen, there, was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell:
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio — a German he is, you know —
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be:
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hung on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky —
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river shore —
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir — off there's a hill, you see —
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road — Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses — every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called — "Kentuck!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes — her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound,
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground —
Coming into the turnpike, out from the White-Woman Glen —
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew, and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip, in haste they sped along —
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked, and jaded, riding through night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance.
Bright were his eyes, like live coals, as he gave me a side-ways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled — 'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir — a fond mother's only son —
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!

The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through!
Boasted and bragged like a trooper, but the big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan — Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door —
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers — the Michigan cavalry —
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;

But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught
a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad high-
ways —
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now
east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away
her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained
the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible
sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening — kept him against his will —
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky — you'll wonder to hear me
tell —
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky
Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead — my pretty gentle lass —
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward
bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high,
Baby and I were both crying — I couldn't tell him why —
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me,
He knew I couldn't help it — 'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass —
A letter, sir, and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her!

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What great war was going on in the United States at this time?
What country is described in the fourth and fifth stanzas?
For what did the woman pine?
Why did Morgan's men wish to ford the upper Ohio?
Trace on your map the course of the ride as given in stanza 13.
Who were the "boys in blue"?
Why did the woman help the young soldier?

## NOTES

245:7 *Blue-Grass country.* That part of central Kentucky, which abounds in the blue-grass. It is noted for the fine horses and cattle raised there.

246:7 *Tuscarawas.* A river in northeastern Ohio; it unites with the Mohican River at Coshocton to form the Muskingum.

# PART II MYTH, LEGEND, HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

## STORIES FROM NORSE MYTHOLOGY

### THE BEGINNING

In the beginning, when the beautiful and sunny world was first made, there stood, in the very midst of all its beauty, Mt. Ida — a mountain so high, so far away up among the snowy clouds, that its summit was lost in the shining light of the rays of the sun.

At its base, stretching away to the north, the south, the east, and the west, as far as even the eyes of the gods could reach, lay the soft, green valleys and the great, broad plain beyond. Encircling the whole great plain, and curling lovingly around in all the little bends and bays of the distant shore, lay the deep blue waters; and beyond the waters, hidden in the distant mists, rose the great mountains in which the Frost-giants dwelt.

On the top of Mt. Ida, the gods had built their shining city, Asgard; and from its golden gateway to the valley below was stretched the richly-colored rainbow bridge, with its wonderful bars of red and yellow and blue, orange and green, indigo and purple.

And in this shining city, where the gods dwelt, there was no sorrow, no grief, no pain of any kind. Never was the sun's light shut off by heavy clouds; never did the cruel lightnings flash, nor came there blights upon the harvest fields; never did the heavy rains fall, nor did the cold winds sweep down upon this shining city.

But alas! there came a time when a shadow fell upon this city that shone so like a golden cloud resting upon the

mountain peak. For the Fates, the three cruel sisters, came and took up their abode at the foot of the wonderful Tree of Life, whose roots were in the earth, and whose branches, reaching high above the shining city, protected it from the sun's fierce heat and strong white light. From that time even the gods were no longer free from care and sorrow.

Envy sprang up among the children of the great god, Odin; sickness, and even death, fell upon them; and the Frost-giants waged war with them—a war that would never cease in all the ages that were to come, until that day when the sun's light went out forever, and the dark reign of Ragnarok fell upon the earth.

It was a beautiful earth that lay stretched out at the foot of Mt. Ida. The fields were rich with grain; the trees were loaded with fruits; the sun shone warm and bright; but there were no harvesters, no gatherers of the fruit, no children to run and frolic in the sunshine.

"The fair earth is desolate," said Odin to himself, as he looked down from his golden temple. "There should be people there; not gods and goddesses like us here upon Mt. Ida, but beings less powerful than we, beings who can love and enjoy, and whose children shall fill the earth with their happy voices. And the care of all these beings shall be mine." As he spoke, he, the All-Father, passed down the rainbow bridge, out into the rich, green valley below.

As he passed on beneath the trees, he saw standing together, their branches bending towards each other, a straight, strong Ash and a gentle, graceful Elm.

"From these trees," said Odin to himself, "will I create the Earth people. The man I will name Ask, and the woman, Embla. It is a beautiful, sunny world: they should be very happy in it. How their children shall delight in the broad fields and the sunny slopes! And no harm shall come to them; for I, the All-Father, will watch over them in all the ages to come."

## ODIN AT THE WELL OF WISDOM

As Odin looked down from his home in Asgard and saw the people he had made from the ash and the elm trees, he sighed to himself and said, "These are my children. It is I who created them. They are innocent and pure and sweet."

"But, alas! how little they know of life! By and by there will come to them danger and sorrow. The Ice King, the cruel tyrant, will breathe upon them, and the harvests will shrivel before their eyes; the rivers will be frozen, the trees will be bare, and there will be no food for them. As the years roll on, little children will come; these children will grow into manhood and womanhood, and other little children will follow. They are but mortals. Sickness and death will be their share; for I could not make them like the gods."

And as Odin thought of all these things his heart grew sad. Almost he wished he had not made these helpless beings from the ash and the elm. He looked down into the sunny valley, where as yet no sorrow nor suffering had come. "Poor children!" he sighed. "What a world of wisdom Odin must possess to protect and guide and teach these earth-people that he has made."

Just then Ask and Embla paused and looked up towards the shining city; for the sigh from Odin's heart had been so deep and long that the leaves of Ygdrasil had rustled, and a faint echo of it had swept even across the valley below.

"What is it that sweeps sometimes across the valley, and moves the trees and the leaves, and so gently fans our cheeks?" asked Embla.

"I often wonder," answered Ask. "It is very pleasant. Perhaps it is a message from the good Odin who made us and who gave us this sunny valley to play in."

Then on they ran, hand in hand, happy children as they were, and in a moment had forgotten all about it.

But Odin had not forgotten. "Frigg," said he to his goddess wife, "it is granted to us as gods to possess great wisdom. Still there remain many things we do not know. Below in the valley there have sprung into being a man and a woman. They are like us, Frigg, but they are not very wise. They need our care, even as our own dear Baldur needed our care when he was a very little child. I shall go to the Giant Memory, who guards the Well of Wisdom, and he shall give me a draught from the wonderful water. Then shall I be the all-wise, all-loving All-Father these children of the valley need."

"O, but the price this cruel Giant will ask of you!" sobbed Frigg.

"I would give my life for them," answered Odin tenderly. Then he turned from her, passed down the rainbow bridge to the valley, entered the great black, gaping cave and groped his way along the cold, dark passages that led to the Well of Wisdom.

Three times the sun rose, three times the sun set. Then, just as the earth and the shining Asgard lay bathed in the rich, golden sunset light, Odin came forth again, passed up the rainbow bridge, and entered the great hall of the gods. "It is Odin," cried Frigg.

Yes, it is Odin, the same Odin. But with a face so joyous, so radiant so happy! For Odin had drank from the Well of Wisdom. The way had been dark; the struggle with the great Giant had been hard. But Odin had conquered; and now the joy that belongs always to the wise was his forevermore.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

In what countries did the people live who believed in the gods and goddesses of Norse Mythology?

When did the Norsemen first visit our country?

Tell what you know of this visit.

Where was Asgard, and who had their home there?

Who were the Norse Fates?

What change did they bring about?

Why did Odin wish to put people upon the earth?

What names did he give to the man and the woman?

Why did he wish to drink from the Well of Wisdom?

Who guarded the Well of Wisdom?

Who was Baldur?

Tell in your own words the Norse story of the beginning of the world.

## NOTES

251: 15 *Asgard.* The home of the gods and goddesses of Norse Mythology; also called *Asaheim*, the world of the gods.

252: 1 *Fates.* In Norse Mythology the Fates were known as Norns. Their names were Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld.

252: 11 *Ragnarok.* In Norse Mythology, the general destruction of the gods in a great battle with the evil powers, in which the latter also perish, and the universe is consumed by fire.

252: 8 *Odin.* The chief god, the All-Father; he corresponded to the Anglo-Saxon Woden.

252: 30 *Ask and Embla.* According to some Norse legends, they were created by three gods: Odin, who gave them life; Hænir, who gave them sense; and Lodun, blood and color.

253: 25 *Ygdrasil.* In Norse Mythology, the ash-tree which bound together heaven, earth and the underworld. Its branches spread over the whole earth and reached above the heavens. Its roots ran in three directions: one to the Asa gods in heaven, one to the Frost-giants, and the third to the underworld. In the tree, which dropped honey, sat an eagle, a squirrel, and four stags.

254: 11 *Baldur.* The sun-god of Norse Mythology. He was the son of Odin and Frigg.

## THOR'S HAMMER

It was away down in the underground caves, and beneath the roaring waters of the rivers, and deep in the hearts of the mountains that the dwarf workmen dwelt, and worked their smithies, and spun their gold and brass.

"Make me a crown of gold for Sif, the wife of Thor," snarled Loke, bursting in upon the workshop of the dwarfs.

The dwarfs were ugly little creatures, with crooked legs and crooked backs. Their eyes were black, wicked little beads of eyes, and their hearts were malicious and sometimes cruel. But they were the willing and ready slaves of the gods; and so, at even this ill-natured command from Loke, they set themselves to work.

The coals burned and blazed; the forges puffed and blew; the little workmen molded and turned and spun their gold. Hardly had the Sun-god lifted his head above the castles of the Frost-giants, hardly had his light fallen upon the rich colors of the rainbow bridge, when Loke came forth from the underground caves, the shining crown in his hand.

Quickly he rose high in the air and stood before the gates of the city.

"Have you brought the crown?" thundered Thor from within the gates.

"I have brought the crown," answered Loke in triumph. "And more than that," added he, when the gates had been opened to him, "I have brought as gifts from the dwarfs, a ship that will sail on land or sea and a spear that never fails. O, there are no such workmen among any dwarfs as these who made the spear, the ship and the crown."

"You boast of what you do not know," croaked Brok, a little dwarf who stood near by.

"Who says I do not know?" cried Loke, turning sharply.

"I say you do not know," croaked the little dwarf again, his beadlike eyes snapping angrily, his whole crooked frame quivering with rage. "I have a brother, a workman in brass and gold, who can make gifts more pleasing to the gods than any you have brought."

Loke looked down upon the little dwarf in scorn. "Go to your brother," he sneered, "and bring to us the wonderful things you think he can make. Bring us one gift more wonderful than these I have, or more acceptable to Odin and Thor, and I will give your brother my head to pay him for his efforts." Then Loke roared with laughter, believing that he had made a rare, rich joke.

Hardly had the roars of laughter died away, when Brok, gliding down the rainbow bridge with a swiftness equalled only by the lightning, sprang into Midgard, and was making his way towards the great mountain, beneath which worked the forges of his brother, the master-workman — Sindre.

"Some one cometh," said the dwarfs, pausing in their work to listen, their busy hammers in mid-air.

"Fear not," answered Brok, his harsh voice echoing down the great halls. "It is I — Brok — and I come to demand of you that now, if never again, you do your best; for Loke boasts to the gods of Asgard that no dwarfs in all the caverns of the under-world can make one gift more wonderful or more acceptable to Odin than those he brings — a crown of gold, a ship that will sail on land or sea, and a spear that never fails!"

A terrible roar bursts forth from the hosts of angry dwarfs. "We will see! We will see!" they thundered. And seizing their hammers they set to work. The great forges blazed. The sparks flew. The smoke poured forth from the mountain top. Loke, looking out from the shining city, trembled. Well did he know the workmanship of

these dwarfs of Brok; and well did he know how rash had been his scornful promise to the angry little dwarf.

"We will make a hammer for Thor," said Sindre, the greatest among the workmen in this under world; "a hammer, that when thrown from his mighty hand, shall ring through all the heavens. A trail of fire shall follow it. Its aim shall never fail; and it shall carry death and destruction wherever it falls.

"Blow thou the bellows, Brok; and I myself will mold the hammer from the red hot iron."

With Brok at the bellows, the very mountain rocked, and Midgard for miles about was aflame with the blaze of light from the mountain top.

"This shall not be," snarled Loke. And rushing down from Asgard he crouched outside the great, black cave to listen.

"A hammer for Thor!" Those were the words he heard. The ugly face grew uglier. An instant, and there was no Loke at the cavern mouth; but instead, a poisonous, stinging gadfly, whose green back glistened, and whose shining wings buzzed and hummed with cruelty and revenge. There was a hard, ringing tone of defiance in their singing, and the tone was like that of the voice of Loke himself.

"You shall drop the bellows," buzzed the gadfly bitterly, as it alighted upon the neck of Brok.

It was a cruel sting; and its poison forced, even from the sturdy Brok, a cry of pain.

"I know you. It is Loke," he cried; "but I will not drop the bellows though you sting me through and through and with a thousand stings!"

The gadfly buzzed with rage. Straight towards the hand upon the bellows it darted. Brok groaned again. His face grew pale; he quivered with the pain; still he held the mighty bellows and worked the roaring forge.

"You will not!" hissed the gadfly; and again it drove its poison sting, this time straight between the eyes of the suffering dwarf. And now Brok staggered. His hands relaxed their hold. Blinded with pain, he dropped the bellows. The blood ran down his face. The gadfly still hummed and buzzed.

"You have nearly spoiled it," cried Sindre. "Why did you drop the bellows? See how short the handle is! And how rough! But it cannot be helped now; nor will its terror be any less to Loke. Ha, ha, I would have made it handsome; but there is a power in it that shall make even the gods tremble on all the ages to come. Hurry away with it, and place it in Thor's mighty hands. And here are other gifts. Take them all, and bring me Loke's head. He has promised. Surely even he must keep his word, wicked and deceitful though he is."

Brok seized the hammer, and, with the gifts, hurried up through the dark cavern, out into the light of Midgard, up the rainbow bridge, and, with triumph in his swarthy face, sprang into the presence of the great god Odin.

Loke roared with laughter at the sight of the awkward, clumsy hammer; but there was a proud, confident look in the dwarf's shining eyes that Loke did not like; and, coward that he was, his heart began already to fail him.

"Let us see the gifts," said Odin, "that we may judge which workman among the dwarfs has proved himself most wonderful."

"First of all," said Loke, coming forward, "here is the golden crown for Sif."

Eagerly Thor seized the crown, and placed it upon poor Sif's head.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" cried all the gods, for straightway the golden hair began to grow to Sif's head, and in a second it was as if her golden locks had never been stolen from her.

"To you, O Odin," said the dwarf, now coming forward, "I give this ring of gold. It is a magic ring; and each night it will cast off from itself another ring, as pure and as heavy, as round and as large as itself!"

"What is that," sneered Loke, "compared with this? See, O Father Odin, I bring you a magic spear. Accept this, my second gift. It is a magic spear that never fails."

"But behold my second gift," interrupted Brok. "It is a boar of wonderful strength. It, too, is magic. No horse can run, no bird can fly with such speed. It travels both on land and sea; and in the night its bristles shine with such a light, that it matters not how dense the blackness, the forest or the plain will be as bright as noonday."

"I, too, have a gift that will travel on land or sea," cried Loke, pushing himself forward again. "See, it is a ship. And not only will it travel on land or sea, but it can lift itself and sail like a bird above the clouds and through the air."

"It will be hard indeed to say which gift is greatest," said Odin kindly.

"Look now, O Odin, and Frigg and Thor and Sif and all the gods, at this, the last of my three gifts. This hammer, O Thor, I bring to you, the god of thunder. Strike with it, and your thunders shall echo and re-echo from cloud to cloud as never they were heard before. Thrown into the air or at a foe, like Loke's spear, it shall never miss its aim; but, more than that, it shall return always to the hand of Thor. No foe can conceal it, no foe can destroy it. It will never fail thee, O Thor, thou god of thunder."

"But what a clumsy handle," sneered Loke, who already began to fear the hammer was to win the favor of the gods.

"Yes," answered Brok, "the handle is clumsy and it is short. But none knows better than you why it is so."

Loke colored and moved uneasily. "Do not think," con-

tinued Brok, "that I do not know it was you who sent the poisonous gadfly to sting and bite me as I worked at the blazing forge, pounding out the brass and gold from which this hammer is made.

"You thought to pain me into giving up this contest, you coward! You evil one! You boaster!

"When the handle was welded just so far, you drove the gadfly into my eye. I could not see to finish the work; but although the handle is short and clumsy, the magic power is there, and with it in his hand, no power in earth or among the Frost-giants even can overcome our great god Thor."

A ringing shout of joy arose from the gods. Thor swung his hammer over his head and threw it far out against the clouds. The thunder rolled, the clouds filled with blackness, and the lightnings flashed, as the magic hammer, humming through the air, came back to the hands of Thor.

"Now give me my wager," cried Brok. "I was promised the head of Loke."

"Take it," laughed Loke. "Take it."

Brok drew near. "I will take it," he hissed through his set teeth; "and a rich day will it be both in Midgard and in Asgard when your miserable head is bound down in the home of the dwarfs of the underground world."

"But halt," commanded Loke. "My head you may have; but you must not touch my neck. One drop of blood from that, and you forfeit your life."

Brok stood for a moment, white with anger. He knew that he was foiled. Then springing forward, he thundered, "I may not touch your neck; but see, I have my revenge." And so, falling upon Loke, who struggled, but struggled in vain, he whipped from his mantle a thong and thread of brass; and before even Loke knew what had been done, he had sewed, firm together, the lying, boasting lips of the evil god, Loke, the wicked-hearted son of Odin.

### THE THEFT OF THE HAMMER

It was to the sweet and loving god Baldur that the earth owed its warmth and beauty, its rich fruit and its rare harvests. How the Frost-giants hated Baldur, and how they struggled year after year to wrest the earth from him!

They hated the warmth Baldur brought with him, for it destroyed their power. They hated the sweet flowers and the soft grass and the tiny leaves that everywhere peeped out when the winds whispered, "Baldur is coming, Baldur is coming."

But no sooner had Baldur turned away and said, "Good-bye, dear Earth, for a little time; remember Baldur loves you and will come back again to you," than the Frost-giants would creep out from their mountain gorges, and burst forth upon the fields and forests.

The tiny bubbling brooks they would seal with their cruel chains of ice; even the great rivers could not hold their freedom against the giant power.

Like angry fiends they would seize upon the leaves and tear them from the trees. The tiny flowers hung their heads and shriveled with fear when they approached; nor were the Frost-giants content until the whole earth lay brown and cold and barren beneath their hand. Then, all beauty swept away, they covered over all their silent sheet of snow, and stood, grim sentinels, cold and hard, guarding their work of destruction and desolation.

There was deep silence when the Frost-giants reigned; no sound was heard save the sad moaning among the branches of the forest, as the firs and pine trees bent towards each other and whispered of the days when Baldur shone upon them.

But the Frost-giants never yet had conquered; never

yet had Baldur failed to return to the trees and flowers and rivers and streams that he loved so well.

At his first step upon the ice, a crackling sound was heard — a sound which awoke the sleeping earth and warned the frost giants to flee to their mountains.

"Baldur has come! Baldur has come!" the birds and every living thing would cry; and a rustle and sound of music would thrill the waiting earth.

Then came always a mighty battle. The Frost-giants lashed the waters and rocked the trees. The winds shrieked, the sky grew cold and black. The snows fell and the driving rain beat against the earth. But Baldur, the quiet, firm, loving Baldur always conquered. How, he himself could hardly tell. He did not fight; he did not storm. He only bent his shining face over the struggling earth and waited.

Little by little, when their fury was spent, the Frost-giants, defiant but conquered, retreated. The great sheets of ice broke up, and the rivers rushed forth singing their mad songs of joy and freedom. The snows faded away, and one by one the little flowers peeped forth again.

All now was happiness and warmth and fragrance; the flowers bloomed; the fruits turned mellow; the sky grew warm and the pines and fir trees breathed deep sighs of rest and contentment that once again sweet Baldur was among them.

And not only did the Frost-giants hate Baldur, but they hated Frey, who often robbed them of the fruits and flowers they loved to breathe their bitter breath upon and kill. Thor, too, they hated; for with his magic hammer, he now, more than ever, loved to bring forth the lightnings and the thunder, and to send down upon the earth refreshing showers of soft, warm rain.

As the Frost-giants scowled down from their icy castles, and saw the little flowers turn up their happy faces to drink

in the sparkling drops, and heard the birds trill their happy songs, and smelled the rich fragrance of the damp firs and pines, they roared with anger and vexation.

"Let us revenge ourselves upon this insolent Thor who robs us of our rights," they bellowed to each other across the great valleys that separated their giant peaks.

"We can do nothing so long as he holds the magic hammer," growled one.

"We must steal the hammer from him," shouted another "Steal the hammer! Steal the hammer!" shouted all the giants until the very skies echoed with the words.

"And I will be the one to steal it," bellowed Thrym, the strongest and greatest giant of them all.

"And, moreover, I will go at once to the city of Asgard. The gods are asleep. With my great eye, I can see even now the hammer lying beside the sleeping Thor. Guard my castle. I am gone."

And putting on the guise of a great bird, Thrym spread his wings and flew across the black night to Asgard. The gods shivered in their sleep as he entered and breathed his breath upon the summer air of heaven, but knew not what had chilled them.

In the morning there was a heavy frost upon the gateways. There was a chill in the air. For Thrym, the Frost-giant, had crept in upon them. He had crept even to the hall in which the mighty Thor was sleeping. He had crept close, beside the mighty god — and the magic hammer was gone.

### THE FINDING OF THE HAMMER

"My hammer! My hammer!" thundered Thor, awaking and finding it gone.

The gods in all Asgard awoke with a start.

"What a crash of thunder! So quick, so sharp!" cried the earth-people; for they did not know it was a cry of rage from Thor.

"Loke," thundered Thor again. "Put you on wings. Go you to the home of the Frost-giants and bring back my hammer. Some one of them has stolen it. Go! Go! I say."

And Loke, who had been a very obedient servant to Thor since his theft of the golden hair of Sif, put on the magic wings and fled away.

"What brings you here in the land of the Frost-giants?" growled Thrym, as Loke alighted before him.

"I have come for the hammer you have stolen from Thor," answered Loke boldly, seeing at once, from the jeering look in Thrym's eye, that he was the thief.

"You will never find it," sneered Thrym. "It is well hidden; but I will send it back to you if Odin will send me Freyja for my wife."

Loke begged and coaxed and threatened; but it was all of no avail. "Never," bellowed Thrym," until you send Freyja to me."

"She shall go," thundered Thor, when Loke came back to Asgard. "Whatever the price, the hammer must be brought back. Asgard is not safe without it."

But Freyja was as fierce as had been Thrym himself. "I will not go," she insisted. "Never! Never! Never will I go!"

"I say you must," thundered Thor. But although

Thor's thunders were terrible and his frown was deep and inky black, Freyja was not to be moved either by pleading or threatening.

"Go yourself," said she. "Dress yourself as a goddess and go." Nor would she listen even to another word. Thor thundered and rumbled and rolled. It was all of no avail. Freyja was a goddess and would not be driven.

"I will go," said Thor at last. "Bring me a bridal dress. Hang a necklace around my neck. Bind a bridal veil about my head. The giants are as stupid as they are large; and I will set forth in the name of Freyja to meet the giant Thrym."

Thor was quickly dressed, and the bridal party set forth across the sky in the chariot of the Sun-god. How the thunder rolled! How the lightning flashed from the angry eyes of Thor! How he grumbled and rumbled!

Jotunheim was reached. The Sun-god lowered his chariot behind the hills; and a soft, red light spread over the earth and sky as the bridal party entered the castle of the giant Thrym.

"Freyja has come! Freyja has come!" bellowed Thrym. "Come, come, everyone to the bridal feast! Come, come to the feast of Thrym and Freyja!"

The giants in all the mountains round about answered to the call of Thrym. An hour, and the huge castle was filled with the huge guests. A great feast was held. But through it all Thor sat silent and motionless. Indeed, he dared not move; he dared not speak lest the thunder burst forth from his lips, or the lightning shoot forth from his eyes.

"Now lift the veil from Freyja's face," bellowed Thrym, when all save the bride herself had eaten and drank their fill. "Let me see the eyes of my bride. Let us all look upon the face of my goddess bride."

"Not yet," whispered Loke coming forward; "it was

the command of Thor that the veil should not be lifted, nor should you claim Freyja for your own, until the hammer was placed in her hand, to be returned to the gods."

"Bring in the hammer! Bring in the hammer!" roared Thrym, full of loud good humor.

The hammer was brought. Hardly could Thor wait to have it placed in his hand.

His thunder began to rumble. There was a dangerous light in his eyes; but Thrym and the guests saw none of this. But hardly was the hammer within his reach when forth Thor sprang, seized it in his clenched fingers, tore aside the bridal veil, and with a rumble and a roar that shook the mountains of Jotunheim and razed the great stone castles to the ground, he poured out his lightnings upon the giants, one and all. Right and left he swung the mighty weapon; the giants quaked and trembled with terror; Thrym ran and hid himself behind a mountain; the air was white with lightning; the hills rang with the crashings of the thunder; the seas lashed and foamed and answered back the echoes; the walls of Jotunheim shook and trembled.

And now the chariot of the Sun-god was near at hand. Into it Thor and Loke leaped, and were borne back to the city of the gods. The hammer was restored. Again Thor held it in his mighty grasp. He held it, and Asgard once more was safe.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Where did Loke go to obtain the golden crown?
What is a smithy?
Who was the Norse Sun-god?
Why did the dwarfs dislike Loke?
What did Loke do to try to spoil the hammer?
What gifts did Brok bring to Odin?
What ones did Loke bring?
Tell what Brok promised Thor the hammer would do?
What season of the year did the coming of Baldur bring?
What season was it when the Frost-giants reigned?
Why did the Frost-giants hate Frey and Thor?
Tell the story of the return of the hammer to Thor.

## NOTES

256: 5 *Thor.* The god of thunder. He was a son of Odin.

256: 6 *Loke.* The god of evil and destruction. He also was a son of Odin. Loke had stolen Sif's golden hair by cutting it from her head while she lay asleep. Thor had commanded him to go to the dwarfs and bring back to Sif a crown of golden threads, woven and spun in the underground smithies. Until he had brought this crown, he could never again enter the shining gateway of the city of his father, Odin.

257: 16 *Midgard.* The home of the human race.

263: 28 *Frey.* The god of the earth's fruitfulness. He presided over rain, sunshine and all the fruits of the earth.

265: 21 *Freyja.* The sister of Frey. She was the goddess of fruitfulness, and half those slain in battle belonged to her.

267: 20 *Jotunheim.* The home of the giants.

## VOCABULARY

Asgard (az′gärd)
Baldur (bâl′dur)
Frey (frī)
Freyja (frī′yä)
Jötunheim (yer′tön-hīm)
Loke (lō′kē)
Midgard (mid′gard)
Odin (ō′din)
Ragnarök (rag′nä-rerk′)
Sindre (sin′drē)
Sif (sēf)
Thor (thôr *or* tôr)
Thrym (trim)
Valhalla (val-hal′ä)
Valkyrie (val-kī′rē)
Ygdrasil (ig′drä-sil)

## VALKYRIES' SONG

### Felicia D. Hemans

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, an English poet, was born at Liverpool, September 25, 1793. At an early age she showed a taste for poetry, in which she was encouraged by her mother. Her first volume of poetry was published when she was only fourteen years of age, and contained a few pieces written four years earlier. Her poems became very popular in the United States, numerous editions having been published, and one, at least, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," seems destined to retain its popularity. She died at Dublin, Ireland, April 26, 1835.

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave;
He turned to the dusky shore,
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;
And forth, in watery light,
Moved phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman wore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;
And the forms, as they grew more clear,
Seemed each on a tall, pale steed to ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand,
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before th' unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
The choosers of the slain!

And a sudden rising breeze
Bore, across the moaning seas,
To his ear their thrilling strain.

"Regner! tell thy fair-haired bride
She must slumber at thy side!
Tell the brother of thy breast,
Even for him the grave hath rest!
Tell the raven steed which bore thee,
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall —
There is room in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,
When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave
With the mists of morning fled;
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand,
Lay cold on a pile of dead! —

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What are phantoms?

Explain "garb of woman wore" and "tall, pale steed."

In the third stanza, why are the Valkyries called "Valhalla's daughters" and "choosers of the slain"?

Explain "raven steed."

What was "Odin's Hall"?

## NOTES

The Valkyries were, in Norse mythology, the handmaidens of Odin, being sent forth by him to every battle. They rode through the air, and with their spears designated the heroes who should fall and afterwards be conducted to Valhalla.

17 *Valhalla's daughters.* In Old Norse mythology, Valhalla was the abode of Odin in Asgard. The Valkyries served at the banquets in Valhalla, but they were best known as "choosers of the slain."

# GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHS

## THE CREATION

There was a time, so the Greek people in their beautiful legendary lore tell us, when the earth, and the sea, and the sky, all one chaotic mass, struggled together, and clashed the one against the other; so that there was neither solid earth, nor clear water, nor was the air transparent.

But the air, in time, rose lightly above the chaotic mass; the earth sank heavily below, and the seething waters, now quiet and firm and still, buoyed up the earth.

Then arose the hills and mountains, by which the valleys were made in which the lakes lay and the rivers flowed. The trees and ferns grew by the still water's edge, and the stars shone through the clear cold air.

To the gods Prometheus and Epimetheus was given the task of filling the waters with fish, the forests with animals, and the plains with a creature who should be above all these, and who should be called man.

To all of these, the brothers gave some gift; to one strength, to another speed, to another sagacity; to one fins, to another claws; to another wings, and to another shelly covering, all of which gifts were to help these birds and fish and animals to provide for their own wants, and to protect themselves from their foes.

But, alas! when man came there was no gift for him; all had been given to the birds and fishes and animals. There he stood, with neither wings nor fins; and with neither speed nor sagacity above many an animal of the forest.

"What shall be done for him?" asked Prometheus. "He is less provided for and less protected than any bird or fish

or animal; he has neither fins nor wings, fur nor feathers; neither great strength nor speed. Greatly do I fear he will be a prey to the larger animals that are now browsing on the plains."

For a long time Prometheus and Epimetheus pondered and were sad at heart; for they loved the earth and its creations, and had sought to give each his share of gifts.

At last, Athene, the goddess of wisdom, spoke and said: "To bring down fire from the heavens, and to teach man its use and power, would be to endow him with that which may overcome even the elements themselves."

"Though it destroy me, I will bring it to these helpless people," Prometheus said; and away he sped upon his errand.

From the chariot of the sun he lighted his torch, and slowly and carefully descended with it to the earth; and together the brothers taught the people its uses and its power.

With it the wild beasts were kept at bay; with it irons for weapons were made; food was cooked; and their rude huts were made warm and comfortable when the biting cold descended upon the plains.

## PANDORA

But man was a desolate creature living on the earth alone, and with no other occupation than fighting each other and subduing the wild beasts that roamed up and down the earth.

And the gods looked down from Mt. Olympus upon him and pitied him that he had, after all, so little to make him really happy and to lift his thoughts heavenward.

"He has no love in his heart," said one god, sadly.

"He does not know the meaning of gentleness," said another.

"He knows no heroism except that of brute strength against a foe," said another.

"He thinks only of self," said another.

"There is," said Zeus, "but one way to lift his thoughts towards Olympus; but one way to arouse in his heart love and tenderness and true heroism; and that is to give him something to love, something to protect. Even the brutes of the forest have their young, and so are happier than man."

Then spoke the wise and loving Athene: "Let us send down to earth a woman who shall be to man a goddess, and who shall refine his nature and make to grow in his sleeping heart those qualities that shall make him god-like and brave and true."

To this great Zeus bowed assent; and happy in the task before them, the gods set themselves to work, and every god and goddess vied each with the other to make some glorious gift to her.

One gave her a tender, loving heart that could do no cruelty even to a worm of the earth; another gave her a beautiful form and a face from which the light of Apollo always shone; one gave her a love of music and beauty; another a love of home and of little children; and when, at last, the beautiful Pandora was brought before Zeus, his stern face grew tender; and, rising from his golden throne, he placed his hand upon her shining head, and there was added unto her beauty and gentleness a reverence henceforth for all that was pure and high and god-like on the earth or on Olympus.

Then Iris spread her beautiful arch across the sky; and hand in hand the messenger of Hera and the loving-hearted Pandora passed out from Olympus, down the shining bridge of color, to the abode of man.

And when Pandora stood before Prometheus and the people he had made, there fell a hush upon man's war-like

spirit; and there sprang up in his heart the tenderness and love and protection of the weak that made man forevermore a being above the brute, and tending always towards the god-like.

But it was the will of Zeus that sorrow should come into man's world; and so it was Pandora who, as time went on, lifted the lid from the chest in which lay the parting gifts of the gods — joy, happiness, health, success, comfort, prosperity — and alas, they all escaped — all except hope. That, Pandora saved; and so it is that while all other blessings come and go, leaving the heart of man sometimes sad and heavy, hope never fails, but abides eternal, upholding, and encouraging to new endeavor, even the most heavily laden life.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Compare the Greek story of "The Creation" with the Norse one of "The Beginning."

Why was the gift of fire a useful one to man?

Who was the first woman according to Greek Mythology?

How did Pandora bring sorrow into the world?

What was the one gift that did not escape when she lifted the lid of the chest?

## NOTES

271: 13 *Prometheus.* Forethought.

271: 13 *Epimetheus.* Afterthought.

272: 8 *Athene.* In Roman Mythology this goddess was known as Minerva.

272: 26 *Mt. Olympus.* The home of the gods, a mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly.

273: 4 *Zeus.* The chief of the Greek gods. In Roman Mythology he is called Jupiter.

273: 20 *Apollo.* Phœbus Apollo, the son of Zeus; god of music, poetry and healing, and often identified with the sun-god, Helios. In later times he was worshipped by the Romans under the Greek name Phœbus.

273: 30 *Iris.* The rainbow goddess and messenger of the gods.

273: 31 *Hera.* The queen of heaven and chief goddess of the Greeks. The Roman goddess Juno corresponded to the Greek Hera.

## PYGMALION AND GALATEA

Pygmalion was a most wonderful sculptor. Never was he so happy as when with a great block of pure white marble he seated himself, chisel in hand, to carve out some beautiful creation.

His work was the admiration of all the world, and kings came to him from all the countries round about, begging him to make beautiful their palaces with his wonderful carvings. For the vines that he carved, the flowers, the leaves, were true vines and flowers and leaves in grace and beauty.

But one day he set himself to carve from the white, transparent marble the figure of a maiden, who should show forth the perfection of all the maidenly beauty that had ever been.

Day after day, week after week he worked, from early morn till late at night; and when he went out among his comrades, he walked and listened as one in a dream.

"Pygmalion sees visions," the people began to whisper among themselves.

By and by the sculptor began to work by night as well as by day; no one could win him away; neither would he permit his closest friends to look upon his work.

"The youth is mad," they said, and began to draw away from him. Still he worked on, till by and by there came a time when no sound of hammer was heard in the sculptor's chamber, and the great door was barred against the world. Still Pygmalion dwelt alone, and no one dreamed the secret of his heart.

But one day, when the people were celebrating with festivities the glory of the goddess Venus, Pygmalion threw

himself before the altar and cried, "O most kind Venus, give me for my wife, my beautiful marble Galatea! Give me my beautiful marble Galatea!"

The people wondered. "It is the ravings of a madman," they said, and tried to lead him away from the altar. But Pygmalion knew, and Venus knew what his strange words meant, and she took pity upon the sculptor who had made a a marble maiden so beautiful that he had grown to love her and to long to have her dwell with him, a real, speaking, thinking, living maiden.

When the festivities were over, and Pygmalion had laid upon the altar the richest gifts of all who had gathered there, he hurried back to his home. Would Venus grant his prayer? He hurried to the great chamber. There in the niche the statue stood, tall and beautiful as Venus herself.

Pygmalion knelt before it; then he rose and folded his arms around it; he bent his head tenderly over the marble head. "O Galatea, Galatea!" he whispered; "my beautiful Galatea!"

Then Pygmalion threw himself upon the rug before the statue and lay looking up at the beautiful face.

By and by a change began to creep over the marble; a pink glow flushed the pale face and arms; the hair softened and took on a hue of golden bronze; the eyelids quivered — opened — and there looked down upon the youth eyes of most tender, loving blue.

Slowly, slowly one hand was raised — then the other — one foot advanced — then the other. Pygmalion's heart beat fast. Down from the niche the marble Galatea — now the beautiful, rosy, flesh and blood Galatea — stepped.

Pygmalion sprang to his feet. Galatea came towards him; she stretched out her arms to him. Pygmalion, lifting his eyes towards heaven drew her to him saying, "O goddess Venus, I thank thee that thou has given me my Galatea!"

And Galatea proved to be as good as she was beautiful. A long, long, happy life they lived together; and it was from Pygmalion that Galatea learned to build the altar fires, to spin and weave, and to have charge over her household, as a goodly matron should; and never in all the land, even among the princesses, was a woman so beautiful, so wise, so good as the Galatea of the sculptor Pygmalion.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Of what art does the legend say Pygmalion was a master?
Do you think Pygmalion loved his work?
What great favor did he ask of Venus?
Why do you think Venus granted the favor?
Tell about some works of sculpture you have seen.

## NOTES

275:30 *Venus.* The Roman goddess of beauty, called Aphrodite by the Greeks.

Poor foolish Clytie! She did not cry for the moon, to be sure; but every morning when she came forth from the waters and rested upon the river bank, her face turned eagerly towards the great red sun, rising far away in the east.

To her there was nothing in the heavens, nor in the earth, so beautiful. She gave no ear to the birds, nor to the rippling of the waters; she had no eye for the color in the grass or flowers; nor to her were the sunset clouds beautiful, except that through them the bright sun, as he bade farewell to the earth, sank to his rest behind the hills.

Nor did she turn her face towards Olympus where dwelt the gods and the goddesses; and sadder than all this, she forgot her own sisters, the water nymphs, and wandered lonely up and down the river banks, her eyes following always the sun in its course across the skies.

At last the gods and goddesses, it is feared, grew jealous, resenting such neglect from one from whom respect and reverence were due; and it is said they convened together and punished the poor foolish Clytie for her neglect.

For there came a morning when the sun shone out and no Clytie turned her eyes towards the east to greet his coming. At least, there was no water nymph by the river side, as for so many mornings there had been, waiting, eager and earnest, for the first ray of yellow light.

But where this sweet water nymph had been wont to stand with face upturned, there stood a tall, rich golden flower, its face turned towards the east. And strange to say, as the sun rose and crossed the sky, the flower turned upon its stalk and followed; so that when sunset came,

the flower's face was lifted towards the west, and on its golden petals the last rays lingered, filling the valley with golden glory.

"It shall be called the sun-flower, said the people; "and it shall be guarded well; for it may be that in its root and stalk the soul of Clytie dwells."

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why did the gods and goddesses punish Clytie?
Have you ever seen sunflowers growing?
Were their faces turned toward the sun?
What other legends have you heard or read about flowers?

## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

All his life long, Glaucus had fished in the waters of the sea, and had drawn his great nets and emptied their contents upon the banks.

But one morning he drew his boat alongside an island where the cattle never had fed, nor had the foot of man often rested upon its soil.

There were strange grasses and odd plants upon this island, and it was upon a bed of these grasses that Glaucus spread his nets. There were hundreds of fish, and many kinds were there among them. One by one Glaucus gathered them up, placing them in little piles, each kind by itself.

But suddenly a wonderful change came over the fish. Perhaps it was the strange grass that had affected them! For certainly no fish the old fisherman had ever seen behaved as these fish now behaved. They winked and blinked; they wriggled their tails and flapped their fins; and, strangest of all, they hopped and rolled and tumbled, until every one of them reached the banks, and plunged again into the waters and swam away.

"What can this mean?" asked Glaucus, watching the fish disappear before his eyes. "Has some god set a spell upon these creatures of the waters? Is old Poseidon angry that I should take them from his seas? Or is there some magic power in these strange grasses? I will know if it be the grasses;" and the old fisherman gathered a handful and began slowly and thoughtfully to taste and to swallow it.

Yes, it was the grasses; for hardly had he tasted, when there came upon him an unaccountable longing for the

waters of the sea. He went to the banks and drank. But that did not satisfy him; he must have more. And from that day to this such has been the effect upon all people of drinking sea water.

Again he drank; and again and again; till at last, so frantic did he become, that he could do no less than plunge into the sea itself. Down, down he sank; and far out, out to sea did he float.

Strange creatures he saw about him in the water and upon the sea bottom below.

By and by beautiful nymphs began to appear; and, at last, straight into the palace of the ocean god himself he floated.

Very graciously did old Oceanus receive the fisherman, and most gladly did Glaucus accept his welcome; for he had now no love for the land, and longed only to live forever in the cool depths of the sea.

"But you must be in form like unto those of us who dwell beneath the sea," said Oceanus.

"Gladly would I be like thee," answered Glaucus; and even while he spoke, behold, a change came over him. His hair grew green like the sea-weed and floated far out behind him; his body became covered with shining scales of green and silver; and his legs took on the shape of a long, green, fish-like tail.

Glaucus was delighted with his fine color; he swam up and down before the palace, flashing his green scales in the sunlight, and watching his long green hair as it floated upon the top of the water.

And it may be that Glaucus would have gone on happy forever, had he not one day spied upon the shore a beautiful maiden, whose fair face and golden hair made him wish he were a mortal again, that he might speak with her and walk with her upon the land.

Up close to the shore Glaucus swam, and lifted his green

head above the waters. "O beautiful maiden," he began — but at sight of him the beautiful maiden ran screaming into the forests; nor did she ever come down to the waters at that place again.

Morning after morning Glaucus watched for her, till at last he saw her far down the shore, sitting upon the rocks in the sun.

Quickly Glaucus swam to her, and, lifting his head above the waters, began again: "O beautiful maiden" — but again the beautiful maiden fled, screaming, to the forests.

Then Glaucus, sad at heart, swam away to the island of Circe the enchantress. "O Circe," he moaned, "give me back my mortal form, that I may again walk upon the land and try to win the love of the beautiful Scylla."

But Circe had no wish to aid poor Glaucus. Indeed, she was very angry that he should wish to leave the waters upon the shores of which she dwelt. "These people of the sea," said she to herself, "should admire me. I am no less beautiful than this golden-haired Scylla. Or if I am, then she shall be changed, not you, O Glaucus!"

And the cruel Circe laughed to think how the maiden should be destroyed.

She made no answer to Glaucus, and the sad fisher-merman swam away to the palace of Oceanus. Nor did he ever know what a terrible fate befell his beautiful Scylla. He only knew that out in the waters, over against the roaring whirlpool of Charybdis, there came to dwell a terrible serpent with six most terrible heads. And a cruel serpent it was; for as the ships passed by, it would reach forth its six terrible heads, open its six terrible jaws, and swallow up the crew. Or if the crew were hidden in the lower part of the vessel — and they learned very soon to be — then it would lash the waters with its terrible tail, and try to drive the vessel into the waters of the whirlpool.

Indeed, the waters between Scylla and Charybdis came

to be a place dreaded above all rocks and shoals by the brave mariners who were forced to sail that way. Nor even when at last Circe, wearied of her care over the terrible Scylla, changed her into a huge cliff, bidding her stand forever against the clear sky, did the sailors fear the waters less. For now there were treacherous rocks beneath the waters — the six heads of the serpent they might be, still hiding below — and great was the danger that the ships would strike upon these sharp and cruel points. While on the other side, still roared and seethed the fateful waters of Charybdis; as indeed it roars now — even to this day.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What occupation did Glaucus follow?

Who was Poseidon?

Why did Glaucus think Poseidon might be angry at his taking the fish from the sea?

What effect does the drinking of sea water have upon people?

Who was Oceanus?

Why did Glaucus wish to be a mortal again?

Who was Circe?

In later times Scylla and Charybdis were placed in the Strait of Messina — Scylla on the Italian side and Charybdis on the Sicilian side. Find this strait on your map and tell what bodies of water it connects.

## NOTES

280: 23 *Poseidon.* The Greek god of the sea, called Neptune by the Romans.

281: 13 *Oceanus.* The god who ruled over the ocean; that is, over the vast waters which the ancients supposed flowed like a river round the plain of the then known world, into which the sun, moon, and stars sank, and on whose banks were the abodes of the dead.

## PEGASUS AND BELLEROPHON

Bellerophon, the princely son of Glaucus, lived in the court of the King of Argos. Beautiful, and brave, and strong was he, and renowned in all the country for his daring deeds.

But the king, urged on by wicked advisors, sent Bellerophon far away into the country of a distant king, and with him sent messages to the king, asking that he should slay the youth lest he return to work harm to the kingdom of Argos.

When Bellerophon reached the kingdom of King Iobates, so beautiful and princely was he, the king welcomed him gladly to his court, and for nine days fêted and feasted him, pouring upon him every honor.

At the end of the ninth day he called Bellerophon to him and said, "Now, my brave prince, deliver to me the message which you bring from your king."

"I cannot tell you what it is," answered Bellerophon, "but I will bring the sealed tablets upon which it is written, and which I have faithfully borne from my king to you."

King Iobates read the message. He turned pale and shook with fear. For the message bade him, as we know, slay this youth whom he had now for nine days fêted and feasted and honored.

For three days and three nights the king pondered upon the sad task laid upon him.

Now, great trouble had come to the people in a distant part of the realm. A terrible creature, half serpent and half lion, had taken up its abode in the forest, and each morning it rushed out upon the people, breathing forth a

flame from its terrible mouth that set on fire the grasses and the trees.

All in vain had brave men sought to capture the creature; but each and every one of them had been devoured or scorched to death before the burning flame.

"Bellerophon," said the king, "dare you go against this dread creature and try to save my people?" For if Bellerophon could be led to do this, his own destruction was sure, so the king thought.

"I will go," said Bellerophon, his brave heart touched by the story of the sufferings of the people.

But first Bellerophon asked the aid of Minerva, who, appearing to him in a dream, told him he must first secure the winged horse Pegasus, else all attempts, however brave, would be futile.

Now Pegasus was a winged horse, whom no one had ever yet been able to secure. Often was he seen frolicking in the fields or drinking from the fountain that gushed from high cliffs outside the city. But Minerva had given Bellerophon a magic bridle, and, full of hope, the youth went forth.

All day long he lay upon the hillsides, waiting and watching. Often, up among the clouds, he caught sight of the white wings of the horse, but never once, all day long, did Pegasus come down to earth.

The night passed. More than once Bellerophon heard the whirring of the wings above his head, but could only see the shadow in the darkness.

At sunrise Bellerophon went down to the fountain and concealed himself in the heavy overhanging branches of a great tree. Bridle in hand, he waited, for sooner or later Pegasus was sure to come.

By and by the whirring of the wings was heard; then the clattering of the silver hoofs; and there, at the fountain, stood the snow-white steed, frisking and prancing, as if too

full of life to stop even to drink. Patiently Bellerophon waited. Noiselessly he crept along the bough, and waited until Pegasus should stretch his long neck down to the water.

Then, with a quick spring, he bounded upon the back of the horse and grasped him by his beautiful, flowing mane. With a cry of terror, almost human, the strange creature bounded out into the fields, carrying Bellerophon upon his back. Over and over he rolled, while Bellerophon tried to place the magic bridle. Up, up, among the clouds he flew, rolling and plunging in his attempt to throw off his unwelcome rider. But even Pegasus could not withstand the will of the gods; and all in good time he fell beneath the power of the magic bridle and the dauntless daring of the youth.

And most wonderful it was, the obedience and love that seemed to fall upon him with the bridle; for from that moment Bellerophon had but to speak and Pegasus would heed the words most meekly.

By and by, a great black cloud overspread the sky, and darkness fell upon the hills. The people hurried into their houses, shrieking in terror; for well they knew that the great dragon had come forth. "Now is my time," said Bellerophon, watching the great dragon writhing and twisting in the sky above.

"Now, good Pegasus, up! up!" he whispered, "and let us do our best to slay this foe of the people."

Pegasus reared his beautiful head and spread his wings. Up, straight towards the dread creature the good horse sped.

It was a terrible battle that followed. The dragon hissed and roared. It belched forth flames of fire and wound its terrible length about the struggling youth, who threw his spears and swung his sharp-edged sword.

All day long they fought; but with the going down of

the sun the dragon failed in strength; only black smoke poured forth from his horrid jaws; and with one last, mighty roar, he fell crashing into the forest whence he had come out to lay waste the fields and to cruelly slay the people.

And so the dragon was overcome, the people were rescued, and Bellerophon returned to the court of Iobates. And there in love and honor he dwelt for many a year among the grateful people for whom he had done so brave a service.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why did the King of Argos wish Bellerophon to be slain?
What impression did Bellerophon make upon King Iobates?
What plan did King Iobates decide upon for sending Bellerophon to his death?
Why did Bellerophon ask Minerva's aid in performing the task?
In what way did she help him?
To what do you think Bellerophon's success in slaying the dragon was due?

## NOTES

284:1 *Glaucus.* A god who ruled over Corinth, a city of Greece.
284:2 *Argos.* A city in Argolis, Greece.
284:9 *Iobates.* A king of Lycia, an ancient country in Asia.

## ARACHNE

Minerva, or Athene, whichever name you like best, was the goddess of wisdom. Indeed, it is said she sprang forth, armed with shield and helmet, straight from the mighty brain of Jupiter himself, which, if true, is reason enough for her great wisdom.

Minerva presided over all useful and also all ornamental arts of both men and women — spinning, weaving, agriculture, navigation; — all these she understood and could direct.

Moreover, she was always present upon the battlefield; not with the savage love for bloodshed that Mars gloried in and never failed to bring about, but with firm wisdom, justice, and ready always to take the part of the weak and ill-used.

The beautiful city of Athens was her chosen seat, a prize awarded her by Jupiter in a contest with old Neptune.

It was like this: Neptune and Minerva both loved the beautiful plain, and both besought Jupiter to grant them the honor of naming it.

"What can I do?" asked Jupiter; "you have asked for it, both together; and both in my sight are equally deserving."

"Let us contend for it," said Minerva.

And so it was arranged, that, when next the Sun rose in the east, Minerva and Neptune should come before the council on Mount Olympus, bringing with them gifts for the people who would dwell in the beautiful city. And to that one who brought the gift most useful, most helpful, should be given charge over the city.

The Sun arose; and the council gathered. Minerva and Neptune stood before the mighty judge.

"I bring the horse," said Neptune, "as my gift; with it man can plow, travel, and can carry war against his enemy."

"And I," said Minerva, "bring this little olive, from which a tree shall spring to furnish food and oil and shelter to the people."

Unlike gifts, were they not? For a long time the council sat in judgment; and at last, as you must already have suspected, the prize was awarded to Minerva, and the city thus became her own.

Most wisely did she rule the city; for never in all the history of the world has there been one so famous for beauty, for prowess, for art, and for great men and women.

But in this city there dwelt a proud and haughty maiden, whose name was Arachne. She was a most wonderful spinner of wool and weaver of tapestry. Indeed her tapestries were so life-like, the trees and fruit so natural, that often the birds would come and try to alight upon the branches and peck at the fruit. And once, when she had woven a mountain and a rivulet, so true was it, that the nymphs came and knelt by the water to drink.

"You must have been a pupil of Minerva," said the people; "no other could have taught you to do such perfect weaving."

Now, one would have supposed this would have made the little maiden's heart beat fast with pride. But no, she would own no teacher. She wished, rather, that people should believe she taught herself unaided.

"Let the goddess herself come and contend with me," said the foolish girl. "I will soon show you all whether or not her work even can equal mine."

"She comes," said an angry voice near by; and there

stood Minerva herself, a black frown upon her beautiful face.

"Foolish girl!" said she; "do you not know that the gods brook no insult? Sit down at your loom, and we will indeed show the people to whom the honor is due."

Arachne shook with fear. She took her shuttle in her hand and began to weave; Minerva, too, seated herself at a loom near by.

The looms hummed and buzzed; the shuttles flew; and slowly the tapestries grew before the eyes of the people who stood in terror for Arachne's fate.

Arachne wove pictures of the gods in all the defeats that had ever come to them, and in all the wrongs they had ever done.

Minerva wove pictures of the gods in their greatest victories, of Neptune ruling over the sea, and among the figures the august Jove himself sat proudly.

"Shame upon you, Arachne!" said the people, "to so in- insult the goddess. Shame! Shame upon you!" And then Minerva, touching the forehead of the saucy girl with her shuttle, so filled her heart with shame that she went away and hanged herself by the long threads of Tyrian colored wool with which she had been weaving.

But when Minerva saw the foolish Arachne hanging from the tree, she said, "Nay, nay, foolish girl, you shall not escape to the land of shades like this. Awake, and live; and forever more shall you and all your kin hang by your own threads, even as you are hanging now."

Then straightway the form of Arachne began to change. Her arms and legs began to shorten, her head grew small, and in this form, as spiders, behold, the descendants of Arachne have gone on spinning the threads with which they hang, from time on till now, even as Minerva bade them do.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Where is the city of Athens?
How does the legend say it received its name?
Who was Neptune?
Why was Minerva's gift considered the most useful?
What is the meaning of Arachne?
How did Arachne picture the gods in her weaving?
How did Minerva picture them?
Give the names by which the gods and goddesses in this story were called by the Greeks.

## NOTES

288: 11 *Mars.* The Roman god of war, called Ares by the Greeks.

290: 17 *Jove.* Another name for Jupiter and Zeus.

290: 23 *Tyrian colored.* Purple, the royal color characteristic of Tyre, an ancient city of Phœnicia.

## VOCABULARY

Arachne (a-rak′nē)
Argos (är′gos)
Athene (a-thē′nē)
Bellerophon (be-ler′ō-fon)
Charybdis (ka-rib′dis)
Circe (ser′sē)
Epimetheus (ep-i-mē′thūs)
Galatea (gal-a-tē′ä)
Glaucus (glâ′kus)
Hera (hē′rä)
Jupiter (jö′pi-ter)
Minerva (mi-ner′vä)
Neptune (nep′tūn)
Olympus (ō-lim′pus)
Pandora (pan-dō′rä)
Pegasus (peg′a-sus)
Poseidon (pō-sī-don)
Prometheus (prō-mē′thūs)
Pygmalion (pig-mā′li-on)
Scylla (sil′ä)
Venus (vē′nus)
Zeus (zūs)

## THE WANDERINGS OF ÆNEAS

The adventures of the Trojan hero Æneas, after the fall of Troy, are related by the poet Virgil in his great poem, the "Æneid." The account given here of the wanderings of Æneas is from "The Story of the Æneid," by Prof. Alfred J. Church.

According to legend, Paris, a Trojan hero, visited Greece, and carried off Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus. They fled to Troy, where Priam, the father of Paris, was king. Menelaus sent a thousand ships with a hundred thousand men to Troy, and siege was laid to the city. This siege continued for ten years, but Troy was at last taken by stratagem.

When the fair city of Troy was taken and destroyed there appeared to Æneas, who alone was left of all the great chiefs that had fought against the Greeks, his mother Venus. And she spake to him, saying: "See now, for I will take away the mist that covers thine eyes; see how Neptune, with his trident, is overthrowing the walls and rooting up the city from its foundations; and how Juno stands with spear and shield in the Scæan Gate, and calls fresh hosts from the ships; and how Pallas sits on the height with the storm-cloud about her and her Gorgon shield; and how Father Jupiter himself stirs up the enemy against Troy. Fly, therefore, my son. I will not leave thee till thou shalt reach thy father's house." And as she spake she vanished in the darkness.

Then did Æneas see dreadful forms and gods who were the enemies of Troy, and before his eyes the whole city seemed to sink down into the fire. Even as a mountain oak upon the hills, on which the woodmen ply their axes, bows its head while all its boughs shake about it, till at last, as blow comes after blow, with a mighty groan it falls crashing down from the height, even so the city seemed to fall. Then did Æneas pass on his way, the

goddess leading him, and the flames gave place to him, and the javelins harmed him not.

But as Æneas slept there appeared to him the household gods, which he had carried out of the burning of Troy, very clear to see in the light of the moon, which shone through the window of his chamber. And they spake unto him, saying: "Apollo bids us tell thee here that which he will tell thee if thou goest to Delos. We who have followed thee over many seas, even we will bring thy children's children to great honor, and make their city ruler over many nations. Faint not, therefore, at thy long wandering. Thou must seek yet another home. For it was not in Crete that Apollo bade thee dwell. There is a land which the Greeks call Hesperia; an ancient land, whose inhabitants are mighty men of valor; a land of vineyards and wheat. There is our proper home, and thence came Dardanus our father. Do thou, therefore, tell these things to the old man Anchises. Seek ye for the land of Hesperia, which men also call Italy; but as for Crete, Jupiter willeth not that ye should dwell there."

And for a while Æneas lay in great fear, with a cold sweat upon him, so clear was the vision of those whom he saw, nor in anywise like unto a dream. Then he rose up from his bed, and after prayer and sacrifice told the thing to Anchises. And the old man saw that he had been deceived in this matter, and he said: "O my son, now do I remember how Cassandra was wont to prophesy these things to me, and would speak of Hesperia and of the land of Italy. But, indeed, no man thought in those days that the men of Troy should voyage to Hesperia, nor did any take account of the words of Cassandra. But now let us heed the oracle of Apollo and depart."

So the men of Troy made their ships ready and departed. And after a while, when they could no more see

the land, there fell a great storm upon them, with a great strong wind and great rolling waves, and much lightning also. Thus were they driven out of their course, and for three days and nights saw neither the sun nor the stars. But on the fourth day they came to a land where they saw hills, and smoke rising therefrom. Then did the men ply their oars amain, and soon came to the shore. Now this place they found to be one of certain islands which men name the Strophades. And upon these islands dwell creatures which are called Harpies, very evil indeed, having the countenances of women and wings like unto the wings of birds, and long claws. Also their faces are pale as with much hunger.

Now when the men of Troy were come to this land, they saw many herds of oxen and flocks of goats thereon, nor any one to watch them. Of these they slew such as they needed, and, not forgetting to give due share to the gods, made a great feast upon the shore. But lo! even while they made merry, there came a great rushing of wings, and the Harpies came upon them, making great havoc of the meat and fouling all things most horribly. And when they had departed, the men of Troy sought another place where they might do sacrifice and eat their meat in peace. But when the Harpies had come hither also and done in the same fashion, Æneas commanded that the men should draw their swords and do battle with the beasts. Therefore, the Harpies coming yet again, Misenus with his trumpet gave the sound for battle. But lo! they fought as those that beat the air, seeing that neither sword nor spear availed to wound the beasts.

Then again these departed, one only remaining, who, sitting on a rock, spake after this fashion: "Do ye purpose, sons of Laomedon, to fight for these cattle that ye have wrongfully taken, or to drive the Harpies from their kingdom and inheritance? Hear, therefore, my words, which

indeed the almighty Father told to Phœbus, and Phœbus told to me. Ye journey to Italy, and to Italy shall ye come. Only ye shall not build a city, and wall it about with walls, till dreadful hunger shall cause you to eat the very tables whereon ye sup."

So saying, she departed. But when great fear was fallen upon all, Anchises lifted up his hands to heaven and prayed to the gods that they would keep that evil from them.

Then they set sail, and, the south wind blowing, came to Actium, where they landed. There also they did sacrifice to the gods, and had games of wrestling and others, rejoicing that they had passed safely through so many cities of their enemies; and there they wintered.

After many days of wandering they came to a city in Epirus, ruled over by Helenus, son of King Priam, who had for wife Andromache, the widow of brave Hector. Æneas met her in a grove by a river where with many tears she made offerings to the spirit of Hector. Scarce could she believe that it was not a spirit and that it was indeed Æneas of Troy. She told how she had been carried from Troy by Pyrrhus, the haughty son of Achilles.

And while she spoke Helenus came with a great company and bade Æneas and his men welcome. And Æneas saw how all things were ordered and named even as they had been at Troy, only the things at Troy had been great and these were very small.

Then Helenus, after due sacrifice, led Æneas to the temple of Phœbus. And when they were come hither, and the god had breathed into the seer, even into Helenus, the spirit of prophecy, he spake, saying: "Son of Venus, that thou takest thy journey across the sea with favor of the gods is manifest. Hearken, therefore, and I will inform thee of certain things, though indeed they be few out of many, by which thou mayest more safely cross un-

known seas and get thee to thy haven in Italy. Much indeed the Fates suffer me not to know, and much Juno forbids me to speak.

"Know then, first of all, that Italy, which thou ignorantly thinkest to be close at hand, is yet far away across many seas. And let this be a sign to thee that thou art indeed come to the place where thou wouldst be. When thou shalt see a white sow and thirty pigs about her, then hast thou found the place of thy city that shall be. And as to the devouring of thy tables for famine, heed it not: Apollo will help thee at need. But seek not to find a dwelling-place on this shore of Italy which is near at hand, seeing that it is inhabited by the accursed sons of Greece. And when thou hast passed it by, and art come to the land of Sicily, and shalt see the strait of Pelorus open before thee, do thou keep to thy left hand and avoid the way that is on thy right.

"For here in days past was the land rent asunder, so that the waters of the sea flow between cities and fields that of old time were joined together. And on the right hand is Scylla, and on the left Charybdis the whirlpool. But Scylla dwelleth in her cave, a monster dreadful to behold. Wherefore it will be better for thee to fetch a compass round the whole land of Sicily than to come nigh these things, or to see them with thine eyes. Do thou also remember this at all places and times, before all other gods to worship Juno, that thou mayest persuade her, and so make thy way safely to Italy. And when thou art come thither, seek the Sibyl that dwelleth at Cumæ, the mad prophetess that writeth the saying of Fate upon the leaves of a tree. Refuse not to tarry awhile, that thou mayest take council of her, though all things seem to prosper thy journey, and thy comrades chide thy delay. For she shall tell thee all that shall befall thee in Italy — what wars thou shalt wage, and what perils thou

must endure, and what avoid. So much, and no more, is it lawful for me to utter. Do thou depart, and magnify our country of Troy even to the heaven."

And when the seer had ended these sayings, he commanded his people that they should carry to the ships gifts; gold, and carvings of ivory, and much silver, and caldrons that had been wrought at Dodona; also a coat of chain mail, and a helmet with a fair plume, which Pyrrhus had worn. Also he gave gifts to the old man Anchises. Horses, too, he gave, and guides for the journey, and tackling for the ships, and arms for the whole company. Then did he bid farewell to the old Anchises. Andromache also came, bringing broidered robes, and for Ascanius a Phrygian cloak, and many like things, which she gave him, saying: "Take these works of my hands, that they may witness to thee of the abiding love of her that was once Hector's wife."

Then Æneas also said farewell, weeping the while. "Happy are ye, whose wanderings are over and rest already won; ye have no seas to cross, nor fields of Italy, still flying as we advance, to seek. Rather ye have the likeness of Troy before your eyes. And be sure that if ever I come to this land of Italy which I seek, there shall be friendship between you and me, and between your children and my children, forever."

Then they set sail, and at eventide drew their ships to the land and slept on the beach. But at midnight Palinurus, the pilot, rising from his bed, took note of the winds and of the stars, even of Arcturus, and the Greater Bear and the Less, and Orion with his belt of gold Seeing therefore that all things boded fair weather to come, he blew loud the signal that they should depart; which they did forthwith.

And when the morning was now growing red in the east, behold a land with hills dimly seen and shores lying low in the sea. And, first of all, the old man Anchises

cried: "Lo! there is Italy," and after him all the company. Then took Anchises a mighty cup, and filled it with wine, and, standing on the stern, said: "Gods of sea and land, and ye that have power of the air, give us an easy journey, and send such winds as may favor us." And even as he spake the wind blew more strongly behind. Also the harbor mouth grew wider to behold, and on the hills was seen a temple of Minerva. And lo! upon the shore four horses white as snow, which the old man seeing, said: "Thou speakest of war, land of the stranger; for the horse signifieth war, yet doth he also use himself to run in the chariot, and to bear the bit in company; therefore also will we hope for peace."

Then did they sacrifice to Minerva, and to Juno also, which rites the seer Helenus had chiefly commanded. And this being done they trimmed their sails and departed from the shore, fearing lest some enemy, the Greeks being in that place, should set upon them. Then sailing southward they beheld Ætna, and heard a great roaring of the sea, and saw also the waves rising up to heaven. Then said Anchises: "Lo! this is that Charybdis whereof the seer Helenus spake to us. Ply your oars, my comrades, and let us fly therefrom." So they strove amain in rowing and Palinurus also steered to the left, all the other ships following him. And many times the waves lifted them to the heaven, and many times caused them to go down to the deep. But at the last, at setting of the sun, they came to the land of the Cyclops.

There, indeed, they lay in a harbor, well sheltered from all winds that blow, but all the night Ætna thundered dreadfully, sending forth a cloud with smoke of pitch, and ashes fiery hot, and also balls of fire, and rocks withal that had been melted with heat. For indeed men say that a great giant lieth under this mountain, being scorched with the lightning of Jupiter, and that from him cometh

forth this flame; also that when, being weary, he turneth from one side to the other, the whole land of the Three Capes is shaken. All that night they lay in much fear, nor knew what the cause of this uproar might be, for indeed the sky was cloudy, nor could the moon be seen.

And when it was morning, lo! there came forth from the woods a stranger, very miserable to behold, in filthy garments fastened with thorns, and with beard unshaven, who stretched out to them his hands as one who prayed. And the men of Troy knew him to be a Greek. But he, seeing them, and knowing of what country they were, stood awhile in great fear, but afterwards ran very swiftly towards them, and used to them many prayers, weeping also the while. "I pray you, men of Troy, by the stars and by the gods, and by this air which we breathe, to take me away from this land, withersoever ye will. And indeed I ask not whither. That I am a Greek, I confess, and also that I bare arms against Troy. Wherefore drown me, if ye will, in the sea. Only let me die, if die I must, by the hands of men." And he clung to their knees. Then Æneas bade him tell who he was, and how he came to be in this plight. And the man made answer, "I am a man of Ithaca, and a comrade of the unhappy Ulysses. And when my comrades fled from this accursed shore, they left me in the Cyclops' cave. Hideous is he to see, and savage, and of exceeding great stature, and he feeds on the flesh of men. I myself saw with these eyes how he lay and caught two of my companions and brake them on the stone; aye, and I saw their limbs quiver between his teeth.

"Yet did he not do such things unpunished, for Ulysses endured not to behold these deeds, and when the giant lay asleep, being overcome with wine, we, after prayer made to the gods, and lots cast what each should do, bored out his eye, for one eye he had, huge as a round shield of Argos, or as the circle of the sun, and so did we

avenge our comrades' death. Do ye then fly with all the speed ye may. For know that as this shepherd Polyphemus — a shepherd he is by trade — so are a hundred other Cyclops, huge and savage as he, who dwell on these shores and wander over the hills. And now for three months have I dwelt in these woods, eating berries and cornels and herbs of the field. And when I saw your ships, I hastened to meet them. Do ye with me, therefore, as ye will, so that I flee from this accursed race."

And even while he spake the men of Troy saw the shepherd Polyphemus among his flocks, and that he made as if he would come to the shore. Horrible to behold was he, huge and shapeless and blind. And when he came to the sea, he washed the blood from the wound, grinding his teeth the while. And the men of Troy, having taken the suppliant on board, fled with all their might; and he, hearing their rowing, would have reached to them, but could not. Therefore did he shout aloud, and the Cyclops, hearing him, hastened to the shore.

Then did the men of Troy behold them, a horrid company, tall as a grove of oaks or cypresses. Nor knew they in their fear what they should do, seeing that on the one hand was the land of the Cyclops, and on the other Scylla and Charybdis, of which the seer Helenus had bidden them beware. But while they doubted, there blew a north wind, wherewith they sailed onwards, till they came to Drepanum. There the old man Anchises died, and was buried.

When Juno, ever hating the men of Troy, saw them nearing their destination, she came to Æolus, king of the winds, who keeps them under bolt and bar though mightily they roar within the mountain. To him she said, "Loose thy storms against a nation which I hate and which is now sailing over the seas." To whom answered King Æolus, "It is for thee, O Juno, to order what thou wilt." So saying, he drove in with his spear the great doors of their

prison and all the winds rushed forth together, rolling great waves upon the shore.

King Neptune heard the tumult where he sat at the bottom of the sea and looked forth and saw how the ships were scattered and the men of Troy in sore peril. He bade the winds, "Begone, and tell your king that mine is the dominion over the sea and bid him keep to his rocks."

Then Æneas and his companions, being sore wearied with the storm, made for the nearest shore, even Africa, where they found a háven. Here Æneas came with scarce seven ships out of the twenty with which he had set sail.

All these things did Jupiter behold; and even as he beheld them there came to him Venus, having a sad countenance and her shining eyes dim with tears, and spake: "O great Father, that rulest all things, what have Æneas and the men of Troy sinned against thee, that the whole world is shut against them? Didst not thou promise that they should rule over land and sea? Why, then, art thou turned back from thy purpose? With this I was wont to comfort myself for the evil fate of Troy, but lo! this same fate follows them still, nor is there any end to their troubles."

Then her father kissed her once and again, and answered smiling, "Fear not, my daughter, the fate of thy children changeth not. Thou shalt see this city for which thou lookest, and shalt receive thy son, the great-hearted Æneas, into the heavens. Hearken, therefore, and I will tell thee things to come. Æneas shall war with the nations of Italy, and shall subdue them, and build a city, and rule therein for three years. And after the space of thirty years shall the boy Ascanius, who shall hereafter be called Iulus also, change the place of his throne from Lavinium unto Alba; and for three hundred years shall there be kings in Alba of the kindred of Hector. Then shall a priestess bear to Mars twin sons, whom a she-wolf shall

nurse; of whom the one, even Romulus, shall build a city, dedicating it to Mars, and call it Rome, after his own name. To which city have I given empire without bound or end. And Juno also shall repent her of her wrath, and join counsel with me, cherishing the men of Rome, so that they shall bear rule even over the land of the Greeks."

Now it came to pass on the next day that Venus appeared to Æneas in the form of a Tyrian maiden and told him the story of the people among whom he and his companions had come. "The city, hard by," she said, "is peopled by men from Tyre. Dido is their queen. Her brother Pygmalion was king of Tyre, a wicked man and ever eager to increase his wealth. For this reason he had secretly put to death the husband of Dido, that he might come into possession of his great wealth. After many days, the spirit of her dead husband appeared to Dido in a dream and, telling her of the manner of his death and showing her his wounds, he bade her flee from Tyre and, that she might do this more easily, he told her of great treasures, gold and silver, hidden in the earth. And Dido made ready for the flight, all those who feared or hated the king joining her. Then did they seize ships that chanced to be ready and, loading them with gold, they fled across the sea. Then came they to this place, asking of the natives as much land as could be covered with a bull's hide. Dido caused the hide to be cut into strips and with it enclosed the spot on which they built their citadel. Yonder walls enclose the city which they are even now building."

Now Jupiter sent Mercury, his messenger, to turn the heart of Dido and her people that they would deal kindly with the strangers.

When Æneas and his companions had come into the city, Dido received them with friendliness and hospitality, saying, "I, too, have wandered far and, having suffered much, have learned to help them that suffer." She pre-

pared a great feast for them and they were entertained with many games.

Æneas was filled with wonder as he passed through the streets and saw the throngs of men, all busily at work, some cutting trees and some rolling great stones for the buildings.

When now he told the queen of all the hardships and sorrow through which they had passed since Troy was burned, she took pity upon them and offered them new homes in Carthage, saying, "Men of Troy and men of Tyre shall have equal privileges in this new city."

And so weary were they of the sea and so good did a home seem to the wanderers that eagerly they lent not only labor but counsel.

The queen said to her sister, Anna, "Never, since the death of my husband, has any man moved my heart as this stranger, so noble of mien and so bold in war. Surely he is one of the sons of the gods."

And gladly would Æneas have spent the rest of his days here but that Jupiter sent his messenger, Mercury, who spake to Æneas, "Buildest thou Carthage, forgetting thine own work? Why tarriest thou here? If thou carest not for thyself, yet think of thy son and that the Fates have given to him Italy and Rome."

Æneas stood stricken with fear and doubt. He would fain obey the voice, but when now his plans were made known to the queen she was loath to have him leave.

And when now naught could prevail upon him to change his purpose, Dido ordered a great funeral pile to be erected near the shore and, as Æneas and his companions sailed forth in their ships, she mounted the pile and, throwing herself upon a sword, was consumed by the flames. Æneas when he saw the flames, had an evil foreboding of what it meant. Years after there was bitter enmity between Carthage and Rome.

And so the men of Troy, though weary of the sea, yet endured many hardships more, that the will of the gods might be fulfilled. And lo! after the seventh year from the time Troy was burned, they saw the shores of Italy and landed near Cumæ, which was the dwelling place of the Sibyl.

Æneas went up to the great cave of the Sibyl, where by the inspiration of Apollo she foretelleth things to come. In company with her and by her aid he made the descent to the realm of shades and there from his father Anchises heard that though he had at last reached the promised land yet there still were sore trials before him. He told him too, of the glorious future of Rome and called by name the illustrious heroes who would make Rome great.

Latinus was king of this country. He had an only child, a daughter, who was now of an age to be married. Many chiefs came as suitors, but none of these found favor, for King Latinus minded him of an oracle which said, "There shall come a son-in-law, from beyond the sea, who shall make great thy name from one end of heaven to the other."

And so it came to pass that there was waged a terrible war between the men of Troy and Turnus, a native prince and suitor. But the gods gave victory to Æneas and he was established in the land with Lavinia for his wife.

Now, Juno, when she saw that she was balked in her purpose, prayed for one favor of Jupiter: "Suffer not that the Latins be called after the men of Troy. Let Rome rule the world, but let Troy perish forever!"

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Who wrote the poem from which this story is taken?
Who was Æneas?
Did he really live?
Locate Troy on your map.
What was the cause of the Trojan War?
Did such a war ever take place?
Who were some of the leading heroes on each side?
What means did the Greeks use to capture Troy?
What became of the city after its capture?
Do you think Æneas was a good son to Anchises?
What was Jupiter's promise to Venus?
What part of the promise do you think pleased her most?
Who was Ascanius? By what other name was he known?
Give a brief outline of the adventures of Æneas from the destruction of Troy until his landing in Italy.

## NOTES

292: 9 *Pallas.* A name for Athene or Minerva.

292: 10 *Gorgon.* A monster whose frightful face turned the beholders to stone.

293: 4 *Household gods.* The Penates, household images worshipped by the ancients.

289: 8 *Delos.* An island beloved by Apollo because it afforded refuge to his mother.

293: 13 *Crete.* An island of Greece.

293: 14 *Hesperia.* (West.) Italy, so called by the Greek because it was west of their own country.

293: 17 *Dardanus.* A son of Zeus and mythical ancestor of the Trojans.

293: 28 *Cassandra.* A propheteſs, the daughter of Priam.

294: 9 *Strophades.* Two islands west of the Peloponnesus, the ancient name for the peninsula forming the southern portion of Greece.

294: 10 *Harpies.* Three monsters having the faces of women and the bodies of birds. They defiled everything they touched.

294: 28 *Misenus.* A companion of Æneas.

294: 33 *Laomedon.* The father of Priam.

295: 1 *Almighty Father.* Jupiter.

295: 11 *Actium.* An ancient promontory on the northwestern coast of Arcanania, Greece. This was introduced by Virgil in compliment to Augustus Cæsar, who gained a great victory at this place over Antony and Cleopatra.

295: 17 *Hector.* The principal Trojan character in Virgil's Iliad. He was slain by Achilles.

295: 22 *Achilles.* The Greek hero of the Iliad.

296: 8 *A white sow and thirty pigs.* The tradition of this sign by which Æneas might know when he reached the promised land was a popular one in Virgil's day.

297: 7 *Dodona.* A city in Epirus, the northern part of ancient Greece. There was a temple at Dodona, famous for its rich furnishings, dedicated to Jupiter.

297: 28 *Arcturus.* A large star near the tail of the Great Bear.

298: 28 *Greater Bear and the Less.* (Great and Little Bear.) Well-known constellations. The former is more commonly known as "The Dipper."

297: 29 *Orion.* This constellation is represented with a sword and belt framed by bright golden stars.

298: 28 *Cyclops.* A race of giants who had but one eye apiece, and that was in the middle of the forehead.

299: 23 *Ulysses.* Known to the Greeks as Odysseus. His wanderings and adventures are related by Homer in the "Odyssey."

301: 32 *Lavinium.* The city in Italy founded by Æneas, and named after his wife, Lavinia.

302: 11 *Tyre.* A city of Phœnicia.

## VOCABULARY

Achilles (a-kil′ēz)
Actium (ak′shi-um)
Æneas (ē-nē′as)
Æolus (ē′ō-lus)
Ætna (et′nä)
Anchises (an-kī′sēz)
Andromache (an-drom′a-kē)
Apollo (a-pol′ō)
Arcturus (ärk-tū′rus)
Ascanius (as-kā′ni-us)
Carthage (kär′thāj)
Cassandra (ka-san′drä)
Cumæ (kū′mē)
Cyclops (sī′klops)
Dardanus (där′da-nus)
Delos (dē′los)
Dido (dī′dō)
Dodona (dō-dō′nä)
Epirus (ē-pī′rus)
Helenus (hel′e-nus)
Hermes (her′mēz)
Hesperia (hes-pē′ri-ä)
Ithaca (ith′a-kä)
Iulus (ī-ū′lus)
Latinus (la-tī′nus)
Lavinia (la-vin′i-ä)
Lavinium (la-vin′i-um)
Mercury (mer′cū-ry)
Misenus (mī-sē′nus)
Orion (ō-rī′on)
Palinurus (pal-i-nū′rus)
Penates (pē-nā′tēz)
Phœbus (fē′bus)
Phrygian (frij′i-an)
Polyphemus (pol-i-fē′mus)
Priam (prī′am)
Pyrrhus (pir′us)
Romulus (rom′ū-lus)
Sibyl (sib′il)
Strophades (strof′a-dēz)
Tyre (tīr)
Ulysses (ū-lis′ēz)

## ROMULUS AND REMUS

Fifteen generations after the founding of Alba Longa, when Numitor was reigning, his brother Amulius, jealous and covetous, raised an army, rushed upon Numitor, stole his throne from him, and took possession of it for himself. That he might be very secure in all the years to come, he ordered that Numitor's daughter should be put into prison, and her two little baby boys be thrown into the River Tiber.

But often when wicked people plan, no matter how deeply and wisely, their plans do some way seem to fail—yes, more than that, they seem often to turn back upon the very ones who make them. Did you ever hear the quaint old verse?—

> He digged a pit,
> He digged it deep,
> He digged it for his brother;
> But for his sin
> He did fall in
> The pit he digged for 'tother.

There is, I fancy, "more truth than poetry" in these simple lines, especially if we judge from the story of Numitor and Amulius; for certainly never did a plot more completely fail than did this of the wicked brother.

"Send Faustulus, the shepherd, to me," said he, when the gentle mother of the little children had been thrown into prison.

"These babies," said Amulius, "must be destroyed. Never shall I feel my throne secured to me and my line unless these boys, these sons of the daughter of Numitor, are safe out of my way. They shall be drowned in the River Tiber."

But Amulius, instead of drowning them himself — wicked men are usually cowardly in carrying out their own schemes — gave them into the hands of this shepherd, saying, "Take these children to the river. See to it that they are drowned. Come back and prove to me that you have obeyed. Fail to do my bidding and the dungeon awaits you. Your wife, your children, all your family shall die at the hands of the soldiers."

Now, it was quite the fashion in these early days for the king to threaten a man and all his family with death, for any reason it happened to suit his pleasure. Disobedience to the king, therefore, no matter how cruel or how unjust his orders, was not to be thought of.

"Such beautiful boys!" said the shepherd to himself, as he bore them to the river. "So strong! so beautifully formed! They are indeed children of the gods. Aye, and the gods will revenge their cruel death upon this crime-covered king. Such wickedness goes not unpunished. O wretched king!"

And now he had reached the water's edge. O how the waters sparkled! Such cruel waters! And the children, clinging so trustfully about the shepherd's neck, sprang forward, laughing and crowing as babies will, as they caught sight of the sparkling, rippling water.

The shepherd set them down amid the pebbles upon the soft warm sand, and looked at them. How happy they were, and how innocent!

"The gods forbid," groaned the shepherd, "that I should take the lives of these noble lads. I cannot! I will not!— and still, O my wife and my children! Why was I chosen for this wicked work? Far more fitting would it have been had one been chosen from that band of blood-thirsty soldiers whose sabres even now are stained with the blood of our good King Numitor's brave men."

And the children still laughed and played — the waters still sparkled and rippled.

Lifting the babies tenderly in his arms, the kind-hearted shepherd, calling upon the gods to witness that he did this cruel thing, not for himself, but to save his own from the vengeance of a cruel king, threw the children out upon the water. O, how their cry smote upon the shepherd's honest, tender heart! With a groan, he staggered up the bank, and flew across the plain, not once daring to look back lest he should see the struggling of the children in the waters.

Now, it was very fortunate for the babies that the shepherd had so tender a heart; for in his fright he had thrown them only into very shallow water which did not even cover them. Then, too, it was that time in the year when the water of the Tiber was growing lower and lower every hour; so that in a short time the children were left on the dry bank.

Soon, like all babies from that time to this, they grew hungry and began to cry. And here comes the strangest part of the story. Perhaps you will not be quite willing to accept it as true, still I will tell it to you just as the old Romans long, long ago used to tell it to their children.

When the little boys began to cry, a wolf, whose home was near by, hastened to them. She dragged them away to her own home, and fed them and cared for them just as she did for her own little ones.

One day, another shepherd, while passing through the woods, saw them, and carried them to his home.

"See," said he to his wife," see what I have found in the woods."

"Surely they are sent us by the gods," said the good wife. And taking them in her arms, she returned thanks to the gods, promising to bring them up as her own.

And here in the shepherd's hut, Romulus and Remus, for these were the names their foster father gave them, grew to be tall, strong, brave-hearted youths.

Often as the good shepherd looked upon them at work or at play, he would say, "Truly these lads are of noble line. The blood of kings flows in their veins. Some day, the gods grant, the secret of their birth shall be revealed to them."

And it was revealed to them — the story of their birth, their mother's cruel death, and the king's wicked plot against their own baby lives.

Then uprose the brave lads; and, calling the shepherds together from far and near, they marched against Amulius, and wrested his power from him, and placed the rightful king, Numitor, upon the throne.

"And now," said Romulus, "knowing that we are royal born, let us build a city of our own."

"And let us," added Remus, "build it upon the banks of the Tiber where we were thrown by the command of our uncle, and where we were so wonderfully saved through the kindness of our protecting gods."

Thus it was the city of Rome was built. But during the building, Remus, sneering at the low walls, said, "Even the sheep could scale these walls."

Turning upon him, Romulus plunged his sabre into his side, crying, "So perish now and forever any traitor who dares scorn the power of Rome!"

The people seemed to think this a very grand thing for Romulus to have done. "See," said they, "he loves the city more than he loves his brother!"

Then Romulus was made king. We are glad to say he reigned long and well. His people loved him, and the city grew large and rich under his care. At last, in a terrible thunder-storm, he disappeared from sight, and the people believed he had been taken up by the gods to Mt. Olympus. His statue was placed in the temples of the city, and he was ever after worshipped as a god.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Where was Alba Longa?

By whom was it founded, according to Roman legend?

From what great hero of legend were Romulus and Remus descended?

Find the River Tiber on your map.

Tell how Rome was founded.

How did the Roman people believe Romulus had passed from earth?

What other story have you heard about two children and a wicked uncle?

## VOCABULARY

Amulius (a-mū′li-us)
Faustulus (fâs′tū-lus)
Numitor (nū′mi-tôr)

## LOHENGRIN AND ELSA

It was long since the Knights of the Holy Temple had heard the sound of the silver bell calling them to battle; but one night, when they were assembled in the great hall of the king, there was heard in the far distance a sound of music, faint and clear.

"Hark!" whispered the king, rising, his golden goblet in hand. Nearer and nearer came the sound — softer, clearer, now rising, now falling. "It is the silver bell! the silver bell!"

And at the same moment there burst forth before the gathered knights large letters of fire. "Lohengrin! Lohengrin!" cried the king as he read the flaming words.

"Lohengrin! Lohengrin!" and the knights took up the cry. "All hail, Lohengrin, the chosen of the Lord!"

Then the old king stretched forth his arms and blessed his sons; and at once the armor inlaid with gold was brought, and the sword that had been forged in the sanctuary of the San Greal.

And now a messenger came hurrying in from the mountain to tell of the wonderful light that had appeared upon the lake covering the earth for miles around with its pure white lustre. And upon the waters a boat had taken form — a white boat drawn by a pure white swan — and on every side the winds whispered and the hills re-echoed, "Lohengrin! Lohengrin!"

"The hour, brave knight, for thy departure draweth near. Farewell! farewell! Take thou this golden horn," the old king said, "blow thou upon it three times when thou comest into the land of the world-people; and again three times when thou turnest away from the land into which

thou art come. And if any man ask who thou art and whence thou comest, turn thou from him; for such, my son, is the law of the brotherhood of the San Greal."

"I will obey," was the gentle knight's reply; and taking the golden horn from the king's right hand, he sailed away; and the air was filled with music; but whether it was the swan that sang, or a choir of angels, those upon the shore could not tell — nor did they ever know.

Night fell; and now the boat had reached the sea; the soft music was lost in the sound of wind and wave; but lulled to sleep by the steady motion, Lohengrin stretched himself upon his rug of softest down and fell asleep.

The fair Elsa had gone forth to hunt; but separated from her comrades and her maidens, she had wandered away by herself and had sat down beneath a linden tree to rest and to think.

For the fair Elsa, princess though she was, had deep trouble in her life; and glad was she to be free from those who sought her for her gold, her power, her beauty, and her grace.

And one there was whom the Princess feared above all others; for he was no true knight, but sought her hand even though he knew no power but force could draw her from her father's kindgom to dwell with him. Even to cruel threats did this wicked knight demean himself — threats of war upon her and murder of her trusting people.

Thinking upon these unhappy threats, the Fair Elsa fell asleep; and in her sleep, lulled by the humming of the bees and by the soft rustling of the leaves above her head, she dreamed that from out the forest there came to her a brave knight bearing in his hand a tiny silver bell. And to her, lying there so sad, he said, "Fair maiden, take this bell; and if ever thou art in trouble and in need of help, behold, if thou wilt ring, I will come at once to thee."

Just then the Princess awoke; "How strange a dream!"

said she; and as she spoke, there circled above her head, a strong young falcon. Closer and closer it came, circling still; until at last it perched upon her shoulder; and there, around its neck, the Princess saw a tiny bell was fastened — the very bell, so it seemed to fair Elsa, that she had seen in her dream.

"O good falcon!" cried the Princess, "whence came thou, and dost thou indeed bring me a magic charm?" But the bird only rustled its feathers and bent its neck for her to take the silver bell.

Hardly had she returned to her home, when summons came that the fair Elsa was to present herself before King Heinrich whose judgment seat was at Cologne, to answer to evil charges brought against her by this very knight whose cruel threats so long had darkened her fair life.

Fearless, she set forth; for though her maidens wept and even the knights of her father's kingdom looked grave, she knew she would be safe, protected as she was by the magic bell of silver. With brave heart, then, she entered the judgment hall. The trial began. The cruel knight told his truthless tale; and lest anyone should doubt him, he closed by challenging to combat, any knight whom Elsa should choose and who should be willing to lay down his life for her.

"Will any knight here help me?" asked the maiden. The strength of the perfidious knight who heaped his persecutions upon Elsa's fair head was great, and no one dared stand against him.

"Three days," sneered the knight, "shalt thou have in which to find a knight to save thy ladyship."

Then Elsa touched the silver bell, and its clear tone echoed through the great hall; up the broad staircase, out across the mountains, dying away in the distant hills.

"In those three days my deliverer will come," was

Elsa's gentle answer; and bowing her golden head before the king, she left the hall.

The three days now were over. Again the people were assembled in the great hall. Upon the river bank outside, the cruel knight stood in battle array, awaiting the coming of fair Elsa's deliverer. Three times the crier called, "Come forth, thou defender of this lovely princess, and meet her accuser in combat here upon the Rhine!"

All eyes were fixed upon the king. Would he condemn the fair princess, since no knight appeared to defend her cause? There seems no other measure; and the king rose sadly and looked off across the rushing waters of the Rhine.

Just then there was heard the sound of distant music. Nearer and nearer it came. Even the waters of the river stood still to listen.

And now a white boat appeared upon the waters — a snow-white boat drawn by a snow-white swan; and around his curved neck was a circlet of gold; and in the boat sat a prince arrayed in armor inlaid with gold, a shining helmet upon his head, and a wonderful sword within his hand.

As he reached the shore, the knight rose and blew upon his golden horn — and its notes echoed across the river and far up among the mountains.

"I come," said Lohengrin, "to champion the innocent. Tell me who it is needs my help!"

"Tell, rather, who you are," cried the cruel knight, who already felt himself defeated.

"My name is Lohengrin," was the youth's reply; "more than that it matters not to you."

The trumpets now sounded for battle, and the combat began. For a long time one could not say which knight would conquer; when, with one mighty blow, Lohengrin let fall his sword upon the false knight's head, cleaving

his helmet and throwing the knight prone upon his face; nor did he rise to fight again.

"Fair Elsa, then, is free," said the king and glad at heart was he that he could say words so happy.

Back to her home fair Elsa now was free to go; and with her journeyed the brave Lohengrin, to seek her royal father and ask of him his beautiful daughter for a wife.

Glad indeed was he when he heard the brave knight's story; and no more joyous wedding ever graced the land than that of Lohengrin and the fair Elsa. "But one thing must I ask," said Lohengrin, as he bore his beautiful bride away; "and that is that thou shalt never ask me who I am or whence I came, for only so long as thou shalt not demand these things of me, can I dwell with thee in this land."

And Elsa promised; nor would she have broken her promise in all the years to come, had not a rumor settled among the people that Lohengrin was a Prince of Darkness and that it was through some evil magic that he had defeated the knight with whom he had fought, and so had won his bride.

Elsa, deeply grieved that such things should be said of him whom she loved so well and whom she knew to be so pure and noble, forgot his warning and threw herself one day at his feet, begging him to still these wicked people and tell them who he was indeed.

The brave Lohengrin's face grew sad. "Elsa, Elsa," said he; "dost thou not know that the hour of our parting now has come? Fain would I have lived this happy life with thee among the world's people; but it cannot be. Farewell! Farewell!"

And as he spoke, the same distant music was heard across the waters. Nearer, nearer it came; now soft, now clear, now sinking into a solemn dirge. For again the snow-white swan had come; and so, raising his golden horn,

and blowing again three notes, the brave, pure knight set forth upon his journey home again. "We shall meet again, my Elsa fair," he said, and the tender tears sprang to his kind blue eyes.

Then Elsa laid herself upon her couch and wept her life away; and as her breath grew faint she whispered to her maidens round about her, "Let there be no weeping now. Behold, I go to join Lohengrin, and together shall we stand before the Holy Grail."

## HELPS FOR STUDY

To what country does the legend of Lohengrin and Elsa belong?
What was the San Greal?
On what river is the City of Cologne?
Why was Lohengrin sometimes called the Swan Knight?
What did Lohengrin ask of Elsa?
Did she keep her promise?
Why was Lohengrin sad when she begged him to tell who he was?
What work of a great English poet introduces the story of the search for the Holy Grail?

## NOTES

The legend of Lohengrin and Elsa was made the subject of a poem, written by an unknown author in Bavaria before 1270. The poem was first called "Lohengrin," and the title was afterwards changed to "Lorengel."

In 1847, Richard Wagner composed the words and music of the opera, "Lohengrin," founded on the poem. The opera was first produced in 1850, at Weimar, Germany.

## VOCABULARY

Cologne (cō-lōn′)
Heinrich (hin′rich)
Lohengrin (lō′hen-grin)

## BEOWULF

In King Hrodgar's princely hall the warriors sat before the outspread feast. Brightly flamed the torches, their red light flickering down upon the polished shields and helmets of the brave and noble company. And the minstrel raised his harp and sang of the coming of Skiold, the son whom Odin sent to dwell among the children of the earth.

Of the child's birth he sang; of his discovery floating upon a shield in the midst of the mighty sea; whence he was brought ashore and watched and tended by the powers of the air and of the sky until the time came when he set forth and took by force the kingdom of Jutland, and there established himself a mighty king and warrior. Of Skiold's glorious life he sang; and, last of all, of Hrodgar, Skiold's great-grandson, who, like Skiold, had shown himself a mighty king, loving peace, but fearing not the battle-field, nor any encounter with man nor dragon, whereby the good should be protected and the evil-doer punished.

High ran the merriment, loud rose the song; nor did the feast come to a close until the torches had burned down, and midnight had settled upon the world. Then the king withdrew; and with him as many of the feasters as the great castle could make room for; while those who were left stretched themselves before the smouldering fires of the great hall and fell asleep.

Nor was there a sound to break the stillness of the night; but when the morning came, behold, not one of the warriors who had lain down in the great hall to sleep, was to be found; nor was there trace of them except in blood stains upon the floor.

King Hrodgar came himself to learn what dreadful thing had fallen upon his house and upon his vassals. Everywhere, out upon the stairs, and even beyond the walls, were great red stains of blood; and out upon the soft earth beside the sea he found a giant footprint. "Now do I know what fate has befallen me and mine!" the great king cried; "for well do I know that footprint — like which there is no other in all the earth! It is the Monster Grendel that has come back to ruin my kingdom and to slay my people. The Monster Grendel — driven by magic power so many moons ago from out my realm."

"Let us fear not," answered many a warrior from among the faithful vassals; "each night will we guard the hall; and into our power some time the foul fiend shall fall."

Night fell again upon the hall; and ten brave liegemen stood on guard. The hours passed on; almost the morning mists had risen above the land, when into the great hall the giant Grendel stalked; his great arms raised to strike down any foe that chanced to come his way. Not a sound was heard; but in the morning not a warrior was there left — and only the blood stains upon the floor told of the battle that must have been.

"But victory shall be ours at last," other brave warriors had courage still to say; and again that night twenty liegeman watched and fought — and were devoured. The next night thirty liegemen — then forty — then fifty — until at last no hope was left, and a heavy gloom sank down upon the realm. And when one night the minstrel, hidden, watched the coming of the Monster, such terror fell upon him that he fell prone upon his face like one who had met death. And when in the morning he was dragged forth from his hiding place, he groped for light and air; nor could the king himself learn one word of what had met his view. Terror seemed to have possessed him, body and soul; nor could he rest until he had

seized a boat and had rowed himself across the river and had come breathless into a country far distant from King Hrodgar's realm.

But in the land of Gothland there reigned at this time a brave ruler who had gathered to himself the bravest warriors from every kingdom up and down the Rhine; and bravest of them all was Beowulf. Now it was into this land the minstrel had come; and again at a great feast he harped and sang; but this time of Siegfried and his adventures with giants and with dragons. Then striking his harp until it rang out through the great doorways, he sang of Beowulf himself; of the brave deeds he had done; closing with an appeal to him to go forth into Hrodgar's realm and slay there the terrible Monster Grendel, who every night crept up from the sea and devoured the bravest vassals of the land.

Beowulf listened breathless, his hand clutching his spear, as if even then to hurl it at the dreaded monster; and when morning came he promised at once to set forth to the Hall of Hrodgar.

But there was one warrior, Breka, in the realm, who, jealous that Beowulf should thus be made the hero, proposed that before Beowulf should go hence, they should go down together into the sea and fight the monsters of the deep; and to him who should first come forth unharmed, the king should give the golden chain he wore about his neck.

The sun rose red and clear. The sea moaned and tossed and dashed itself against the castle walls; but, fearless, the two warriors took their places upon the shores, their swords in hand. At the signal, both rushed into the raging waters and dived deep down beneath the angry waves.

Breka fought bravely with the current; but saw no sea monsters with which to fight, and was at last swirled away into clear waters, from whence he swam easily back

to land. With loud cheers was he received, and around his neck the chain of gold was placed; then all awaited the coming of Beowulf who might, well did they know, be now lying dead beneath the waves, devoured, perhaps, by the dread creatures that were believed to make their home beneath the dark green waters.

But Beowulf had been driven by the waves against a great cliff, about the base of which swarmed sea monsters of every kind. Gigantic arms were thrust out to seize him; but he struck them off with his glittering sword; monsters of every kind wound about him, to stifle and crush him in their coils; but these he slew, piercing them beneath their horny scales by his sharpened spear. One monster seized upon him and would have borne him down in spite of sword and spear, had he not turned upon him and stabbed him to the heart.

And now the day was nearly spent; the sun was sinking, red again, behind the hills; when Beowulf, with a mighty struggle, reached the shallow waters, staggered forth, and dragged his burden upon the shore.

The warriors upon the shore shouted and waved their flaming torches. The sea roared and dashed itself upon the monster as if to float it back into the roaring waters.

"O Beowulf," the king spake, when at last the tumult was stilled and the sea monster had been dragged into the great hall, "to Breka hath been given the golden chain; but to thee is due a greater honor; for thou hast not only battled, but thou hast slain and dragged forth one of the many hideous creatures that dwell beneath the seas. Take, therefore, this, my own magic sword; for no greater hero, I am sure, dwells in mine or any other realm."

Now, indeed, was Beowulf equipped for any fray; and it was with cheerful heart he set forth into the land of the Grendel Monster.

Reaching Hrodgar's castle, he took his place among the

liegemen who watched in the great hall. A weary, hopeless people there he found; for to watch in the castle hall meant now no hope of victory, but sure and certain death.

Hardly had midnight settled with its deep stillness upon the land, when there entered at the great doorway, a monster of so terrible a size and shape and mien that even Beowulf's brave heart beat fast, as one by one, the vassals disappeared down its awful throat.

"I will fight him unarmed," said the warrior; "for he himself comes unarmed. One is a coward who will not fight fair."

And now the battle began. The monster opened his great jaws first to swallow Beowulf, even as he had swallowed those who had come before; but Beowulf, seizing those mighty jaws, held them with such a grip that the creature howled for pain. Angry, the demon now fell upon his foe. A terrible struggle began. The hall shook even to its foundations. The king and all his liegemen awoke. With their swords they rushed upon the monster; but not one sword could pierce those horny scales. At last the monster dropped, and with a mighty wrench Beowulf tore from its socket one of the creature's terrible arms.

With a howl of pain Grendel rushed from the hall like a roaring wind, and buried himself in the raging waters. Beowulf, exhausted, sank upon the floor; and the joyous liegemen nailed the monster's arm as a trophy above the doorway.

But Beowulf had not won his battle yet. At midnight again terror fell upon the sleeping household; for there rose from out the sea, a great column of water, from which came forth a gigantic form, whose face and hair were gray, even as were her scaly garments.

Her eyes shone like coals of fire; her hair stood erect; and her bony arms stretched forth, as if seeking whom she, too, might slay.

Up to the hall she crept. She was the mother of Grendel and she had come to avenge her son. One after another of the warriors she slew, and slaked her cruel thirst with their blood.

Then morning came; and Beowulf said, "Down into her home beneath the waters will I go, for there only can this monster be conquered. Wait here upon the shore for me two days and two nights, good friends; and if then I do not return, know that it is I and not the sea monster that has fallen in the battle."

And as he spoke, he waded out into the sea, and dived down deep among the waters. Far away in a black cave he saw a light. "There, there is the monster's home," he thought; and straight towards it he made his way. Many a monster snapped at him as he swam past, but his armor was proof against their teeth.

Suddenly he felt himself seized and drawn rapidly through the water with such speed that he could hardly breathe.

In another moment, he found himself in a great green cavern, face to face with the very monster whom he sought.

And now Beowulf and the giantess wrestled for their lives. She drew a sharp knife, but this Beowulf struck from her hand. Then a great sword she seized and swung it three times around her head; but with a quick spring Beowulf sprang upon her, wrested it from her hand, and quick as lightning struck off her head and sent it rolling across the slippery cave.

Grendel himself lay dead beside the cave, half covered with the slimy sea-weed that rose and fell.

Already the waters of the sea were becoming clouded with the blood of the slain monster, when Beowulf came forth once more from out the waters. The monster's head and the great sword he showed as proofs of the victory; and over these the people shouted with joy.

A great feast was held in honor of the victory; and at its close Beowulf returned to his own land loaded with rich presents of gold, and precious stones, so clear, that his wealth was even like that of the Nibelung — at least so the minstrel sang, as in the years to come, he wandered with his harp from court to court and sang his praise of Beowulf.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

How did the minstrels of ancient times employ themselves?

Have many of the old legends come down to us through these minstrels?

What were liegemen?

From what land did Beowulf come?

Do you think Breka had really won the chain?

How did the king reward Beowulf?

What did Beowulf say of one who did not fight fair?

Over what people was Odin the ruling god?

## NOTES

The story of Beowulf is found in an Anglo-Saxon epic poem of unknown authorship. The scene of action is in Danish and Swedish territory, and the foundation is mythical, legendary, and historical material from the time of the Danish conquest of the Cimbrian Peninsula, in the early part of the sixth century. Danish poems containing this material are supposed to have been brought over to England by the Anglo-Saxons. The form that has come down to us dates from the beginning of the eighth century. It is preserved in a single manuscript of the Cottonian Library in the British Museum.

318: 5 *Skiold.* In Norse mythology, the son of Odin, and a mythical king of Denmark.

320: 9 *Siegfried.* A mythical prince, later king of Niderland on the lower Rhine, the hero of the "Nibelungenlied" ("Song of the Nibelungs"). In German legend, the Nibelungs were a race of Northern dwarfs, so called from their king, Nibelung. In the Old Norse version of the legend, Siegfried is known as Sigurd.

## VOCABULARY

Beowulf (bā′ō-wulf)
Hrodgar (rod′gär)
Nibelung (nē′be-löng)
Siegfried (sēg′frēd)
Skiold (shöld)

# HENGIST AND HORSA*

H. A. Guerber

The Britons had vainly appealed to the Roman general in Gaul to come and deliver them from the Picts and Scots, who were ravaging the whole country and driving them into the sea. When the Britons found out that the Romans could not help them, they began to look around them for other aid.

In the days of the Romans, light willow barks, covered with skins, had sometimes visited the shores of the island. These boats carried hardy warriors, who came from the shores of the Baltic Sea. They belonged to the Teutonic, or German, race — a race never subdued by the Romans, who were then masters of nearly all the known world.

These men were so brave that Vortigern, the British chief, begged some of them to come over to Britain and help him drive back the Picts and Scots. One of the Teutonic tribes, the Jutes, consented; and about the year 449 a whole fleet of little ships came dancing over the sea, which the Teutons called the "Swan Road," because when winter drew near they often watched the birds flying or swimming southward over the waters.

The leaders of the Jutes, it is said, were two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, the descendants of Woden, who was the principal god of the Teutonic nations. The Jutes were used to fighting, and helped the Britons drive back the Picts and Scots. The marauders were forced to retreat to

* From Guerber's "Story of the English." Copyright, 1898, by American Book Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

the other side of the walls, which were repaired and provided with defenders.

In reward for their services, Vortigern gave the Jutes the island of Thanet; and while some of them settled down there contentedly, others went back to their native country to tell what they had seen. But, as Britain was much more fertile than the land where they dwelt, they soon came back, with their families, to settle in it.

The Jutes were followed, before long, by another Teutonic tribe, the Saxons. As there was not room enough for them all in the island of Thanet, the Saxons settled on the mainland, where they were joined by other Saxons; and their numbers multiplied so fast that they soon covered much territory.

The Britons were forced to retreat before the newcomers; and as they were afraid of the Picts and Scots, and dared not go north, they withdrew to the west, where they took possession of Cornwall and Wales. Now that it was too late, Vortigern saw what a mistake he had made in inviting the Jutes to come over and help him. He could not quarrel with them, however, because he had married Rowena, Hengist's beautiful young daughter. It seems that he had fallen in love with this maiden at first sight. when she came to offer him a drink, as was the custom in her country whenever a stranger came into the house.

The Jutes and Saxons spread farther and farther over the southern part of Britain, until they took entire possession of Vortigern's kingdom, driving him far into the west, where he died of grief. After the Jutes and Saxons came a third Teutonic tribe, the Angles, who, in their turn, settled in the eastern part of Britain.

They killed all the natives who would not peaceably make way for them, sparing only the women and children, whom they made their slaves. But the Angles were not nearly so civilized as the Britons, who had learned much

from their Romans conquerors, and they destroyed many of the Roman buildings, which they were too ignorant to admire.

When they first came over to Britain, the Anglo-Saxons — as the Angles and Saxons are often called for short — knew nothing at all about Christianity, and brought with them their own language, laws, and religion. This old Anglo-Saxon religion soon gave way before Christianity; but the names of the heathen gods of the Anglo-Saxons are still found in our names of the days of the week. Thus, Sunday was the day of the sun god; Monday, of the moon deity; Tuesday was named after Tiu, god of war; Wednesday, after Woden, their principal divinity, and the ancestor of their kings; Thursday took its name from Thor, god of thunder; Friday, from Frea, goddess of beauty; and Saturday, from Saturn, a Roman divinity.

But, although there are now very few traces left of the old Teutonic religion, the Anglo-Saxon laws and language form the basis of the present English laws and language, so they are of great interest to the one hundred and fifty million English-speaking people of this century.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

By what name is Gaul now known?
From what country did the Picts and Scots come?
Where is the Baltic Sea?
Why did the birds fly southward when winter drew near?
With what Norse god was Woden identified?
Find the island of Thanet on your map of Great Britain.
Name some of the Teutonic tribes who settled in Britain.
How were our names for the days of the week obtained?

## VOCABULARY

Frea (frā′ä)
Hengist (heng′gist)
Rowena (rō-ē′nä)
Teutons (tū′tonz)
Thanet (than′et)
Vortigern (vor′ti-gern)

## THE STORY OF MERLIN

Many long years ago, after the Romans had gone back to their own land in the South, and were so concerned with their own national affairs that already England was a half forgotten page to them, there reigned over the island of Britain a brave king, called Constans.

Now, this king had already proved himself wise both in peace and in war. Already had his foes learned to dread the gleam of his armor; and the lesser kings and princes, though they had contended bitterly against him in the beginning, had learned long since to rest content and secure under his power and authority.

But the time came when death entered the castle of King Constans. Charms were said, sacrifices were offered, prayers were chanted, every power, Christian and Pagan, was appealed to — but in vain. King Constans must die.

Now, this king had three sons, Constantius, Aurelius and Uther; and when he knew that death was near, he called his nobles to his bedside and said, "Swear, my subjects, that unto my eldest son, Constantius, thou wilt render the same loyal and faithful service that thou hast always rendered unto me."

And the nobles bowed their heads and promised.

But the eldest son, Constantius, had long since betaken himself to the monastery. "This life," he had said, "suiteth better my quiet tastes. I am not wise in authority; neither am I daring in battle. Let me live my life as a cloistered monk."

"What shall we do with this youth?" asked Vortigern, the king's steward.

"We have promised," said the Barons simply.

"Yes," said Vortigern, "but I fear me this cloistered prince will make but a sorry king. What knoweth he of war and of people?"

Nevertheless, on the death of Constans, Constantius was brought out from his monastery and placed upon the throne.

"Hail, hail! Constantius, King of the Britons!" the people cried; and a great feast was made to celebrate the beginning of the new reign.

"We shall know, alas, too soon," sneered Vortigern, as Constantius took his throne, "what manner of king a cloistered scholar maketh." For Vortigern had been for many years not only the trusted steward of the late king, but his advisor and his friend. Many a campaign had they planned and fought together, and no man in the country had a greater name for success and valor than this same Vortigern.

"The successorship should have fallen to me," Vortigern said between his teeth. "It was my right by long years of service."

Now, across the waters dwelt an old enemy of Constans, the Danish King, Hengist. Many a time had he invaded Britain; but each time had he been driven back by the warrior, Constans, and his sturdy steward, Vortigern. But no sooner had the news of Constans' death and the accession of the monk, Constantius, reached him, than he called together his hundred thousand men, and again poured his forces into Britain.

Constantius, alarmed, knowing well his own inefficiency and the enemy's power, begged Vortigern to lead forth Britain's forces.

"No, my king," said Vortigern. "It is for Constantius, the King of Britain, to do these things." Nor could Constantius prevail upon the old steward even to go with him into the battle.

"Let him go and fail," sneered Vortigern. "Thus will

the people, perhaps, realize the manner of king they have chosen to rule over them."

And so it was that Constantius went forth to battle with the mighty Hengist. The armies met. Constantius resisted feebly, and, in a few hours only, the Britons had been driven back, and the Pagans were over-running the country like a horde of locusts.

Constantius sat in his tent with bowed head. The people stormed. They threatened Constantius; they poured curses upon the Pagan horde; they called upon Vortigern to lead their forces out against the foe.

"Gladly would I lead forth our forces," said Vortigern; "but never will I face the perils of war in defence of a king who cannot defend his own throne!"

"The coward king!" yelled the nobles; and they fell upon him in their rage and murdered him.

"And which of the infant sons — Aurelius or Uther — will you crown in the place of Constantius?" Vortigern sneered, when the nobles came and told him. "An infant king in battle before a foe like Hengist!"

"But it shall be neither Aurelius nor Uther," the nobles cried. "It shall be Vortigern, the steward warrior of Constans! He who hath more than once led the forces forth to victory against the Pagan Hengist!"

Then the people took up the cry, and "Vortigern! King Vortigern! King Vortigern!" filled the air.

"This is as it should be," Vortigern said to himself as he received the crown and took his place at the head of the people.

Without delay he organized the army and marched out against the invaders. Battle after battle followed in quick succession. Vortigern's daring and skill in battle shone forth in brilliant comparison with the inefficiency of the unfortunate Constantius. Victory followed victory, until in a few days, Hengist was glad enough to flee across the

waters, glad that he had his head still safe upon his shoulders.

But the Britons were soon to learn another lesson. Vortigern had indeed saved them from their warrior foe; but when the nobles came to the new king and demanded a reward for the assassination that had given Vortigern his crown, he showed them that one who would save his country simply to further his own personal selfish ambition would, if need be, reduce it to ruin for the same selfish reason.

"What!" cried Vortigern, with great show of virtue and indignation, "reward you for an act of treason! Never!"

And to his guards, he said, "Away with these traitors! Behead them and bring their dead bodies before the people that all may see what befalls the murderers of a king!"

But the noble families of these men, knowing well the conditions that had brought about the murder, and Vortigern's ready willingness to take advantage of the consequences, rose in angry revolt against the hypocritical king, and determined to dethrone him and place one of the rightful princes upon the throne in his place.

Stronger and stronger grew the anger and indignation against Vortigern; the insurrection spread from town to town; till at last, in danger and desperation, Vortigern sent for his old enemy, Hengist, to come and help him.

Hengist came, gladly and exultantly; terrible battles followed, and the insurrection was put down. But once established on British ground, Hengist did not propose to leave it; neither could Vortigern depend on the support of his people should Hengist return to Denmark. So Vortigern married the daughter of Hengist, and thus, by uniting the two powers, maintained his sovereignty.

A cruel, relentless rule followed. The king hated his people; his people hated him. And, supported though he was by Danish power, Vortigern lived in constant terror.

Such terror, indeed, that he began the building of a great stone fortress in which, should the time ever come when he needed it, he could hide himself from the Britons.

He chose the site upon Salisbury Plain. Thousands of men were set to work. Great masses of stone were brought and in one day the wall was raised ten feet

At night the workmen camped upon the plain; but when morning came, behold, the wall was levelled to the ground! Not a stone was in place! Nor had there been a sound in the night to tell of its downfall.

Amazed, the workmen went to work again. Again the wall was built up ten feet, and the men camped upon the plain. And in the morning, again they found the wall levelled, and not a sound to tell them of its downfall.

A third day, a third night, a third morning, and the same thing happened.

The workmen, terrified, fled from the plain. Messengers were sent to the king, and he, terrified no less than the workmen, consulted the wizards.

"Come, O ye wizards!" cried Vortigern, "and tell to our people what meaneth this strange omen!"

The wizards came and looked upon the ruins. They shook their heads in despair. "We cannot interpret it!" they said.

"But ye shall!" roared Vortigern, "or ye shall die in yonder dungeons!"

Then the wizards said, "There is a man-child somewhere in this land of Britain whose death alone can prevent the destruction of this wall, O King!"

"Find that child!" Vortigern thundered. "Search the country! Leave no cave or forest unsearched! Bring the child to the castle!"

And at once the horsemen set forth in all directions to find the child whose death should prevent the destruction of the walls.

Now, it happened that there had been born in Britain a child who was endowed with the spirit of prophecy. The wicked wizards had meant that this child's power should be developed for evil; but at his birth a good hermit monk had taken him in his arms and driven out the wicked powers, and had turned the child's wonderful power of prophecy to good.

Now, from that time on the wicked wizards had been determined upon the destruction of this child. And in the falling of the wall, they saw an opportunity to direct the king's anger against it.

But the child, Merlin, knew this; and so, when the king's messengers went through the land crying, "Tell us where the child may be found!" he went out himself to meet them.

"I am the child ye seek!" he said.

And the men fell upon him and put a chain upon him, and led him away to the king's palace.

On the way, the child foretold the meeting with the king, what he himself should say, and what would be the king's replies.

And once, when they passed a market where a youth stood buying shoes, the child's face saddened, and he said, "Why does he buy those shoes — he who will never live to wear them?" And in an hour the prophecy indeed came true; for the youth fell dead in the market place.

When at last the messengers reached the castle, Merlin was carried into the court, and the story of the journey hither told to the king and the nobles.

"Wonderful!" they all cried. And the king said, "Let him be taken to the site of the ruin. Let him tell why it is no man can build a wall there."

So Merlin was taken to Salisbury Plain.

"It is plain," said Merlin; "so plain that I wonder thy wizards hath not divined it."

"What is it? Tell us!" cried the people.

"It is this," said Merlin. "Beneath these ruins there lieth two pools of water — deep down in the earth. In each pool lieth a great stone. Beneath each stone lieth the lair of a huge serpent. One of these serpents is milk-white, the other red as crimson. All day these monsters sleep; but at night they meet in terrible combat. Neither overcometh the other, though they cause the earth above them to reel and rock and rise and sink. This it is that doth overthrow thy walls, O King!"

"But what can we do?" asked Vortigern.

"Thou shalt drain away the waters," answered Merlin briefly.

"And what then?"

"Then will the serpents fall upon each other in a combat that shall be deadly to one; and from that time there shall be peace beneath the Plain."

Rejoiced, Vortigern again set his thousand men to work. For days and days they dug down through rock and soil. There were the pools, in faith, just as Merlin had described.

"Bring thou the wizards to me!" roared Vortigern.

"Cowards! Fools!" he said. Unable to prophesy even as wisely as this child hath done! Away with them to the dungeon!"

Then messengers came running to the king crying, "Behold the two great stones have been unearthed! And the serpents, too, have we found coiled about the rocks. And one is white and the other crimson, even as the child hath foretold."

"Wonderful!" said the king, and his court hurried away to see for themselves.

And as they reached the plain, lo! the two serpents rose up in the air. They were covered with shining scales, and fire flashed like lightning from their dreadful mouths. Their terrible folds uncoiled, and they fell upon each

other in deadly combat. All day long they fought; the pools were red with blood; their roars filled the air and sounded to the heavens; but at night-fall the white serpent's strength waxed, the red serpent's strength waned. The battle grew less terrible; and when darkness had covered the plain, there lay the crimson serpent dead; and the white one had slipped away — no one knew where or when — and never again was he seen by mortal man.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What kind of a life did Constantius prefer to live?
How did Vortigern feel toward Constantius?
In what manner did Vortigern reward those who had helped him to gain the crown?
Do you think Vortigern was happy in his reign?
Where is Salisbury Plain?
Who were the wizards?
What did they say would prevent the destruction of the wall?
Why did they say this?
What were some of the things Merlin foretold on his way to the king?
How did Merlin account for the disappearance of the wall?

## VOCABULARY

Aurelius (â-rē′lyus)
Salisbury (sâlz′bu-ri)
Uther (ū′ther)

## THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR

There dwelt in the country of Cornwall the beautiful Duchess Igraine. Igraine was the wife of the Duke of Tintagel, but when King Uther looked upon her he declared to Merlin, "This beautiful Igraine must be my Queen. She must reign with me over Britain. Tell me, Merlin, how shall I win her? War will I make upon Duke Tintagel, but thou must guide me on to success."

"I will guide thee," said Merlin. So a siege was raised upon the castle where the Duke had hidden his beautiful wife. For a long time the siege waged, but at last just as the unfortunate Duke was about to sally forth from his fortress, King Uther fell upon him and slew him; then, seizing upon Igraine, he bore her away, amid shouts of triumph, to his castle.

There a great feast was held, and Igraine became the Queen of Britain.

"Remember," said Merlin, "I am to have for my reward the first-born son."

"I shall remember," said the King, and so it was that when the little Prince Arthur came, he was given over to Merlin, who, for reasons of his own, hid him away, not allowing the people of the court even to know that an heir had been born to the British throne.

For many years King Uther flourished. But at last an illness overtook him, from which he could not recover. While he lay ill upon his bed, his end almost near, word came that a great Saxon army was devastating the homes of Britain.

"O for power to drive them back!" he groaned.

"Thou shalt drive them back," said Merlin, and raising

him from his bed, he bore the sick king forth, placed him at the head of his army upon a litter, and in this way went forth to meet the enemy.

The soldiers shouted and rejoiced. "King Uther! King Uther!" they shouted. And King Uther raised his feeble arm to show them that he was still alive and that the spirit of battle was still strong within him.

On, on the army forced its way. A terrible battle followed. But spurred on by the presence of their King, the Britons fought as never Britons had fought before. The Saxons were driven back, defeated, routed, and no greater victory had ever been won by Britain.

Then King Uther died, even amid the rejoicings, and the people, hushed and saddened, halted in their festivities to say, "And who shall be the successor?"

For no one but Merlin and Lord Ector, into whose keeping the little Prince had been confided, knew that there was already an heir to Britain's throne. Even Igraine, the little Prince's mother, had never known what had been done with her child.

But when Merlin saw that death was near to the king, he called together the men of his court, and leading them into the presence of the king, he said, "Listen, O Barons, to the words of the king."

Then King Uther said, "It is my will that my son, Arthur, succeed me on the throne of Britain. May he have God's blessing and mine, and may he righteously and worshipfully claim the crown or forfeit both."

Then King Uther died, and in due time Arthur was brought before the people.

"But how shall we know that this is our rightful king?" said some.

Then Merlin caused a special service to be held in the great church at London. All the lords and barons were present, and at the close the bishop offered up prayer for

the enlightenment of the people as to who should be the rightful king.

And as the people passed out from the church, lo! there in the gateway stood a great block of marble. And in its heart was embedded a sword, its hilt towards the church door.

"And what is this?" cried the people.

"Read and ye shall see," said Merlin.

And there upon the hilt of the sword were these words: "Whoever shall pull me from this stone, he shall be the rightful king of Britain."

Then all who had made pretension to the throne came and tried their strength. But not once did the sword yield.

Now, at this time, Sir Ector, his son, Sir Kay, and Prince Arthur were riding through the city. "Go back," said Sir Kay to Prince Arthur, who served him as a squire, "and find me a sword, for I have none."

The young Prince turned back and hastily rode towards the castle of Sir Kay. But as he passed the church, he saw the sword in the stone. "I will take that," he said to himself. "Some foolish guard must have left it there. It will serve him right to lose it."

And so, seizing the sword, which gave way readily before his grasp, he rode back to Sir Kay, and without having read the inscription, gave it into the hands of his lord.

But Sir Kay saw the inscription. And riding up to his father, said, "Seeth thou this sword and its inscription? Make me, then, king over the Britons."

"But it is not thy right," said Sir Ector. "But tell me whither didst thou get this sword?"

"It was brought me by my foster brother, Arthur," said Sir Kay truthfully.

Then Sir Ector knelt before the young Arthur and saluted him as king. And Sir Kay, too, knelt before him and saluted him as king.

"My dear father and brother," said Arthur, "why do you kneel to me who am only a squire?"

Then Sir Ector told Arthur the truth of his birth. Merlin too, came forth and took a solemn oath before the people, and so it came about that Arthur, the son of King Uther and Queen Igraine, became ruler over the Britons.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Where is Cornwall?

What king of Britain was King Uther's father?

What reward did Merlin ask for helping King Uther to gain his queen?

Who were the Saxons?

Do you think the soldiers loved King Uther?

Who did King Uther wish to succeed him on the throne of Britain?

How was it proved that Arthur was the rightful king?

## KING ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE

Now, hardly had King Arthur taken his place upon the throne, when certain kings from outlying kingdoms of Britain came to make war upon him.

"Thou art a usurper," they said, "and we will serve only our rightful king."

Then a bitter war followed. Battle after battle was fought; but though the enemy far outnumbered the soldiers of King Arthur, yet was he able with his magic sword to drive them back. It flashed, so his enemies said, with the light of a hundred torches, and no knight could stand against it.

But it was during this war that King Arthur saw Guinevere, the beautiful daughter of King Leodegrance, who had fought bravely with him, side by side.

And so, when peace was again established, and King Arthur had brought his court to Camelot, he said to Merlin, "I would have this beautiful Guinevere for my queen. Surely no lady in all the land could so grace my court at Camelot."

"It shall be as thou sayest," said Merlin; "although had I chosen for thee, I would have chosen another."

"But I want no other than Guinevere," said King Arthur, simply.

So Merlin was sent to the home of Guinevere to escort her to London, where King Arthur and his Court awaited her, and where the great wedding was to take place.

Pleased with the honor bestowed upon his daughter, King Leodegrance sent with her, as a gift to King Arthur, his own Round Table of a hundred knights, the bravest, noblest knights in all the land.

Now, it was away back in the days of King Uther that this Round Table had been established; but at his death, and in the civil wars that followed, it had almost been forgotten, although it had been carefully guarded and its original noble significance kept alive by King Leodegrance.

Now, the knights who made up the Round Table — so King Uther had decreed — must be those who had proved themselves the best and bravest in the land. They must be of noble blood; they must have great personal strength, skill in arms, and unfaltering, unstained honor. To become, then, a Knight of the Round Table, they must pledge themselves by solemn oath to aid each other even at the peril of their own lives, they must be ready always to undertake any adventure, however dangerous; they must be loyal to their liege lord; and, above all, they must bravely and nobly defend all women from harm and dishonor.

Such, then, were the hundred knights whom Guinevere brought with her to the Court of King Arthur.

"Never did bride bring so noble a marriage gift," said King Arthur.

But there were *sieges* — as they were called — for one hundred and fifty knights in the Round Table, and King Arthur, thinking it would be a grand sight to see a full Round Table of noble plumed knights, sent Merlin forth to find fifty others who should be worthy of this honor.

So Merlin set forth.

He rode up and down the country from court to court; and though he found many worthy of the honor, there were not fifty; and so the wedding was celebrated with great festivity and rejoicings, but without the full number of noble Knights of the Round Table.

Before the final wedding festivities, there was held a great eight-day feast, to which all the people of every rank were invited. And one morning, as the king stood

among his people, a knight was brought in wounded and bleeding and ill unto death.

"What means this?" asked the king.

"Behold, sir," said the squire who brought the dying knight, "there is one who waits upon the border of the forests outside the gateway and challenges every knight that passes to joust with him; nor will he permit him to pass without."

At this a great outcry arose; and every knight burned to go forth to joust with this mysterious one outside the gate. But of them all Sir Griflet besought King Arthur most earnestly that he should be allowed to go.

"On one condition," said the king — "that thou shalt return and tell me all that happens."

So Sir Griflet set forth alone. Outside the gate was a fountain, and near by the rich pavilion of the strange one who challenged the passers-by to battle.

Over the door of the pavilion hung a shield beautifully wrought, and a heavy spear beside it.

Sir Griflet rode up to the pavilion and smote the shield.

"Why dost thou do that?" thundered the mysterious one, rushing out from his pavilion.

"It is my challenge to battle," said Sir Griflet coolly.

"Thou hast done unwisely," said the man; "for thou art young, and thy strength cannot equal mine."

"Nevertheless I will joust with thee."

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "but it shall be as thou sayest."

Then the unknown knight mounted his horse, and together the two fought. Griflet threw his spear with all the force he had; but it fell, broken, from the impenetrable shield of the stranger.

The stranger threw his spear; and it smote through the armor of Griflet and entered his side; so that both rider and horse fell, and the joust was ended.

The strange knight dismounted and unlaced the helmet of Griflet. "Brave youth," he said; and he bathed his wound and bound it, and helped the wounded knight upon his horse again.

"Thou wilt make a good knight, yet," said the stranger, as Griflet rode back to the court.

But when the young knight came into the presence of the court, King Arthur was exceedingly wroth. "Who is this knight that dares stand at my gateway thus?" he cried. "Give me my horse, and I will ride out against him!"

"Pray do not go, our king!" cried the people.

"Send us in thy stead!" cried the knights.

But Arthur would not listen. And donning his armor, he hurried away, Merlin by his side.

"Indeed, sir, thou dost go now to thy death, I fear," said Merlin.

"But no knight shall defy me at my very gateway," the king answered.

And when they reached the pavilion of the stranger knight, King Arthur shouted, "Who art thou? And why dost thou sit at my gateway jousting with every knight that passeth? Come forth."

And the stranger knight came forth, spear raised, ready for the joust. He mounted his horse, and he and King Arthur ran towards each other with the fury of madmen. Both spears were broken and they fell to the earth with a crash.

Then King Arthur raised his word. "Nay," said the strange knight; "let us try another course with our spears!"

"Gladly," said King Arthur; "but I have none."

"But I have many," answered the strange knight; and he brought forth two more from the pavilion. Again the two knights ran towards each other; and again the two spears, broken, fell crashing to the ground.

"Indeed, I have never encountered a knight who jousted better," said the stranger. "Let us try a third course."

And again the spears were brought. Again the two knights ran towards each other; but this time King Arthur's spear only broke; and the stranger's spear crashed against the shield of Arthur, so that it threw him to the ground.

Then the king, springing to his feet, shouted, "Let us meet on foot; for I am dishonored on horse!"

But the stranger knight answered, "But I choose to fight on horseback."

Still, when King Arthur sprang at him, sword in hand, the knight dismounted quickly, and a sharp, quick battle followed. The swords flashed in the morning light, the helmets gleamed, and many a wound did they give each other. But at last the sword of Arthur broke, and the king stood at the mercy of the knight.

"Thou art indeed at my mercy," said the stranger. "It is whether I shall choose to slay thee or spare thee. Yield, then, as a recreant, and I will spare thy life!"

"Yield as a recreant!" thundered Arthur. "Think thou I would do so ignoble a thing?" And King Arthur threw himself upon the strange knight. A terrible combat followed. More than once the stout-hearted king threw the knight; but the knight was powerful in strength, and the king, daring as he was, was sinking beneath his blows.

"Halt!" thundered Merlin. "Knowest thou that thou dost fight with thy king?"

Then the knight raised his sword. "The king!" he cried. "And is this the king? Then surely I must slay him lest he slay me for my daring."

But Merlin raised his hand, and made a deep sleep to fall upon the knight.

"Alas! what hast thou done?" cried the king. "He was too brave a knight to have been slain like this!"

"But he is not slain; he only sleeps," was Merlin's answer; and he led the wounded knight to a holy hermit, who bathed his wounds and blessed them, and made him well again.

But as they came out from the holy hermit's house, King Arthur said: "But I have no sword. It is not fitting that I should ride without a sword."

"A sword awaits thee," said Merlin; and as they drew near a lake, behold an arm, clothed all in white, thrust itself out from the water and extended a glittering sword towards the king."

"This sword is for you," said Merlin; "but it belongs to the fair damsel that walks by the waters."

"But I would not take it from her!"

"No; but thou canst speak her fair, and she will give it to thee."

So the king approached the damsel and with fair words won the promise of the sword on one condition; and that was that he would grant her one gift.

Gladly the king agreed to that; and together they rowed out into the lake where the king received the sword from the fair damsel's own hand.

"And some day I will come to thy court and thou shalt grant me my gift," she said.

"The sword's name is *Excalibur* and its scabbard is more precious even than the sword; for so long as thou dost wear it, thou canst lose no blood, however severely thou mayst be wounded."

This the damsel said as King Arthur rode away. Then Merlin and the king went back to the court, where, anxious, the court awaited their return.

Great was the rejoicing when Merlin told the story of the king's bravery; and proud were all the knights that they had a king who shrank from no danger, but had proved himself as brave as any of the knights of his own Round Table.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What is a usurper?
Was King Arthur a usurper?
What did the enemies of King Arthur say of his sword?
What gift did Guinevere bring to King Arthur?
How many knights formed the Round Table?
How many were there sieges for?
Was Merlin successful in finding fifty others?
How did the knights joust with one another?
Explain "yield as a recreant."
Tell the story of *Excalibur*.
What great work of Tennyson's is founded on the stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table?

## VOCABULARY

Guinevere (gwin′e-vēr)
Leodegrance (lē-od′ ē-grânce)

## THE STORY OF MOSES

Joseph had now been dead many, many years. Pharaoh too had died, and a new Pharaoh was on the throne.

And all these years the children of the twelve brothers had grown up and passed away. Many children had been born to them; and these too had grown up and passed away, leaving their children now in the land of Egypt.

The children of the twelve brothers had been called Israelites, because to Jacob had been given the name Israel. From out the clouds had God spoken to him and said, "Thou shalt henceforth be called Israel."

Now, the Israelites had always been a people apart from the Egyptians. They had kept the faith of their fathers in the midst of the idolatry of the land in which they lived.

The new Pharaoh hated these Israelites and made slaves of them. He gave them all manner of hard work to do; and at one time ordered them, on penalty of their lives, to make for him bricks without straw.

At another time he sent out his soldiers, and bade them slay every little Israelitish boy in the land, that thus the race might be exterminated.

But this was not to be. For, you remember, it was prophesied away back in the days of Abraham, that, though the Israelites should go out from their land and live for four hundred years, yet again the time would come when they should return to Canaan, the land the Lord had blessed to them.

Now, at the time Pharaoh sent out the cruel command, there was among the Israelites one mother, of the family of Levi, who had a beautiful little baby boy.

"My baby shall not be slain," she said. So she took him down to the river, made a little basket, placed him in it, and hid him in the bulrushes.

Every day, and many times a day, she went down to see that he was comfortable and to carry him food.

But one day the daughter of the king came down to the water to bathe. Straight towards the place where the baby was she came, while Miriam, the baby's sister, hid among the bulrushes, trembling with fear.

"See this poor little baby!" said the princess; and the tears came in her eyes. "It is one of the children of the Israelites," she said, "hidden here from the cruel soldiers."

Then the kind woman lifted it from its little basket and held it close to her heart.

Now, Miriam was a wise little girl; and when she saw that the princess was kind, she came out from the bulrushes and said, "Shall I not bring you a good woman to nurse the little baby for you?"

Then the princess bade her go with speed, for already the baby was beginning to cry.

Miriam ran and brought the baby's mother.

"Take this child, good woman," said the princess, "and bring it up as your own. It shall be my child, and I will name it Moses, because I drew him out of the water."

And so the little baby was taken back to its old home and every day the princess sent to know if it were well, and often she came herself, bringing gold for its nurse and fine linen for the child.

When the baby grew to be a boy the princess sent him to the wisest teachers in the land, that he might himself grow wise and great.

But the true mother of Moses had taught him the religion of his fathers, and had told him the story of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Joseph. She had told him, too,

of the promise of God, that some time the Israelites should again possess the land of Canaan.

To Moses this was a wonderful story; and he wished often that he might be the prophet that was to deliver his people.

One day Moses saw an Egyptian cruelly beating an Israelite. His heart burned with indignation, and he fell upon the Egyptian and slew him.

Then Moses fled out into the wilderness; for he knew he had offended against the law.

On through the wilderness he pressed, till he came into the field where a priest named Jethro lived. Jethro gave him food and shelter; and it came about that Moses became one of Jethro's family. For a long time he dwelt among these people, tending their flocks, and thinking about his poor people, suffering in their bondage to the Egyptians.

One day, as Moses tended the sheep on Mt. Horeb, there appeared beside him a bright light. And in another instant a bush near by leaped with red flames.

The branches crackled; the tongues of flame streamed up against the sky; but still the bush was not consumed, nor did it wither.

"This is strange," Moses thought; and he went up to the bush.

"Moses! Moses!" called a voice from out the flames.

Then Moses knew it was the voice of the Lord; and he fell upon his knees before the bush. He was afraid.

"The place where thou standest it is holy ground!" said the voice again. "I am God, the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob.

"I have seen my people's sorrow. I have heard their cry. I am come to send thee to Pharaoh. And thou shalt bring my people out of Egypt."

"Who am I, O Lord," Moses cried, "that I should be chosen to go to Pharaoh?"

"Fear not," said the voice of God again. "I will be with thee. Go, and tell thy people that I sent thee. If Pharaoh disobey my command, then will I send punishment upon him. Plagues will I send upon Egypt, and I will bring out my people safely."

Still Moses was afraid. It was a great duty that had been laid upon him. He dared not believe he could do all that the Lord bade him to do. What if the people refused to believe him?

"Throw thy rod upon the ground," God said to Moses. For he knew the fear that was in the heart of the man, and he meant to give him courage.

Moses threw the rod upon the ground, and behold, it was changed into a serpent.

"Take the serpent in thy hand," commanded the voice from the burning bush.

For a moment Moses hesitated; for it was a terrible serpent, with fangs having deadly poison; and even the heart of the bravest man might well quail at such a command. But Moses knew the Lord would not allow it to harm him. So he seized it by the tail — when lo! it changed again to a rod.

"Now," said the voice from the bush, "go to the people of Israel. Tell them these signs I have given to you that they may believe that I have sent you."

Still Moses feared. "O Lord," he cried, "I cannot speak well. My tongue is slow; I have no words."

But the Lord said, "Who hath made thy tongue dumb? Have not I, the Lord? Go; obey my command and I will instruct thee what thou shalt say. Take, too, thy brother Aaron with thee; and I will teach both Aaron and thee what to say."

Then Moses obeyed. Timid was he still; but the Lord gave him strength, and he set out from the house of Jethro to deliver the people of Israel. And as he journeyed

towards the city, the Lord spoke, too, to Aaron, and bade him to go out to meet Moses.

Then Aaron and Moses met; and when they met, they fell upon each other's necks and wept.

Then they told each other what the Lord had said to them, and together they went into the presence of Pharaoh and said, "Behold the Lord hath told us to come to thee, and bid thee set free the people of Israel."

But Pharaoh sneered and said, "I know not the Lord of the Israelites, nor shall I set the people free."

Instead, Pharaoh called together his governors and bade them oppress the Israelites more heavily still; to give them more work and less pay; to punish them; and in every way to do those things to them that would make their yoke still harder to bear.

The governor obeyed. Then the poor Israelites blamed Moses and Aaron.

Moses went to God with the great burden of care now upon him. He was now eighty years of age, and the care weighed upon him most heavily.

"All this I do know," the Lord said. "But have trust in Me. I have heard the groanings of my people. I remember the covenant that I made with Abraham, and I will bring the people out from Egypt into the land of Canaan."

So Moses called his people together and told them that his end was at hand. He told them of all God had done for his people, and how wonderfully they had been led forth from bondage. He then bade them take Joshua for their leader; for he it was who should lead them into the Promised Land.

The people wept most bitterly, and many prostrated themselves before the good man who had borne so much for them.

Then Moses turned and went up into Mt. Pisgah. There

lay the fair land of Canaan at his feet, with its fertile valleys and rich fruits and abundant harvests of corn.

Upon this fair scene Moses gazed; then, raising his face towards God, thanked Him that the wanderings of the children of Israel were now at an end.

Then he laid himself down and died.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Who was Joseph?
Tell some of the incidents in his life.
Tell the story of Jacob and his twelve sons,
Over what country did Pharaoh rule?
Where is Canaan? How was it regarded by the Israelites?
Who was Levi?
How do you think Miriam felt when she saw the princess was kind to the baby?
Why did the princess name the baby Moses?
What was the story told to Moses by his mother?
When Moses heard this story, what did he wish to do for the Israelites?
To whom did God send Moses and Aaron?
What was the result of their appeal to the Egyptian ruler?
Who finally led the Israelites into the Land of Promise?

## NOTES

349: 17 *Mt. Horeb.* This mountain is also called Mt. Sinai.

351: 35 *Mt. Pisgah.* In Bible geography, a mountain of Abarim, Moab, northeast of the Dead Sea, Moses viewed the Promised Land from Mt. Nebo, one of the highest summits of Mt. Pisgah.

## VOCABULARY

Aaron (ar′on)
Canaan (kā′nan)
Horeb (hō′reb)
Israelites (iz′rā-el-īte)
Jethro (jeth′rō)
Pharoah (fā′rō)
Pisgah (piz′gäh)

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
  On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
  There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
  And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
  And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
  That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
  Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
  Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun —

Noiselessly as the Spring time
  Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
  Open their thousand leaves —
So, without sound of music,
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown,
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O, dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace —
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Where is "Nebo's lonely mountain"?
To what does "Jordan's wave" refer?
By whom was Moses buried?
Explain "crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun."
Explain "crown of verdure."
What is an eyrie?
Explain "arms reversed and muffled drum."
What is a minster?
What part of a minster is the transept?
What is meant by "emblazoned wall"?
In what famous English church are many distinguished men buried?
How is Moses compared in this poem to warriors, poets and philosophers?

## THE STORY OF RUTH AND NAOMI

There dwelt in Bethlehem in these days a good man named Elimelech, with his wife Naomi, and their two sons, Mahlon and Chilion. All their days these people had dwelt in the land, and always faithful had they been to the God of Israel.

But there came into the land a great famine. For days and weeks no rain fell; the trees were dropping their leaves; the grasses were dry and brown; and the corn lay wilted in the fields.

Everywhere there was suffering among the people; starvation was upon them, and the fathers of the little children could bring no food to them.

"My wife and children must have food!" Elimelech cried. And so it came about that, when this famine was abroad in the land, Elimelech and his family went to Moab to live. And when they had come into Moab, Mahlon and Chilion chose for their wives Ruth and Orpah from the women of Moab, idolaters though they were.

It was not very long before Mahlon and Chilion, and Elimelech, too, died, and Naomi was left alone with Ruth and Orpah.

They were kind to Naomi, for they loved her well. Still, Naomi's heart longed for her own old home and for the people she had left there; and so — the days of mourning over — Naomi said to Ruth and Orpah. "Dear daughters, now will I return to my own land. You have been very kind to me, and gladly would I take you with me."

Then Ruth and Orpah wept and begged her to stay with them. But when they saw she would not, they then wanted to go with her.

Naomi would have been so happy to take them with her! But she feared they might be sorry by and by should they go into a new land. So she said, "No, my daughters, go not with me. Live here in your own country and among your own people. Here are your parents and your friends; and may God deal kindly with you as you have dealt with me."

Then Naomi kissed them and bade them good-by; but they went out from the village with her, saying, "Surely we may go with thee to Bethlehem."

But when they were far out across the country, then Naomi turned again and bade them return now to their people.

Then Orpah kissed Naomi and turned back to her own city. But Ruth begged to be allowed to go a little farther.

"Nay, nay," Naomi said; "go back, Ruth, with Orpah. See, she is already far back upon the road."

But Ruth fell at Naomi's feet and cried aloud. "O send me not away from thee! Let me follow thee! Where thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. Death only shall part thee and me!"

Then old Naomi's heart grew glad; for she loved Ruth and longed to take her with her. Then the two women walked on, and in time they came into the village of Bethlehem.

And as they neared Bethlehem, the old friends of Naomi came out and said, "Can this be Naomi?"

For Naomi had gone out from the city happy, with her husband and sons with her. But now they were all dead; and Naomi was returning, a lonely, sad woman.

It was the harvest time when Naomi and Ruth came into Bethlehem; and when Ruth saw the gleaners at work, she said, "Let me not be idle; let me go forth into the fields to glean."

Now Ruth knew no one among the gleaners; but when she came into the field, and the gleaners looked upon her sweet face, they loved her at once and gladly took her into the field with them.

This field in which Ruth gleaned belonged to a rich man, named Boaz; and, when Boaz saw Ruth at work, he said kindly: "Stay here with my maidens and glean in my field. Follow them and glean after the reapers. And when thou art thirsty, then go and drink of the water which my servants have brought."

Ruth wondered at the kindness of Boaz and said, "Why dost thou show such kindness to me, a stranger?"

And Boaz smiled kindly upon Ruth and said, "Because I have heard of thy love for Naomi; and that thou hast left thy home to come with her and live among her people. May God bless and reward thee!"

By and by it came the time when all the gleaners stopped their work and ate their noonday meal. Kindly the maidens took Ruth with them, and they ate together. But when Ruth had had her share given her, she laid aside a part and carried it home to Naomi.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" Naomi asked.

And when Ruth told her she had gleaned in the field of Boaz, and how kindly he had welcomed her, then Naomi was filled with gladness; for Boaz was of the family of Elimelech; and she knew that now he would be kind to them and not allow suffering and hunger to come to them.

All the long beautiful autumn Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz; and each day Boaz loved Ruth more and more, so gentle and kind was she.

Then, when the harvest was over, Boaz came to Naomi and told her that in Canaan there was land that belonged to Elimelech; and that he would buy this land and take Ruth and Naomi to his home.

Then Ruth and Boaz married; and by and by a little

child was born to them. How much Naomi loved this little baby! How tenderly she nursed it; and how carefully she taught it as it grew into boyhood!

And so these people lived together until Naomi grew old and died. Then Ruth and Boaz, who had loved her and cared for her all these years, mourned for her, and buried her tenderly beside her own people in the land that had been her father's — the land she had loved so well.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why did Elimelich leave Bethlehem and go into Moab?
Did the people of Moab believe in the God of Israel?
What did they worship?
Where did Naomi wish to go after her husband and sons died?
What did Naomi say to Ruth and Orpah when they wished to go with her?
What did Ruth say to Naomi?
Who was Boaz?
What did the gleaners do in the fields?
Why was everyone kind to Ruth?

## VOCABULARY

Boaz (bō′az)
Chilion (chi-lī′on *or* chil′i-on)
Elimelech (ē-lim′e-lek)
Mahlon (mā′lon)
Moab (mō′ab)
Naomi (nā′ō-mī *or* nā-ō′mī)

## CORIOLANUS

At one time there was a terrible famine in Rome. The patricians, even with all their wealth, had no corn to spare; and the poor plebeians, it is said, died, hundreds of them, from starvation.

Gelon, a good king of Sicily, hearing of their suffering, sent over a great quantity of corn, which he requested the senators to distribute among the very poor.

One of the senators, named Coriolanus, a man who had been born among the very rich people, and who really and honestly believed that the patricians were a class born to rule, and that the plebeians were a class born to serve; a man who had no tolerance, no patience with poverty and ignorance; a man who prided himself on his own high birth and aristocratic family — this man, Coriolanus, refused to give the corn to the plebeians.

"These people," said Coriolanus, "are getting too much power; they should be kept down, and here is an opportunity. Let the corn be shown them, and let them be told that they can have it only on condition that they give up their tribunes which they have so insolently demanded of us for their protection, as they see fit to call it."

The plebeians, half-starved as they were, refused to give up their tribunes, and rose in a body against Coriolanus. The tribunes accused him of treason, and demanded that the punishment for treason be meted out to him; and the plebeians themselves were ready to tear him limb from limb.

Coriolanus, haughty patrician that he was, scornfully left the Senate and set off to the city of the Volscians.

Reaching there, he immediately sought the king, told his story, and asked him to give him an army to go against Rome.

Now the Volscians hated the Romans, and were glad indeed of an opportunity to go against them. And with so brave and daring a leader as Coriolanus was known to be, and he so filled with angry determination, surely, thought they, here is a chance for us to avenge ourselves on the hated Romans.

War was declared between the Volscians and the Romans, and Coriolanus at the head of a great army set out against his own city.

The Senators well knew that Coriolanus would prove as terrible a foe to his own city as he had proved so many times to the enemies of Rome.

"Let us go out and meet him," said the Senators; "let us send ambassadors to him, begging him to save his people."

Coriolanus received the ambassadors coldly. "The Roman people," said he, "are no longer my people, the city that would not defend me need not look to be defended by me.'"

The ambassadors returned heavy-hearted indeed; for while in the Volscian camp they had learned what forces there were, what supplies, and what daring plans for war had been arranged under the instructions of the angry-hearted Coriolanus.

"I will go to him," said his wife. "I will carry his children to him. Surely he will not carry war against his own little ones."

"And I," said his mother, a grand, noble-looking patrician woman, "I will go to him. Never yet did Coriolanus refuse the prayers of his mother."

Coriolanus received them with loving tenderness. Proud, haughty senator as he was, angry, defiant soldier, to them

he was the loving husband and father, the noble, devoted son.

"I cannot turn back, I cannot, O my wife, my mother, my children! I am a Volscian, entrusted with the Volscian army, marching towards a city no longer mine, but hated by the Volscians. Do not tempt me, O noble mother! do not tempt thy son!"

"O my son, my son!" begged the noble Roman matron. "Can you refuse me, your mother? Then march against your city, if you will; but march over the dead body of your mother. See, I throw myself at your feet! Your army shall pass over me. I will not go back to suffer in the Roman city the horrors of war — and war against my own son!"

What could Coriolanus do? O, the pride we sometimes boast of makes us wondrous selfish. We forget the suffering it may bring to others. Coriolanus had forgotten. I wonder if it did not come to him just then. For, looking down upon his weeping mother, he cried out, "O mother, mother, thou hast saved Rome; but thou hast lost thy son forever."

Coriolanus led his disappointed army back to the Volscian king. "We have returned," said Coriolanus, simply, laying down his arms.

Never again is Coriolanus heard of in history. Some say he was slain by the angry Volscians, who saw in him only a coward and a traitor; others say that he lived a quiet life in the king's great palace, loved by a few who knew him well; others still, say that he soon died of grief and shame at what seemed so unsoldierly an act.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What were the two classes of people in Rome called?

Who were the patricians? The plebeians?

How did Coriolanus regard these two classes?

On what condition did Coriolanus agree to give the plebeians the corn?

What did the tribunes demand should be done with Coriolanus?

How did this affect Coriolanus?

How did he receive the ambassadors who were sent to beg him to save his people?

Who finally persuaded him to lay down his arms, and not fight against Rome?

What did he say to his mother?

Was Coriolanus ever heard of in history after this?

## NOTES

360: 2 *Patricians.* In ancient Rome, those of noble birth, supposed to have descended from the original families.

360: 3 *Plebeians.* The common people of ancient Rome.

360: 20 *Tribunes.* A tribune was an officer of ancient Rome, chosen by the people to protect them from the oppression of the patricians.

360: 30 *Volscians.* People of ancient Italy; they were engaged in long wars against the Romans, but were finally subdued by Rome in the last part of the fourth century, B. C.

## VOCABULARY

Coriolanus (kō-ri-ō-lā′nus)
Gelon (jē′lon)
Volscians (vol′sianz)

## CINCINNATUS

There seems to have been no peace for the Romans either at home or abroad. No sooner was one quarrel ended than another arose. The question of tribunes was a source of unfailing disagreement. Indeed, the only times the patricians and the plebeians seemed ever to be in sympathy was when they were united in fighting some common enemy.

It was in one of these wars that Cincinnatus, a patrician general, made himself famous.

Cinncinatus, like Coriolanus, was a very proud man, though not so selfish and cruel in his pride; and so when his son, an insolent, unprincipled youth, was exiled from the city for attempting, with a rude band of slaves, to take possession of the capitol, Cincinnatus, although he knew his son had done wrong, left the city with great show of pride and indignation.

Cincinnatus had been one of Rome's wisest men — one upon whom all had depended for good advice in times of trouble and perplexity. Therefore, when, one morning, there appeared spread out upon the plains round about the city a great army of the Æqui, a much dreaded enemy of the Roman people, couriers were sent to Cincinnatus, begging him to forget his grievances, return to Rome, and help his countrymen.

Cincinnatus, it is said, was ploughing his land when the messengers came. "We are sent to make you dictator," said the courier. "Your countrymen beg that you will come to them and direct them in this danger that has so suddenly fallen upon them."

Now the office of dictator was the highest office in the

Roman government. To be appointed to it was the greatest honor Rome could bestow.

But Cincinnatus saw nothing of the honor; he saw only the danger threatening his people and his city.

Sadly he drove his cattle from the field, bade his family farewell, and with one longing, loving look back upon his little home, so beautiful, so quiet, so full of peace, he sighed, "My country needs me, I must leave you all."

Cincinnatus was a man of action. In three days only, every Roman was enrolled, and a great army poured out from the city, ready to meet the Æqui.

Quietly and at night they advanced, arranged themselves on all sides of the enemy's camp, then burst upon them in battle.

The battle was hot and quick. The Æqui, unable to escape, begged for mercy. Cincinnatus ordered the chiefs to be put in chains, and led the army "under the yoke," a Roman ceremony by which the defeated side acknowledged itself conquered.

Cincinnatus led his own army back to Rome, and there his victory was celebrated by a great triumphal march. A golden crown was given him as a reward for his wisdom and his bravery, and every possible honor was offered him.

Cincinnatus could not, however, be tempted by any honors to remain in Rome. He knew only too well how how uncertain were Roman honors. "You honor me, my countrymen, and I thank you. But I am an old man — a man of simple tastes and simple habits. Allow me to return to my farm; there you will find me, ever ready to serve my people, ever ready to lay down my life for Rome."

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why did Cincinnatus leave Rome?
What is a courier?
What message did the couriers bring to Cincinnatus?
Was Cincinnatus impressed with the honor shown him in making him dictator?
How did he feel about leaving his home and family?
What did "under the yoke" mean?
Why did not Cincinnatus wish to remain in Rome?
What did he say to his countrymen in declining the honors offered him?

## NOTES

364: 21 *Æqui*. An ancient tribe of Italy, living east of Rome; they often allied themselves with the Volscians in making war upon Rome. They were subdued about 300 B. C.

364:26 *Dictator*. In ancient Rome dictators were rulers having unlimited power; they were generally appointed during times of difficulty and distress.

## VOCABULARY

Æqui (ē′kwi)
Cincinnatus (sin-sin-ā′tus)

# ALEXANDER THE GREAT*

H. A. Guerber

Alexander was born at Pella, a city of Macedon, three hundred and fifty-six years before Christ. Through his mother, Olympias, he was a descendant of Achilles, the well-known hero of the Trojan War. His father was so pleased to have a son, that he said that all the boys born in his kingdom on the same day should be brought up with Alexander in the palace, and become his bodyguard.

Thus you see the young prince had plenty of playmates; and, as there was nothing he liked better than fighting, he soon began to play soldiers, and to train his little regiment.

From the very first, the Macedonians had declared that Alexander was born to greatness, and several noted events that took place on the day of his birth served to confirm this belief.

In the first place, Parmenio, Philip's general, won a grand victory on that day; then Philip's horses, which had been sent to Olympia, got the prize at the chariot races; and, lastly, the famous temple at Ephesus, dedicated to Diana, was burned to the ground.

The first two events were joyful in the extreme; but the burning of this temple, which was among the wonders of the world, was a great calamity. Everyone was anxious to know how it had happened; and all were very angry when they found out that it was not an accident, but had been done on purpose.

* From Guerber's "Story of the Greeks." Copyright, 1896, by American Book Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

The man who had set fire to it was crazy. His name was Erostratus; and when he was asked why he had done such a wicked thing, he said that it was only to make his name immortal. The people were so indignant, that they not only condemned him to die, but forbade all mention of his name, hoping that it would be forgotten.

In spite of this care, Erostratus' name has come down to us. It is immortal, indeed, but who except a crazy man would wish to win such fame, and could bear to think that all who ever heard of him would condemn his action, and consider him as wicked as he was insane?

Alexander was first given over to the care of a nurse. He loved her dearly as long as he lived, and her son Clytus was always one of his best friends and most faithful comrades.

As soon as he was old enough, Alexander began to learn the Iliad and Odyssey by heart; and he loved to hear about the principal heroes, and especially about his own ancestor, Achilles.

He admired these poems so much that he carried a copy of them with him wherever he went, and always slept with it under his pillows. Both the Iliad and the Odyssey were kept in a box of the finest gold, because Alexander thought nothing was too good for them.

When only thirteen years of age, Alexander once saw some horse dealers bringing a beautiful steed before the king. The animal had a white spot on his nose shaped somewhat like the head of an ox, and on this account was named Bucephalus, which means "ox-head."

Philip admired the horse greatly, and bade the grooms try him, to see if his gait was good. One after another mounted, only to be thrown a few minutes later by the fiery, restless steed, which was becoming very much excited.

The horse seemed so skittish that Philip finally told the men to lead him away, adding that a man would be foolish to purchase such a useless animal. Alexander then stepped forward and begged permission to try him. His father first made fun of him for asking to mount a horse which none of the grooms could manage; but, as Alexander persisted in his wish, he was finally allowed to make the attempt.

The young prince then quietly walked up to the excited horse, took the bridle, held it firmly, and began to speak gently and pat the steed's arched neck. After a moment, Alexander led Bucephalus forward a few steps, and then turned him around, for he had noticed that the horse was frightened by his shadow.

Then, when the shadow lay where he could not see it, and where it could no longer frighten him, the young man dropped his cloak quietly, and vaulted upon the horse's back. Once more Bucephalus reared, pranced, kicked, and ran; but Alexander sat firmly on his back, spoke to him gently, and, making no effort to hold him in, let him speed across the plain.

In a few moments the horse's wildness was over, and Alexander could ride back to his proud father, sitting upon a steed which obeyed his slightest touch.

Philip was so delighted with the coolness, courage and good horsemanship that Alexander had shown on this occasion, that he made him a present of the steed. Bucephalus became Alexander's favorite mount, and while he would allow no one else to ride him, he obeyed his master perfectly.

Although most young men began the study of philosophy only at sixteen, Alexander was placed under the tuition of Aristotle soon after his first ride on Bucephalus. This philosopher was a pupil of Plato. He was so learned and well known, that Philip, in writing to him

to tell him of Alexander's birth, expressed his pleasure that the gods had allowed his son to live in the same age with so great a teacher.

Alexander loved Aristotle dearly, and willingly learned all that was required of him. He often said that he was very grateful, for this philosopher had taught him all the good he knew. Alexander's remarkable coolness, judgment, and perseverance were largely owing to his teacher, and, had he always followed Aristotle's advice, he would have been truly great.

But although Alexander did not always practice the virtues which Aristotle had tried to teach him, he never forgot his old tutor. He gave him large sums of money, so that the philosopher could continue his studies, and find out new things; and during his journeys he always sent him complete collections of the animals and plants of the regions he visited.

When Alexander was but twenty, his father died, leaving the young man master of an immense army and of great riches, and head of all the Greek cities, which were then the finest in the world.

Alexander began his reign by marching against the Athenians, the Thracians, and the Thebans. These people, upon hearing the news of Philip's death, thought they would now be free. They were soon conquered by Alexander, however, and the other Greek cities, fearing punishment, sent messengers to the young king, offering not only to obey him as their chief, but also to supply all the men, money, and stores he wished for the expedition to Asia. Alexander graciously accepted all these proposals, and then marched southward as far as Corinth.

Everybody bowed down before Alexander, and all looked at him with awe and respect, as he made his triumphant progress through Greece — all except the sage Diogenes.

Alexander had heard of this philosopher, and was anxious to see him. He therefore went to the Temple of Ceres, escorted by all his courtiers, on purpose to visit him. Diogenes was lying on the ground, warming himself in the rays of the sun.

Alexander, drawing near, stood between the philosopher and the sun, and tried to begin a conversation; but Diogenes gave surly answers, and seemed to pay little heed to his visitor.

At last the young king proudly remarked, "I am Alexander the king!"

"And I," replied the philosopher in exactly the same tone, "am Diogenes the cynic!"

As he could win nothing but short or rude answers, Alexander was about to go away, but he first asked the sage if there was anything he could do for him. "Yes," snapped Diogenes; "stand out of my sunshine!"

The courtiers were shocked at this insolent behavior, and began to talk of the philosopher in a scornful tone as they were moving away. Alexander, overhearing them, soon stopped them by saying, "If I were not Alexander, I should like to be Diogenes."

By this remark he wished them to understand, that, if he could not be master of all earthly things, he would rather despise them.

As Alexander marched onward, he came to the city of Gordium, in Phrygia, where Midas had once reigned. In one of the temples the people proudly showed Alexander the cart in which this king rode as he entered their city.

The yoke was fastened to the pole by a rope tied in a peculiar and very intricate knot. Now, it seems that an ancient prophecy had declared that whoever untied the Gordian knot would surely be master of all Asia.

Of course, as Alexander had set his heart upon conquering the whole world, he looked at this knot with

great interest; but a few moments' careful examination made him feel sure that he would not be able to untie it. Rather than give it up, however, Alexander drew his sword, and cut it with a single quick stroke.

Marching down through Syria and Phœnicia, Alexander took the cities of Damascus and Sidon, and came at last to Tyre, a prosperous commercial city built on an island at a short distance from the shore. He conquered the Tyrians, and then went on toward Jerusalem.

After staying a few days in Jerusalem, Alexander continued on his way to Egypt, which he quickly conquered also. Here he founded a new city at the mouth of the Nile, and named it Alexandria, after himself. It was so favorably located, that it soon became an important town, and has continued so even till the present day.

After becoming the acknowledged ruler of central Asia, Alexander determined to go to India and continue his conquests.

But the soldiers were becoming tired of fighting and danger, and were longing to go back to Macedon, so Alexander was obliged to stop in his conquests; but instead of going home as he had come, he built a fleet and sailed down the Indus River to the sea.

Now, the Greeks had no maps such as we have; and their knowledge of geography was very small. When Alexander came to the sea, however, he thought it must be the same as that into which the Euphrates flowed.

To find out if this was true, he bade his admiral, Nearchus, sail along the coast and explore it, while the army went homeward on foot. Alexander himself stayed with the army, and led the soldiers along a new way, which was very wearisome and dangerous.

After many months of weary travel and great suffering, the army finally joined the fleet at the mouth of the Euphrates, for Nearchus had in the meanwhile sailed all

along the northern coast of the Indian Ocean and up the Persian Gulf.

He wrote an account of this wonderful sea journey, which was of great importance, as it opened a new and convenient road for Eastern commerce. The people soon took advantage of it to establish colonies and trading stations, and to carry on a lively business with the East.

But in spite of all Alexander's successes, he was not nearly so happy as he used to be when only king of Macedon. He no longer enjoyed the fine health which had helped him to bear the greatest hardships, and, weakened by over eating and drinking, he soon fell dangerously ill.

The doctors crowded around his bed, doing their best to save him, but they soon saw that he would die. When the Macedonian soldiers heard this, they were beside themselves with grief, and one and all insisted upon seeing their beloved leader once more.

Silently and sadly they filed past his bed, gazing upon the dying face which they had seen so bright and full of life a short time before. As most of the soldiers were older than their king, they had never expected to outlive him; and everyone said that it was sad to die thus, at thirty-three, when master of nearly all the known world.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

From what great hero of legend was Alexander descended?
Of what great poem is Achilles the central hero?
How was the birth of Alexander regarded by the Macedonians?
What noted events took place on the day of his birth?
Was chariot racing a favorite sport of the ancient Greeks and Romans?
Read the description of the chariot race in "Ben Hur."
Who was Diana?
Who was the author of the Iliad and Odyssey?
What events are celebrated in these two great works?

What did Alexander learn from the study of philosophy?

How did the Athenians, Thracians and Thebans feel when they learned of Alexander's succession as king and master of the army?

Give an account of the meeting between Alexander and Diogenes.

What have you read or heard regarding King Midas?

How did Alexander solve the problem of the Gordian knot?

Find the Indus River on your map. What sea did Alexander come to in sailing down this river?

Trace the course of the Euphrates River. Was Alexander right in thinking the Euphrates flowed into the same sea as the Indus River?

## NOTES

367: 1 *Macedon.* Generally known as Macedonia, an ancient country of southeastern Europe, which first became powerful under Philip.

367: 19 *Ephesus.* One of the twelve ancient Ionian cities of Asia Minor, in Lydia. It was celebrated for its temple of Diana, and as a great commercial city.

369: 4 *Plato.* A famous Greek philosopher, a disciple of Socrates.

370: 23 *Thracians.* The people of Thracia, an ancient country of southeastern Europe. In early times, it was regarded as the entire region north of Greece.

370: 23 *Thebans.* The people of Thebes, the chief city of Bœotia, a country of ancient Greece.

371: 27 *Phrygia.* An ancient country of Asia Minor.

372: 6 *Sidon.* The oldest city of ancient Phœnicia.

## VOCABULARY

Aristotle (ar′is-totl)
Bucephalus (bū-sef′a-lus)
Diana (dī-an′a)
Diogenes (Dī-oj′e-nēz)
Erostratus (e-ros′tra-tus)
Ephesus (ef′e-sus)
Euphrates (ū-frā′tēz)
Macedon (mas′ē-dōn)
Nearchus (nē-är′kus)
Odyssey (od′i-si)
Parmenio (pär-mē′ni-ō)
Phœnicia (fe-nish′ä)
Plato (plā′to)
Phrygia (frij′i-ä)
Thebans (thē′bans)
Thracians (thrā′shans)

# CLOVIS THE FRANK*

LILLIAN L. PRICE

A long time ago the land which is now called France was a green wilderness, inhabited only by wild wandering tribes of a savage and warlike people. This land was called Gaul. To the north lay low plains and marsh lands, where lived other tribes as wild and savage as those to the south. All these people lived in tents or under mud huts, and either hunted wild game in the woods or pastured cattle on the plains.

When game became scarce or pasture gave out, a tribe would strike their tents and go wandering for better living, perhaps into the lands of another tribe, when a fight would occur, and the stronger tribe conquer the weaker. What are now Belgium and Holland was then a land of marshes and fens, inhabited by the wild tribes of the Ripuarian Franks. Where now are West Germany and the Rhine lived a more savage and warlike branch of these people, called the Salic Franks. All the Franks were tall and strong, with blue eyes and long golden hair. They were fearless in fight, and without softness or pity.

Southeast of Gaul lay the great Roman Empire. Under this empire the people were so highly civilized that they cared only to live in luxury and wear soft garments, eat fine food and be amused, so that even while they were sending their armies to conquer the land of Gaul, they, as a nation, were growing more and more weak and selfish. At length they conquered Gaul, and civilized it; at least

*From "Wandering Heroes," by Lillian L. Price. Used by permission of the publishers, Silver, Burdett & Company.

they built great roads, and beautiful cities full of palaces, and taught the people all about their gods and goddesses. Then the hardy, war-like Gauls became as soft and ease-loving as the Romans, their conquerors.

Rome was growing very poor; to meet her debts she laid tax after tax upon the conquered Gauls; and if the people had no money to pay these taxes, they were sold as slaves.

While they were so terribly oppressed, priests came through the land preaching Christ's tender love and pity for the poor and suffering. The Gauls were easily persuaded to embrace this new faith; so Gaul became a Christian country. The priests built great churches and monasteries. There were, however, differences in this faith. In the region where Paris now stands, they believed one kind of doctrine; but all through the south another sort of doctrine was taught. The Christians, who, such a short time ago, had been savages, quarreling over pastures and hunting grounds, now began quarreling over this difference of religion, each trying to prove his own teaching right, and the other wrong. Not that they understood very deeply the difference in teaching; they fought ignorantly under the banners of their leaders. The Christians of the south called themselves Arians.

The Roman Empire had also adopted the Christian faith; but growing weaker and weaker, it finally split in two, and there arose two empires under two emperors. One was known as the Empire of the West, and was ruled by the Emperor Ætius; the Empire of the East was ruled by Theodosius. Theodosius held his capital at Constantinople; Ætius his at Rome. Africa also was a part of the Roman Empire, and was governed by Gaiseric, the Vandal, who hated Ætius and Theodosius, as Theodosius and Ætius hated him.

Gaiseric wished to see Europe weakened still more, so

he sent messengers to a terrible savage chief called Attila the Hun, to beg him to overrun Europe, with his hordes of wild followers out of Western Asia. Attila entered Europe through western Germany, and pushed his way to a place called Châlons in Gaul. Here he was met by a large army of Romans and Gauls, and a band of northern savages who fought with great fury, and who were none other than the Ripuarian Franks, under their chief Merovis. The great bravery of the Franks turned the battle against Attila the Hun, and he was driven back out of Europe.

When Merovis returned to his northern marshes, among other treasures taken from the Gauls and Huns, he led a beautiful white horse. He called to him his little grandson, Clovis, and presented him with the horse, bidding him, when he should become a man, grow to be a great warrior, and the leader of his people. Clovis, then a tall open-faced Frankish boy, with blue eyes, and hair as yellow as ripe corn, never missed an opportunity to hear all the stories the warriors told of Gaul — that fair lordly land lying to the south, with its rich fields, and its cities full of treasure.

At length Clovis was grown to be a huge, bearded man, and a warrior fearless in battle, and he became chief of the Franks. One summer a great drought overspread the land of the Franks, and the grass for the cattle turned yellow and died, while the streams of water dried up in their beds, and the sun shone in a sky of brass.

Clovis, on his white horse, had been away from his people; for two weeks he had been looking for pasturage, and now, Fredegonde, his little kinswoman, standing at the door of their mud hut, saw him riding home. She gave the news of his return to the household; but Clovis, paying no attention to the food and welcome offered him, sat aside, gloomy and silent, looking with sullen eyes upon

his half-starved herds of cattle. He had ridden so far to the south that he had seen the sunny, waving corn-fields and the tinkling brooks of northern Gaul, where the drought had not been so severe, and the sight had filled him with a desire to possess this land of plenty for himself.

The next day he sent fleet runners to assemble all the fighting chiefs of his tribes, and they held a great council out under the forest trees. Clovis presided. He told of the riches of Gaul, and urged that the Franks should all together descend upon it, and take the land. The younger chiefs were all with him; but some of the older ones spoke cautiously of the strength of Roman arms.

Hildebrand, nephew of Clovis, hiding behind a tree, heard it all, and running to his sister Fredegonde, told her that they were to find a new living place in the sunny south. When Clovis came home after the council, the look of gloom had passed from his face. The blaze of the warrior's wrath slumbered in his blue eyes as he gave his marching orders, and every living soul about him hastened to obey them.

Ox-carts, filled with dried grass, were prepared for the women and children, supplies of coarse food were stored in wagons, and in a few days the hordes of Franks arose everywhere throughout their regions and began in great hosts to stream southward into Gaul.

Meanwhile Gaul, little dreaming of this danger threatening it from the north, struggled to raise the heavy taxes laid upon it by its southern conqueror, Rome. Roman tax-gatherers swarmed through its cities, and day after day one might see sorrowful bands of men, women, and children driven to the market-places to be sold as slaves for the taxes they were too poor to pay.

In the city of Soissons the Romans had been very harsh. Soissons was a beautiful city, filled with churches and

palaces. Over it shone the sunny blue sky of Gaul, and on a day a little after midsummer, the sweet air and sunshine had been so delightful that in the palace gardens of the Roman governor, little Marcus and Lutetia, two children of the household, had played all day long out-of-doors, with the blue doves and plashing fountains. Twilight was now falling, and a long, feathery cloud of rose color stretched down the sky from the north. Lutetia had her eyes upon it, but she was not looking at it. She clutched Marcus tightly, and both children listened with bated breath to the shouts and cries which reached their ears from the city without.

"Marcus, listen! It is true," wailed little Lutetia, "the Franks have not only come into Gaul, but they have taken Soissons!"

"Taken Soissons," answered Marcus; "yes, and taken our governor, and are coming here to take his palace, without a blow for defense having been struck!"

"And we call ourselves Romans!" cried Lutetia.

"Yes, we call ourselves Romans," laughed Marcus, scornfully; "but that is just what we are not! Our blood is of Gaul. Our ancestors were once as wild and free as these barbarians who are now trooping down upon us. Would we had stayed so! Then we would have met them blow for blow! Now see to what good Gallic blood is come! We would rather yield ourselves up to these Franks, than fight to save Soissons for the Emperor of Rome. We know how Rome would reward us. She would only send more tax-gatherers to wring money from empty purses; she would sell us the more gladly for slaves! Let Clovis come! He is better than the Cæsars! Hark, Lutetia!"

At the garden gate arose a confused noise and murmur. The gate burst open, and into the garden rushed a strange and motley group. A guard of Roman soldiers fully armed

entered first, followed by the governor of Soissons and members of his household, in rich Roman dress. Towering head and shoulders over them, back of these, strode Clovis. Bare of head, with bared arms and legs, grasping his short sword and round wooden shield, he swung forward with strides like those of a giant. His face was flushed with victory. His blue eyes flashed from one token of wealth to another with greedy glances. Back of him, shrinking and timid, but walking still with the proud step which became a queen, came Clothilde, his newly made wife, followed by Hildebrand and Fredegonde. A rabble of Frankish warriors brought up the rear.

Lutetia, with a child's instinct, ran to Queen Clothilde. Marcus sprang to his father, who was one of the nobles in the train of the Roman governor. The soldiers led the procession to the doors of the chapel. The chapel of the governor of Soissons was in reality a great church. Back of it lay the dwellings of a sisterhood, and to them the governor now ordered Lutetia to conduct Queen Clothilde and little Fredegonde. Clovis pushed open the church door and peered into the dark church. At the end of the long aisle a swinging lamp glimmered like a faint star. In some way its restful silence assured him of the queen's safety, for he let her go, and went on up to the palace.

The queen, unattended now save by the two little maidens, walked with a reverent step toward the altar with its still, gleaming light. For the first time since Clovis, bursting into her father's country, had laid it waste and then forced her father to give her to him in marriage, Clothilde felt safe. She and Lutetia having veiled their own dark locks, the queen covered the golden tresses of little Fredegonde. As they passed the high altar both the queen and Lutetia reverently bowed the knee, but Fredegonde raised wondering, startled eyes to the figure of the Christ upon his cross enthroned there. At a smaller

altar twinkling with candles, she stopped again to lift a curious glance. Here stood a small statue representing the figure of a woman with a mild, kindly face, holding a child in her arms.

At length they reached a side door, and hurrying up a long hallway, came to a simple little room where a woman in long robes sat sewing. Lutetia called her Mother Geneveva, and wondered to see the queen fall sobbing into her arms.

From this day great changes took place in the palace and in Soissons. The Gauls quickly found out that one conqueror is as evil as another. Clovis proclaimed himself king of middle Gaul, and tried to rule his kingdom as the Romans did, but he and his warriors only became more and more absurd. The queen lived in the cloisters with the nuns and the women of the Roman household. Clovis, with his wild soldiery, made the beautiful palace a wild and terrible place.

All this while, the priests pleaded with King Clovis, and the gentle-hearted queen besought him to become a Christian. In his heart Clovis feared the great dark churches and the quiet, soft-spoken priests; and he had small use for the pity and mercy and repentance which were preached to him. His own gods, Odin and Thor, were very much more to his mind; but he was a keen, shrewd man. He saw that this Christianity was a power in the land which he had conquered. He made up his mind to take this power into his own hands. One day before going out to a battle, he called Queen Clothilde to him, and bade her pray that he might win the day, which she promised faithfully to do. That day he won a great victory.

Pleased with a faith so useful to his own purposes, the king called his nobles and churchmen together, and not only announced that he himself would become a Christian, but that all his warriors must as well. They set aside one

whole day for the baptisms, and the heathen Franks of sunrise were Christian Franks at sunset, while every church bell in the land rang peals of joy.

Clovis, now fancying himself a Christian, looked about to see how he might use this new power to his own advantage. He and his hordes were Salic Franks. He knew that the Ripuarian Franks, a gentler tribe than his own wild warriors, had conquered southern Gaul, and adopted its religion. He heard the priests say that the religion of southern Gaul was not the true sort which he himself had adopted. Clovis thought it over. Northern Gaul had been too easily conquered. He longed for a battle with good stout Franks; he longed for more lands, more power. He and his chieftains had long talks, and roared wild war songs to Odin and Thor.

Then he called together his Gallic nobles and churchmen, and loving their religion not at all, and themselves less, he said craftily: "It is time southern Gaul learned to bow to our religion. I shall go and conquer it." He was as good as his word. He not only conquered southern Gaul, but every other province in Gaul, and took them away from Rome. Then he placed his throne in the city of Paris, and changed the name of the land from Gaul to the Kingdom of the Franks, or France, as it was thereafter called. Clovis made France a country, and was its first king.

It was that conquering hand of Clovis, a strong man in a time of great weakness, which laid the foundations for the greatness of France.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What was the ancient name of France?
Describe the Franks.
How did Gaul become a Christian country?
Do you think Rome was made weaker by being divided?
What did Gaiseric do?
What turned the battle against Attila the Hun and drove him out of Europe?
What caused Clovis to gather his forces and prepare to take Gaul?
How was his proposal received by the chiefs?
Did the Franks succeed in conquering Gaul?
How did Marcus feel toward Rome?
Whom did he mean by the Cæsars?
How did France receive its name?

## NOTES

Clovis was born about 465, and in 481 succeeded his father, Childeric, as king of the Salic Franks. After conquering Gaul, he became the founder of the line of Frankish kings known as the Merovingian.

377: 1 *Attila the Hun.* The king of the Huns, an ancient Asiatic race, probably of Mongolian or Tartar stock. They wandered from place to place, making war upon the people, first appearing prominently in European history about A. D. 375. In that year they crossed the Volga and the Don, defeated the Goths, and drove them beyond the Danube. After the death of Attila, their power was broken.

## VOCABULARY

Ætius (ē′shē-us)
Attila (at′til-a)
Châlons (kā′lon)
Clothilde (klo′tēld)
Clovis (klō′vis)
Fredegonde (fred′ē-gund)
Gaiseric (gy′sir-ick)
Geneveva (jen-ē-vē′va)
Hildebrand (hil′dē-brand)
Lutetia (loo-tē′shēa)
Merovis (mer′ō-vis)
Ripuarian (rip-ū-ā′ri-an)
Salic (sal′ic)
Soissons (swaw′säwn)
Theodosius (thē-ō-dō′shē-us)

## THE DEATH OF DE SOTO

Care, disappointment, exhaustion had already left their traces upon the worn-out leader. No longer could he disguise the deep disappointment he felt in the success of this long, wearisome adventure. His step became feeble, he grew thin and weak, his face haggard and worn.

Weaker and weaker he grew, until the most hopeful of his followers could not but see that their brave leader had fought his last battle.

Calmly he prepared for death. Calling his men about him, he administered to them the oath of allegiance to the officer whom he chose as his successor.

Tenderly he spoke with them all, thanked them for their loyalty and faithful following through the long, perilous adventures.

These war-worn, faithful veterans wept bitterly as their leader bade them farewell.

"Let us at least protect the dead body of our leader from the insults of the natives," said they, when he was breathing his last. "Too gladly would they drag him forth from his grave and burn him, or throw him to the dogs. Let us bury him in the waters of this mighty river which, as a reward for his long months of hardship, our good Father permitted him, at the very end, to discover."

Accordingly in the night, covered by its awful darkness, a few loving officers, having hewn out a rude casket from the trunk of a great oak, bore the dead body out into the river, and with quiet and secrecy sank it in the still black waters.

Thus ended, in his forty-second year, the life of Ferdinand De Soto. From babyhood his life had been one of hard-

ship and disappointment. Little as he would compare with the standard of a noble, generous gentleman in our times, it is with pleasure that we think of him among the long line of greedy, cruel, unprincipled fortune-seekers of his day, standing out amid the influences and the temptations of his times, a noble-meaning, humane-feeling, honorably-dealing man, an honest adventurer, and a brave, unflinching soldier.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What great river did De Soto discover?

To what country did he belong?

What have you learned in your history about the explorations of De Soto?

Why did De Soto's followers wish to keep his burial-place a secret from the Indians?

## PERE MARQUETTE

Now, there is another discoverer and explorer whose name is as closely connected with the history of the great Father of Waters as is the name of De Soto.

It was a whole century later, when some French envoys, in their zeal for opening friendly and profitable fur trade with the Indians, pushed their way inland, down the St. Lawrence as far as the Falls of St. Mary, at the outlet of Lake Superior.

Here they found the Indians friendly and the furs numerous; but for some reason or other no settlement was made at this time, notwithstanding there was so much that seemed to make a settlement possible and its future successful.

The adventurers bought the furs, exchanged gifts with the friendly Indians, and went back to their established trading posts farther down the river.

Not again for eighteen years did a white man even attempt to make his way to the spot; but, at the end of that time, another band of Frenchmen, accompanied by Indian guides, paddled their way in canoes to this same point in the river, known now as St. Mary's Falls. Here, amid the snow and ice and gloomy forests of pine, they built their huts and prepared to live the winter through. The Indians had never forgotten that first visit from the white men, and were ready to receive these men with the same generous welcome and kind good-will that they had extended to the first comers eighteen years before.

Game was plenty, and the Indians were glad to bring to their visitors' little huts day after day more even than they could use. Sheltered beneath this generous Indian hospi-

tality, the Frenchmen dwelt through the long winter; and not until the spring was fully opened did they return to their colonies and trading posts in Canada.

When they did return, they carried with them such a wealth of furs and such glowing accounts of the kindness and good-will of the Indians, that both traders and missionaries were inspired to make their way down the river to this unexplored country about the Falls of St. Mary.

The greatest of these missionaries, the one of all others whose name will never be forgotten, the one for whom all nations and all generations hold deep love and reverence, was good Father Marquette.

Now, the Marquette family in France, had, for centuries upon centuries, been a family of illustrious name. Their ancestral home was a great castle, situated on a high mountain, looking down upon the proud city of Lyons. Here, in 1637, James Marquette, our brave hero, was born, and educated under the watchful care of his own mother — a woman truly wonderful for her times in her broad education and wise training of her child towards a high and useful life.

James Marquette was only seventeen years of age, when, as was the custom of his times, he withdrew from the world into a monastery, and give himself up to study. Already wonderful stories were being told in France of the beauties and grandeur of the new country of Canada and of its majestic St. Lawrence.

"Some time I will go to this new country and carry to the Indians the news of the Christian religion," Marquette would say, as the reports of returned colonists reached his ears. And then, with redoubled zeal, he would return to his studies, impatient for the time to come when he might go out from the monastery a missionary to the wild tribes of the new world.

In 1666, Marquette sailed for Canada; and at the mouth of the Saguenay took up his work among the Indians, labor-

ing faithfully and patiently with them for twelve long years. During this time he heard from time to time of these Indian tribes at the Falls of St. Mary. Such generous, gentle-hearted Indians, so honest and hospitable and docile! "I must find these tribes," Marquette would say to himself, "and carry to them the true religion."

And thus it was that at last after this second visit of the Canadian fur-traders to these distant tribes, Marquette set forth in his canoe, that he might educate them and teach them of what seemed to him a higher and better life.

Marquette and his little band were warmly welcomed, and it was but a short time before the Indians and the white men were living happily and comfortably together in their little hamlet.

For three years Marquette labored among this people, gaining by his love for them their warm love in return. No father among his own children could have been more safe and more tenderly cared for than was this good man among his chosen friends, the Indians.

But during these three years he heard much of a great river, the Father of Waters, the Indians called it, that began its course not so very far away, and which flowed, a broad and mighty stream, away no one knew how far — away beyond the knowledge of any Indian tribe.

"But there are wild tribes up and down the river, fierce tribes that kill and scalp all men but those of their own tribe," said Marquette's Indians. "Pray, Father, do not go among them; they are cruel tribes, and they know nothing but to plunder and to scalp."

But Father Marquette, filled with missionary zeal, longed to explore the wonderful river, and find these very tribes who, indeed, were said to know nothing but to plunder and scalp.

Accordingly, Marquette and another good Father, Joliet, with five boatmen, set forth in little birch canoes from Green Bay, down the Mississippi.

By and by they came upon Indian camps. "Let us row to the shore," said Father Marquette, "and learn of these tribe what neighbors there may be farther down the banks."

"O Father Marquette!" said the Indians, welcoming the little canoes from the shore. "Welcome, welcome to our wigwams! We have heard of you among our brothers. Welcome, welcome to our wigwams!"

And so the good monks, Marquette and Joliet, were welcomed and conducted inland to the little Indian settlement, where they were feasted and entertained and made as happy as and as comfortable as the Indian customs and ways of living could make them.

"Pray, good Father," said these Indians, "go no farther down this terrible river. Such fierce tribes as live upon its banks! Such thieves and murderers! No canoe is safe from their attack. Turn back, we pray you, or stay here with us. There are dreadful birds, too, that will swoop down and swallow you, canoe and all; and there are dreadful demons that will spring from the banks down into the water, and will make it to boil and bubble, and your little bark will be sucked in the raging whirlpools and lost."

But Father Marquette was not to be frightened or made to turn back.

For four long weeks the little canoes paddled on and on until, at last, on the 17th of June, 1673, they had reached the river itself, and before them rolled the mighty stream of the Mississippi.

"Such a grand river!" Marquette wrote in describing it. "Such bold crags and peaks! Such a rush of water! Such a strength of current! Here great bluffs rose high in the air, there broad prairies swept as far as eye could reach; now and then we paddled on through deep forests, whose dense gloom had echoed never before the sound of a white man's voice."

The voyagers sailed on down the great river, stopping at times at Indian settlements, where they were always made welcome. When within five days of the mouth of the river, they decided to turn back, rather than go into Spanish territory, fearing they would be seized as prisoners. In that case, all the knowledge gained from the long and perilous expedition would be wholly lost.

The perseverance of these brave explorers was appreciated by the French people. Marquette was a man so universally loved by his people, and was known to be a man of such unselfishness, such truthfulness, such devotion to his church and to his country, that, when he returned to Quebec, and the story of his travels and explorations were heralded, the whole city rose in joy and pride and thanksgiving. Bells rang, cannon pealed, and at nightfall the whole community went up to the cathedral to sing the grand *Te Deum* of praise and thanksgiving to God.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

What are envoys?
Where are the Falls of St. Mary?
How were the Frenchmen treated by the Indians?
In what city in France was Marquette born?
Find it on your map?
Where is the Saguenay River?
How did the Indians receive Marquette and Joliet?
Do you think Marquette was glad when he came to the Mississippi River?
How did he describe it?
Why did the French explorers turn back rather than be taken prisoners by the Spaniards?

## ROBERT LA SALLE

In the city of Rouen, France, in 1643, was born Robert La Salle — the child who, when he came to be a man, was destined to enroll his name among the greatest heroes of his time.

Like Marquette, he was a child of an old French family, distinguished for its bravery and its wealth through long centuries of French history.

As the child grew into early youth, and the youth into early manhood, he was surrounded on every side by wealth and luxury; the best instruction the times could afford was his; his associations were all of the very highest and best.

He was naturally, even as a child, thoughtful and rather inclined to puzzle over and dream about the great wonders of life. With this, too, he had a restless spirit, an eagerness always to go on and on discovering new facts, learning new wonders, searching into new mysteries.

It was perhaps these two qualities combined that, as he heard from time to time of the wonderful new world, made him restless to set forth for himself to see this wonderful country, with its grand rivers and forests, its wealth of gold, and its strange, copper-colored people.

Accordingly, when he was about twenty-five years old, having graduated from the best seminaries in Europe, and having gained from his instructors highest praise, both for his scholarly standing and his high, noble, moral character, he set forth from France for Canada.

At first, he had no plans further than to engage, as so many Frenchmen had done, in the fur trade. But when he reached Canada, and the wonders of the New World lay

before him, the spirit of discovery and the fever for exploration rose strong within him.

Pushing forward to the frontiers, he established new trading-posts here and there, and was not content until he had explored the remotest rivers and lakes in that part of Canada.

We must remember that, at this time, the entire country in the north and west was wholly unexplored. No one knew what lay beyond the limits of Canada; and the Mississippi was as yet wholly unknown.

"Why not explore and find out now?" said daring La Salle. "Suppose it happen that not many miles west the Pacific lies, washing the shores of this new continent a little beyond this chain of Great Lakes. If that should be so, then France holds, in the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, control of the greatest water-way in all the world — the route that shall lead to the Indies, the route for which the world has searched so many years.

La Salle, young, brave, energetic, could talk of nothing but exploration into the far west. Frontenac, the Governor-General of Canada, carried away by the eloquence and persistency of La Salle, entered eagerly into the schemes for exploration. "If this should be so," he thought, "and I give my aid and my encouragement, then, surely, I shall win the gratitude of our Sovereign, Louis XIV, and gain renown throughout the Court of France."

It was at just this time that news was brought to Quebec of Marquette's great discovery. He had sailed the entire length of the Great Father of Waters, so the heralds said, and had proved beyond any doubt that the river extended from the Canadian lands even to the Gulf of Mexico.

You have already read with what joy this intelligence was received. Bells rang, cannons roared, and the whole city gave itself up to celebration. And, indeed, it was an occasion for celebration; for, according to the laws govern-

ing discovery and exploration, Marquette had, by his voyage, given to France control of the entire territory up and down the river.

Although he had no realization yet of how great the river was, nor of how vast was the territory thus acquired, La Salle at once conceived the plan of establishing trading posts along the lakes and at regular distances up and down the entire Mississippi.

The Governor-General gave La Salle his most hearty co-operation in this great plan, urging him to go at once to France, report the great gain of territory to the king, and secure the necessary assistance from the government to carry out the plans for taking military possession of the river.

La Salle, without hesitation, or delay, hastened across the water to tell his glowing story to the king. He was but a young man with, as yet, no wealth, no reputation; but so ardent was he, and so full of hope and courage, that the court at once rallied around him; the king listened with eagerness to all he had to tell; and in a few weeks only, he returned to Canada, honored by the title of Chevalier, and — what pleased his daring soul more still — authorized by the king to rebuild a certain fort that had for a long time been neglected and allowed to fall into ruins, and to place himself as governor over it.

Now, this great plan of La Salle's meant years of work; but La Salle had daring and courage. He went at once to the fort — Fort Frontenac — rebuilt it, and set himself to work to improve the country around about. For two years he worked upon this fort; then he hurried away to the Court of France to report the gain that had been made.

This fort — away by itself in the wilderness — occupied a most important position, and already its worth to the Canadian government had been tested and proved during the two years La Salle held it in command.

On this second visit to France, he was received with even greater honors than before; new titles were given to him and new and more extended privileges were granted him; and when he returned to his fort, he brought with him an Italian — Tonti — as his lieutenant; and also a force of thirty workmen.

Fort Frontenac was reached in safety. At once La Salle set himself to work to get together a vessel and the necessary provisions and implements for building a fort above the Falls of Niagara. It was La Salle's plan, when this fort was finished, to build a vessel there, with which he would make a vast inland tour through the unknown lakes and rivers to the distant Mississippi, of which so little yet was known. These falls, he with M. Galines, another Frenchman, filled like La Salle, with a zeal for exploration and a love for adventure, had discovered some years before, when they were out upon an exploring tour. Of these falls they wrote at the time of discovery: "We found a river an eighth of a league broad, extremely rapid, the outlet from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The depth is extraordinary, for we found close to the shore fifteen or sixteen fathoms of water. This outlet is forty miles long. It has from ten to twelve miles above its entrance into Lake Ontario one of the finest cataracts in the world. All the Indians say that the river falls from a rock higher than the highest pines. We heard the roar of it at a distance of ten miles. The fall gives such force to the water that its current prevented our ascending but with great difficulty. The current above the falls is so rapid, that often deer and stags, in trying to cross the river, are sucked in and carried over the falls."

As soon as La Salle and his men had reached the spot upon which the fort was to be built, they set at once to work. La Salle was not the man to loiter. On the very week of their arrival La Salle had already laid the

keel for his vessel, and had himself driven the first bolt.

From day to day the Indians came to visit the workers, and to watch the building of the strange vessel.

La Salle, wise as he was energétic, called a council of the chiefs of all the tribes round about, and spoke to them thus:

"I come as your friend. I am your brother, not your enemy. I come to buy your furs. I shall pay you for them. We have knives and guns and powder, hatchets, kettles, beads, and many other articles that you will be glad to have. Then let us be brothers. I am building this vessel that I may sail with it to other tribes, purchase their furs and carry them our goods in exchange. Let us smoke the pipe of peace; let us shake hands and be friends. The Good Father will be glad to see us friendly. Now I wish to build a trading-post here where I can keep my goods and where you can bring your furs to sell."

These were honest words, and the simple-hearted Indians believed them. The pipe of peace was smoked, and henceforth every Indian was ready to protect La Salle and his men, if need be, with his own life.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

For what was the family of La Salle distinguished?

Was very much known of Canada and the country beyond it at the time of La Salle's visit to the New World?

Had many other explorers searched for a short route to the Indies?

What title of honor was given to La Salle upon his visit to France?

What did the king give him authority to do?

Who was with him at the time of his discovery of Niagara Falls?

How did they describe the Falls?

What did La Salle say in his address to the Indians?

## NOTES

393: 21 *Chevalier.* A French title of nobility.

393: 28 *Fort Frontenac.* This fort was built in 1673, by Count Louis de Baude Frontenac, a governor of Canada. It occupied the site of what is now Kingston, Ontario.

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA D. HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er —
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The land where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God!

## HELPS FOR STUDY

In what country was the author of this poem born?
Is the coast referred to really "stern and rock-bound"?
Who were the "band of exiles"?
Explain "sounding aisles of the dim woods."
Name some of the members of the "pilgrim band."
Explain "They sought a faith's pure shrine."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

I suppose every child in America knows about George Washington. Indeed, I hardly dare offer you a story about this man, lest you say, "O don't bother! we know all about him." And very likely you do; but let's read this one story together.

When the French and Indian War broke out, George Washington was a young man, only about as old as those big boys that you see coming now and then from their colleges to spend their vacations at home.

George Washington, you remember, lived in Virginia. The Governor of Virginia at that time was Governor Dinwiddie.

It became very necessary to get a message to the commander of the French forts on the Ohio River; and, as Washington had already made a name for himself, being a brave, honest, trustworthy lad, Governor Dinwiddie chose him to go on this important journey with the message.

It was a terrible journey, and one that was full of danger. Very likely Washington would have been quite willing to be excused from the task; but as it must be done, and somebody must do it, he bravely and willingly accepted the trust.

It was in the winter time; and his journey lay over mountains, through forests, and across rivers, where, very likely, no white man had ever been before.

One night he and his companion worked till daylight, making a rude raft with which to cross a narrow river too deep to ford, expecting every minute an attack from the savages of the forest.

Lossing, in his "Life of Washington," gives the following account of this journey:

"I was unwilling," writes the guide, "that he should undertake such a march, but, as he insisted on it, we set out with our packs, like Indians, and traveled eighteen miles. That night we lodged at an Indian cabin, and the major was much fatigued. It was very cold; all the small streams were frozen, so that we could hardly get water to drink." At two o'clock the next morning they were again on foot, and pressed forward until they struck the southeast branch of Beaver Creek, at a place called Murderingtown, the scene, probably, of some Indian massacre.

"Here we met with an Indian, whom I thought I had seen when on our journey up to the French fort. This fellow called me by my Indian name, and pretended to be glad to see me. He asked us several questions, as how came we to travel on foot, where we parted from our horses and when they would be there. Major Washington insisted upon traveling on the nearest way to the forks of the Allegheny. We asked the Indian if he could go with us, and show us the nearest way. He seemed very glad and ready to do so; upon which we set out, and he took the major's pack.

"We traveled quite briskly for eight or ten miles, when the major's feet grew very sore, and he very weary, and the Indian steered too much northeastwardly. The major desired to encamp, upon which the Indian asked to carry his gun; but he refused that. Then the Indian grew churlish, and pressed us to keep on, telling us there were Ottawa Indians in these woods, and that they would scalp us if we lay out; but to go to his cabin and we should be safe.

"I thought very ill of the fellow, but did not care to let the major know I mistrusted him. But he soon mistrusted

him as much as I. The Indian said he could hear a gun from his cabin, and steered us more northwardly. We grew uneasy, and then he said two whoops might be heard from his cabin. We went two miles farther. Then the major said he would stay at the next water, and we desired the Indian to stop there; but before we came to water we came to a clear meadow.

"It was very light. Snow was on the ground. The Indian made a stop, and turned about. The major saw him point his gun toward us and fire. Said the major, 'Are you shot?' 'No,' said I; upon which the Indian ran forward to a big standing white oak, and began loading his gun, but we were soon with him. I would have killed him, but the major would not suffer me. We let him charge his gun. We found he put in a ball; and then we took care of him. Either the major or I always stood by the guns. We made him make a fire for us by a little run, as if we intended to sleep there.

"I said to the major, 'As you will not have him killed, we must get him away, and then we must travel all night;' upon which I said to the Indian, 'I suppose you were lost, and fired your gun.' He said he knew the way to his cabin, and it was but a little way. 'Well,' said I, 'do you go home, and as we are much tired, we will follow your track in the morning.' He was glad to get away. I followed him and listened until he was fairly out of the way, and then we went about half a mile, when we made a fire, set our compass, and fixed our course and traveled all night. In the morning we were on the head of Piney Creek." There is little reason to doubt that it was the intention of the savage to kill one or both of them.

The fort on the Ohio was at last reached. Washington delivered his message to the commander there, who sent back a very insolent reply to Governor Dinwiddie.

The journey back was as hard and as dangerous as the

journey to the fort had been. It was accomplished, however, and the French commander's reply delivered to Dinwiddie.

I will not try to tell you what these messages had been about, but the one that Washington brought back from the fort was such that the people of Virginia knew that the French were determined to fight, and that war would surely follow.

Quickly the Governor of Virginia prepared for war, and, sending word to the other colonies, bade them be ready too. All the colonies bravely made ready to meet the foe. Even Georgia, settled only twenty years before, was ready to join hands with Virginia and Massachusetts, the oldest colonies of all, to give what help she could.

To help the colonies, England also sent over a large army of soldiers, with General Braddock at the head. Now, General Braddock felt himself to be a great man. Indeed, he had made up his mind that, as soon as he and his army arrived, the whole war would be as good as over. He little knew what sort of people these Indians were with whom he was going to fight. He supposed that, as soon as they caught sight of the great red-coated soldiers with him at their head, they would be so overcome by fright that they would give up at once. "Pooh!" said he, "the idea of Indians daring to fight with me!"

General Braddock's contempt for the colonists was as great as his contempt for the Indians. How he sneered when the sturdy colonists took their places among the red-coats as he drew up his forces in battle array!

It is a wonder he didn't tell them to go to their homes, while he started off through the forests with his troops alone.

Washington, who was at the head of the Virginia militia, talked long and earnestly with Braddock, trying to show him how impossible it would be to attempt to fight these

Indians as he would fight a battle where the armies on both sides were trained soldiers.

He told him the Indian way of fighting; how they never came out in battle array; how they always hid behind trees, in bushes, and in swamps.

But Braddock only sneered. "Do you suppose a General in the King's army needs advice from a boy like you?" thought he. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if he said it too.

Now, Washington and his Virginia troops were used to the ways of the Indians, and when they saw that Braddock was determined to set out upon the journey to meet the Indians in the English fashion, they knew only too well what the result would be. Nevertheless they made no complaint, but were ready to start at Braddock's command.

In the first place, there were the Virginia mountains to be climbed, and the rivers to be forded. The English soldiers, used only to their level country, began to give out before the journey was half accomplished.

Still, Braddock had not sense enough to see that it would be well to heed the advice of Washington and the other colonists. "Perhaps the Indians can frighten such soldiers as you are," said he, sneering at the colonists, "but they cannot frighten English soldiers."

So they were marching on, in full battle array, drums beating, and colors flying.

Braddock's head was high in the air, and he was very likely expecting to see the Indians advancing in the same manner.

Suddenly, as his army was ascending a little slope with deep ravines and thick underbrush on either side, they were greeted with the terrible war-whoop of the Indians. Arrows began to fly in every direction, men were falling dead about him; still no enemy was to be seen.

"Where are they?" weakly asked the boasting General.

The terrible war-whoop resounded on every side. Well might the General ask, "Where are they?" They seemed to be everywhere.

The British regulars huddled together, and frightened, fired right and left at trees and at rocks.

The Virginia troops alone, with Washington at their head, sprang into the forests and into the bushes and met the Indians on their own ground. Washington seemed everywhere present. The Indians singled him out as the especial object for their shot. Four balls passed through his coat; two horses were shot dead beneath him. Braddock was mortally wounded and was borne from the field. Then, when the Virginia troops were nearly all killed, the British soldiers turned and fled disgracefully.

Washington and his few men, seeing they were fleeing, turned again upon the Indians, and, by keeping them busy returning his fire. prevented them from pursuing the frightened British regulars.

This battle was a terrible one to the British and the colonists. Nearly all of Washington's troops were killed and a great many of the English; the French and Indians on the other side lost very few.

After this the British were more willing to take the advice of the colonists, who were so much more familiar with the ways of the Indians.

Now in this war it was important that Quebec be taken from the French.

To give some idea of how Quebec was situated, and how difficult it was to besiege it, perhaps nothing can help you more than the story of how they city came to be named Quebec.

Away back in these early times, when the French were sailing down the St. Lawrence, and taking possession of what they saw, in the name of France, by a turn in the river, they came suddenly into view of a great, sharp over-

hanging cliff. "*Quel bec!*" cried one of the sailors, meaning "What a beak!"

Coming nearer, the leader saw that the top of this cliff would make a fine site for a trading-post. It would be difficult for the enemy to attack, and it would be an excellent watch-tower from which to watch vessels passing on the river.

Accordingly the cliff was chosen for the trading-post and remembering the sailor's cry, the explorer gave it the name Quebec. When it afterwards became a city, you can see that it was indeed a watch-tower for the people. If an enemy's vessel was seen approaching, the people were warned long before it reached them, and they meantime had plenty of opportunity to prepare for defence.

"Quebec must be taken!" said the English officers.

"We can do nothing on the river with that city scowling down upon us, ready to attack our vessels as soon as they pass within the shadow of that great beak."

And so it came about that General Wolfe was sent to attack this city of Quebec. Landing at night two miles above the city, the soldiers climbed the steep banks of the river, and stood at daybreak on the plains of Abraham.

Montcalm, who held the city, was surprised indeed to see the English upon the plain in full battle array. But Montcalm was a brave soldier; and though he knew that in Wolfe he had a "noble foe," he did not shrink from the encounter, which seemed likely from the beginning to be disastrous to the French.

Towards ten o'clock the French advanced to the attack. Two cannons, which, with very great labor the English had dragged up the path from the landing place, at once opened fire upon the French.

The advance was badly conducted. The French soldiers marched steadily on, but the native Canadians, firing as they advanced, threw themselves on the ground to re-

load, and this broke the order of the line. The English advanced some little distance to meet their foes, and then halted.

Not a shot was fired until the French were within forty paces, and then, at the word of command, a volley of musketry crashed out along the whole length of the line. So regularly was the volley given, that as the French officers afterwards said, it sounded like a single cannon-shot. Another volley followed, then another and another; and when the smoke cleared away there lay the dead and wounded on every side.

All order had been lost under the terrible fire. In three minutes the line of advancing soldiers was broken up into a disorderly shouting mob. Then Wolfe gave the order to charge, and the British cheer, mingled with the wild yell of the Scotch Highlanders, rose loud and fierce. The English regiments advanced with levelled bayonets; the Highlanders drew their broadswords and rushed headlong forward.

The fire was heaviest on the British right, where Wolfe himself led the charge. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief around it and kept on. Another shot struck him, but he still advanced. When a third pierced his breast, he staggered and sat down. Two or three officers and men carried him to the rear, and then laid him down and asked if they would send for a surgeon.

"There is no need," he said. "It is all over with me."

A moment later one of those standing by him cried out: "They run! See how they run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe asked.

"The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," Wolfe said; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the Charles River to cut off their retreat from the bridge;" then, turning on his side, he said:

"Now, God be praised, I die in peace!" and a few minutes later he died.

At almost the same moment Montcalm, mortally wounded, said to his surgeon, "Have I much longer to live?"

"No," answered the surgeon; "only a few moments, I fear."

"So much the better," answered Montcalm. "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

This French and Indian War was carried on for about five years. There were many terrible battles, and thousands and thousands of brave men were killed on both sides. At last the British and the colonists won, peace was made, and England now owned all the land from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why do you think Washington was entrusted with the message by Governor Dinwiddie?

What effect did the French commander's reply have upon the people of Virginia?

What opinion did General Braddock have of the Indians and the Colonists?

Do you think he had reason to change this opinion?

Why was it important that Quebec should be taken by the English?

Give an account of how Quebec received its name.

## NOTES

399: 1 *Lossing.* (Benson John, 1813–1891.) An American historian.

404: 19 *General Wolfe.* The most famous English general of his time. He received his commission as an ensign in the British Army when he was fifteen, and at the time of his death was only thirty-three.

404: 22 *Plains of Abraham.* Also known as the Heights of Abraham, a plateau southwest of the city of Quebec.

404: 23 *Montcalm.* The general in command of the French at the Battle of Quebec. As he fell, mortally wounded, he paid the tribute of a true soldier to the troops who had beaten him, saying, "It is a great consolation to me to have been vanquished by so brave an enemy."

## HOW THE COLONIES GREW UNITED

The close of this French and Indian War brings us close upon a period which is perhaps the most important in the whole history of our country.

We are coming upon that great war known as the Revolutionary War. Revolution, you know, means a turning over, a changing about; and you will think, before you get through, that it was indeed a turning over and a changing about.

Before we start upon that great war, let us look over this country and see what sort of people and conditions we are going to deal with.

During this French and Indian War, the people of the thirteen colonies had unconsciously been getting ready for the Revolution which was so near at hand.

Before this war, there had been a great deal of petty jealousy between the different colonies. Each had been jealous of the other's religion and customs. The Swedes didn't care to have much to do with the Dutch, and the Dutch were rather jealous of the Swedes; the Puritans and the Quakers had not quite forgotten the days of persecution; the Episcopalians of Virginia, the wealthy planters with their slaves, looked down upon the northern colonists as a very common sort of people.

But during this French and Indian War all the colonies had fought side by side against a common foe, the Indians and French. They had grown more used to each other's ways; the Virginian Episcopalians had found that the Massachusetts Puritans were, after all, quite as brave and noble as they themselves were; while on the other side these rigid Puritans had found that the Virginians were

true and honest-hearted, and could make just as sturdy soldiers as were to be found in any colony. All these bitter feelings were gradually softened down, and at the end of the war many a Puritan, Catholic and Episcopalian had made warm friendships with one another, which no doubt lasted as long as they lived.

Other things, too, had been working to bring them together. The British officers had, throughout the war, sneered at the colonists, and had plainly shown them that England considered them as a very inferior sort of people.

Their wishes and their advice had been thrust aside in contempt, and their best officers had often been pushed out to make room for some young Englishman who knew no more about the work before him than a child.

All these and many other influences had been at work to bring about in the colonists a more united brotherly feeling; while, at the same time, there had been creeping into their hearts and heads a feeling of rebellion against the injustice of England, and a sense of strength in themselves, which, by and by, broke out in that war between England and America known as the Revolution.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why was the war between England and the Colonies called the Revolutionary War?

How did the people of different nations and religions among the colonists regard one another?

What effect did the French and Indian War have upon them?

What other influences had been working to bring about a more united feeling among the colonists?

# PART III STORIES OF INDUSTRY

## THE COTTON INDUSTRY

Cotton is a plant that needs a warm climate and a dry soil; it is therefore found in the warm temperate and in the torrid zone of Asia, Africa, and America. This plant was discovered to be valuable for the manufacture of cloth long before the Christian Era. The Chinese are known to have manufactured cloth from cotton as early as 500 B. C., and in India there are old books in which cotton is mentioned, that were written eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. When Columbus discovered America he found cotton to be the chief material of clothing among the Indians.

The chief cotton growing countries of the world in order of importance are: United States, India, Egypt, and Brazil.

In the United States over seven billion pounds are raised annually. This is about three-fourths of the crop of the entire world. Of this one-third is manufactured in our own country. The cotton producing States are: Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Cotton is also raised in Missouri, Virginia, Kentucky, and Oklahoma.

There are many kinds of cotton. Those most cultivated are from two to four feet in height. The pods are about the size of a small peach; when ripe, they burst open and permit the cotton to be easily gathered. The seeds are entangled in the fibres and must be gathered with them. The fibres are called staples. If they are long, the cotton is called long-staple cotton; if short, short-staple cotton.

Our best kind is a long-staple cotton that grows on a shrub. This thrives only on the sea-shore. Because it is especially cultivated on the islands at the mouth of the Savannah River it is called sea-island cotton. A small quantity only is produced. A large part of the cotton raised in this country is a short-staple variety, which grows on a plant that dies to the ground each year. This is called upland cotton.

The sea-island cotton is grown along the coast of Georgia, and in those parts of South Carolina and Florida which are adjacent to the Georgia coast.

The pods in which the cotton forms are the size of a small peach; when ripe, however, they burst open and become about as large as an apple. The withered pods hold the fluffy cotton-wool so firmly that it cannot readily escape and fall to the ground, but may be easily picked.

The seeds, however, are so entangled in the staples that it took a man an entire day to pick them from a pound of cotton. For this reason, but little was done in the way of cotton-raising until the year 1792, when Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts man, invented a machine that cleans three hundred pounds of cotton much better and more quickly than a man can clean one pound. This machine is made in such a way that small teeth, something like those of a saw, seize the staples and drag them between the rollers, so near together that the seeds cannot pass through. It is called the cotton-gin; the last part of the word is a contraction for engine.

In Brazil cotton is largely cultivated, though cotton-picking does not there assume the importance that it does in the Southern United States. The fields are never large, and picking is done at the leisure and convenience of the planters. The pickers carry baskets or bags with them, in which to place the cotton as it is gathered, much as the work is done in this country.

What an expanse of knowledge opens up in the one word

cotton! We read of thousands of millions of pounds brought to the mills, made into cloth, and sent out again. We call it one of the staple industries of our country.

Cotton is made into thread, ropes and cloth; chiefly into cloth. Cotton ropes are not very good because they stretch and shrink too easily. Cotton batting is used for stuffing mattresses and cushions.

Formerly our great-grandmothers did their own spinning and weaving, at their own firesides, by means of a spinning-wheel and a rude kind of loom, and using generally for their cloth, the flax grown in their own gardens, or the wool produced by their sheep. At the present time in our country and in England the cloths are made in looms that are run by machinery, but in India cotton-cloth is still often woven in hand-looms. A man frequently spends several months in weaving a single piece. Such cloth is very beautiful, and it is sometimes so fine that when on the grass and covered with dew, it cannot be seen. Some cloths made in Decca are called "woven wind" they are so delicate.

Here is a cotton mill. Massive, lofty and grand are the many buildings with their still loftier chimney-shafts and their myriad windows. Here are bales of raw cotton packed close to fill large store-rooms. Here are floors full of machines in motion doing their work as though they could think and reason. Here again are bales, this time of finished cloths. Take a large, hard flake of cotton out of the bale as you would a handful of hay out of a farmer's rack. It is full of seeds, lumps, and bits of stick and dirt, and matted like an Indian's hair. A "blower," which blows with the roar of a blast-furnace, nibbles at it and it is gone. One blowing puffs out the seeds and cleans the cotton, and it comes back to you as fleecy as swansdown. Inside the blower there is a beater of steel which turns many times in a second, while a fan below revolves as fast. The beater thrashes and the fan winnows the fibres. The

dust and refuse fall through chinks to the bottom, while a snowstorm, with flakes as large as the palm of the hand, of pure white puffy cotton-wool, drives onward.

The beating and blowing are gone through, over and over again, and, at every stage, render the cotton whiter and purer, till, after its sixth or seventh thrashing and fanning, it bubbles out at last a silent, beautiful, soft, downy river of *liquid* cotton-wool, which cosily snugs itself round a giant reel, in laps, like a roll of carpet.

These laps are hurried off to the cards or combs, in a great room crowded with a hundred carding engines; all are moving and all are doing the same kind of work. The main part of these engines consists of combs, made of stout leather, set with steel wire teeth, finer, shorter, and closer set than the bristles of a clothes-brush; these combs are wound around drums, some as large as a garden roller, others smaller. The teeth of these drums play into each other as they revolve opposite ways, and each, in turn, takes the lap of cotton from the other. From card to card the cotton goes and is allowed no rest till, when it leaves the last combing, every fibre lies straight and even.

Cotton fibres, though thinner than cobwebs singly, are yet tubes. In their growth on the seed, they become twisted or spiral, a great help in carding; for just as tendrils twine together and point all one way, so do the filaments of cotton after carding. Fast, but gently, there is sent off at last, a thin, filmy cloud of gossamer, floating in the air, which gathers into an endless curl or sliver of pearly white cotton. Light as a wreath of smoke the sliver goes on to unite with its fellow-slivers, and with them winds at length in a flat coil upon a metal reel.

From the cards the slivers travel to the drawing machines, and now we see why so many slivers are joined in one. The filaments of cotton are not all equal, and some of them

break in carding, which would make bad thread. When the slivers are doubled, over and over again, and when these doubled slivers, drawn out to the size of a candle-wick, are doubled from sixteen to twenty thousand times, the stouter threads correct the weak ones. The finer the thread the greater the number of card-ends doubled into one. For fine lace sixty thousand or more are thus doubled and drawn out into a single delicate thread.

Now the slivers are twisted and wound upon bobbins. Now to the throstle or spinning frame.

Up to the next floor, and we are in the midst of the spinning proper. Here the spinner takes charge of generally two or more great frames called mule-frames, which move backward and forward. The spinner must "look sharp" indeed; he has no time to idle and gossip; a thread breaks. In a twinkling, with a touch and a twist only a spinner knows, it is mended. The room is kept warm to prevent breakage.

The mule frames move forward and draw out the thread, then back they glide, and a thousand little spindles begin their whirling dance and wind evenly the thread fine and perfect at last.

Sewing-cotton and cotton thread, to the finest threads for lace, are the sole work of many great mills, where engines and frames are closely packed and busy. Others are filled with looms and warping frames, etc., for the manufacture of cloth. The contrast is wonderful between the huge factories, the fierce steam-engines, the many machines, the thousands of workers, and the little ball of cotton for which they are all brought together.

If you unravel a piece of cloth you will see that the threads cross each other, twining in and out, over and under, close alongside, in the length and breadth of the cloth. The art of crossing the loose and separate threads, so as to combine them into a firm, compact sheet of cloth, is called

weaving. Clothes to wear have always been one of the first of our vital needs, and weavers must have been at work long before men had learned to read and write, or leave any record of their labor.

A good deal has to be done with the thread before it gets to the loom. As a rule, the twist, to form the *warp* or length-thread of the cloth, is throstle-spun, while the *weft*, or breadth-thread, which *wafts* to and fro with the shuttle, is spun upon the mule-frames. Women prepare the warp for the loom. The warping frames look not unlike giant clothes-horses, on the bars of which are placed bobbins without number. From all these bobbins the ends are culled and drawn, narrower and narrower, to a roller, just the width of the cloth to be woven. They pass on their way through slip gauges, to keep their exact distance apart; and, round the roller they wind, a sheet of cloth without the cross thread or weft.

The action of the loom upon the warp is to raise one set of alternate threads and to lower the other set, so as to divide the warp into two sheets of thread. It is trying labor; every separate thread must be seen to, so that all shall rise and fall without a mistake, and at the same time travel on toward the shuttle.

The roll of woven cloth lengthens and lengthens as the shuttle flies to and fro, with the rap it gets on either side.

Between the two separated layers of warp threads the weaver puts in, with shuttles, the weft threads across the warp at right angles, and fills up the breadth of the web. By means of treadles both warp and weft threads are beaten up; that is, pushed up together, so as to make the cloth firm and compact.

But we want to know a little more about the principle of the loom. When these machines are in motion, we can only look on and admire the ingenious mechanism that

causes them to act, but it is hard at first to understand the fundamental principle that makes them work.

If we take two lead pencils, a visiting card, a wooden paper cutter, some thread and a penknife, we can manufacture a loom ourselves, and see the method of working.

The two pencils serve as warp beams, and we can cut a "heddle," as the frame is called which holds the threads on their way to the loom, out of the card with the penknife.

We can also cut one or two shuttles out of the same card, for winding the weft that is to go through the threads of the chain.

We place the pencils on the edge of the table, with a heavy book to hold them in position, and then begin warping.

This is done by attaching one end of the chain to one of the pencils, and threading a large needle with the other end, pass it through the first slit in the heddle, then wind it once around the other pencil and through the first opening again, then around the first pencil, then pass it through the second opening in the card, and so on until the last slit is reached.

After this, in order to weave, it is only necessary to raise and lower the heddle alternately, and, as may be easily seen, the only threads carried along are those that run through the openings. At each of these motions the shuttle must be passed between the two series of warp threads situated at different levels. A paper cutter may be used instead of a batten to push the weft home to the web.

This little device may be quickly and easily constructed, and from it the mechanism of weaving may be perfectly understood, combining amusement and instruction.

It was Tenche Coxe, a prominent resident of Philadelphia, who first urged the cultivation of cotton in the South, at a time when the plant was scarcely seen outside a flower

garden, and he was very active in organizing a company for its manufacture.

This was somewhere about the year 1775, and great difficulties had to be contended with in constructing proper machinery for the different processes. So it was slow work up to the end of the century.

About that time a young man named Slater arrived in this country from England, where he had been connected with the cotton industry, and had mastered the details of the best machinery then in use. He succeeded in producing a carding and spinning machine, which greatly facilitated matters, and in 1793, the firm of which young Slater had become a partner, built a small mill at Pawtucket, R. I., which still stands, and is known as the "old factory."

The year 1811 saw the birth of the great cotton industry at Fall River, Mass., when the "Old Stone Mill" at Globe Corners was opened. The centennial of this event was commemorated in June, 1911, the celebration extending through an entire week.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Where is the most cotton produced?
What is meant by "staples"?
What is "sea island cotton"? "Upland cotton"?
Who was Eli Whitney and what did he do for the cotton industry?
Into what is cotton made?
Give an account of a visit to a cotton mill and the processes of cotton manufacture.
What is weaving?
What is the warp? The woof?
Construct a loom according to the directions given.
Why was the manufacture of cotton slow work up to the end of the eighteenth century?

## WHEAT

Wheat is one of the most valuable cereals and has been known from the earliest history. It was extensively cultivated by the Ancient Egyptians, and China knew it and used it more than two thousand years B. C. It also constituted an important article of food of other nations of antiquity. From that time to the present, wheat has been the principal food for civilized peoples. Its origin is not known, but its home is supposed to have been somewhere in Western Asia.

Wheat is adapted to a great variety of soils and climates, but thrives best in a soil formed from the decomposition of different kinds of rock that have been thoroughly pulverized and contain a good amount of humus, or vegetable mold. Such soil is usually found in river basins, the beds of old lakes, and occasionally on the lower slopes in hilly regions. The plant requires a medium amount of rainfall, and the great wheat-growing regions are those that have from twenty to forty inches of rain annually, about thirty inches securing the best results, provided the rain falls so as to supply the crop with water during the growing season. The plant should also secure its growth during cool weather either in early spring or late fall. Wherever these conditions of soil, rainfall and temperature exist, wheat can be successfully grown These conditions are so varied over the wide range in which the plant is cultivated that a great many varieties have been produced, but these can all be grouped under two classes, winter wheat and spring wheat.

Winter wheat is so called because it is sown in the autumn

and remains in the ground until the next season. The time for sowing ranges from early in September to late in October, according to the locality and climatic conditions. In the warm portions of the wheat regions it is sown earlier than in the cooler portions. Winter wheat gets a good start in the fall months and matures in June or early in July of the following season. It is well suited to those localities that have a dry, hot summer, as the conditions of climate necessary to its successful growth and maturity are met by sowing in the fall. Winter wheat is generally sown in the warm portions of the wheat belt, both in the United States and other countries. It yields well, and makes a good grade of flour.

Spring wheat matures in less time than winter wheat, and can be sown in the spring and harvested in the following July or August, except in the coolest portions of the spring wheat belt, where it does not reach maturity until the first of September. It is sown as early in the spring as the ground can be worked, and attains most of its growth during the hottest part of the season, maturing during the later summer months. There are numerous varieties of spring wheat, such as the red and the white, and the small berry and the large berry. In general, it furnishes a harder berry than winter wheat, and makes a flour of better quality. This wheat is adapted to the cool temperate regions, and can be grown successfully as far north as Hudson's Bay.

The leading wheat-producing countries of the world are Russia, the United States, British India, France, Austria-Hungary, Canada, Italy, Germany, Argentina and Roumania. Russia, India, Canada and Argentina are the only foreign countries that raise enough for their own consumption. Each of these is an exporting country. Since the opening of the wheat fields in Siberia, Russia has become the first nation in the production of wheat.

Wheat culture in the United States began with the earliest colonization. This cereal early became the staple of the New England and Southern colonists, and it was successfully grown by the French in the Mississippi Valley many years before the war which gave that region to the English. Wheat culture in this country has always followed the tide of immigration, until now the grain is raised in forty-three States and territories. In twenty-five of these winter wheat is grown, and in nineteen spring wheat, while some produce both varieties. The conditions favorable to the production of wheat in the United States are found in the entire basin of the Red River of the North; the upper portion of the Mississippi basin as far south as the Des Moines River in Iowa, the Illinois River in Illinois, the flood plains of the Arkansas, and rivers of Kansas and Oklahoma; in Indiana as far south as the Wabash; all along the Lake Erie slope of Ohio and New York, and in the Columbian Plateau and Sacramento basin on the Pacific coast.

The basin of the Red River and that portion of the Mississippi basin as far south as the Des Moines constitute the spring wheat region. Here the winter is long, the spring late and the summer short. Wheat planted in the spring has opportunity to attain its growth before the hotter weather sets in. The period in which it ripens is usually free from rain, which assures the gradual maturing that secures the excellent grade of wheat for which the region is noted.

The most important wheat region of the United States and of the world is in the basin of the Red River of the North. Here are found those extensive wheat farms containing from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand acres or more, and here is raised the best quality of spring wheat.

These farms are divided into sections, each of which has its group of buildings, teams and farm machinery, and is

in charge of a foreman. Formerly horses or mules were used for plowing, but on many of the larger farms gasoline traction engines have taken their place, and plows turning from ten to twenty-five furrows at a time are used. These engines are also used for harvesting. The plowing is done in the fall, and the seed is sown as early in the spring as the thawing of the ground will permit. This work is done by seeders which plant the seed and cover it at the same time. Harvesting takes place from the middle of August to the tenth of September, according to locality. The grain is cut and bound by self-binding harvesters. Harvesting must be accomplished within a short time after the grain is ripe, and although a harvester can harvest on an average eighteen acres a day, each farm requires a number of these machines. These harvesters carry the sheaves until a number are collected, when they are dropped. Workmen follow the binders and stand the bundles in groups called stooks, or shocks, so that they will dry as soon as possible. In some sections the wheat is stacked before thrashing, but in most cases it goes directly from the stook to the thrasher.

As soon as the wheat is dry, it is thrashed. This work is done by steam thrashers which clean the grain, and with but little assistance stack the straw. The machines are driven by twelve-horse power engines, and will thrash from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred bushels in a day. As the grain comes from the thrasher it is hauled to the granaries, or if sold, to the nearest elevator.

Instead of marketing his wheat at the time of thrashing, a farmer may hold it until late in the season. If the price is good, it is to his advantage to market it at once. In either case it is shipped from the local elevator to some of the large wheat centers. The most important of these are Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and Buffalo.

The winter wheat belt includes that portion of Iowa south

of the Des Moines River, and the wheat growing portion of Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. The climatic conditions here are quite different from those in the spring wheat belt. The summers are long and hot, and the winters mild. If wheat were planted in the spring, it would grow during the hot weather of June and July, and the plant would produce a large quantity of straw and very little grain and that of poor quality. Many of the wheat farms of Kansas are large, and in some years that State has even led North Dakota and Minnesota in her production of wheat. Each of the other States also produces several million bushels. In Illinois and Indiana the farms are smaller, and in Ohio the cultivation is on small farms, largely on the plan of intensive farming, which secures a large yield per acre. Considerable wheat is also grown in western New York on the same plan.

On account of the peculiar climatic conditions of California, Oregon and Washington, this region furnishes a grade of wheat of high quality, but somewhat different from that grown in other portions of the country. Most of this is winter wheat, but on account of the dryness of the climate the berry becomes nearly as hard as that of some spring varieties. The harvesting here is somewhat different from that in the valley of the Red River of the North. The grain becomes thoroughly dry before cutting, and in many places the harvester used cuts only enough of the straw to secure all the heads. The thrasher is attached to the harvester, so that the harvesting and thrashing are done at the same time and by the same piece of machinery. One of these machines requires from twenty to twenty-four horses to operate it successfully. The grain from this region is all sacked before shipping, and this has given rise to a thriving industry in the manufacture of gunny sacks. Most of this wheat is ground in the States where it is grown, and the flour is exported to China and Japan.

Wheat is transported by rail and by water. With the exception of that on the Pacific coast, it is carried in bulk, being run directly from the elevators into the car or ship, as the case may be. The average freight car will contain six hundred and seventy-five bushels, and the task of moving a large crop taxes the railways to their utmost capacity. Transportation by water is much cheaper than by rail, consequently, much of the wheat destined for European markets is shipped to Duluth or Chicago, and thence by water to Buffalo, where it can be reloaded into canal boats and carried to New York via the Erie Canal and Hudson River. Many of the steamships on the Great Lakes can carry cargoes of more than two hundred and fifty thousand bushels.

The wheat berry, or the kernel, as it is commonly called, has a somewhat complex structure. If a kernel is carefully split through the middle, and the exposed surface examined by a powerful microscope, we find that the inside of the berry is filled with white granules of almost pure starch. Surrounding this is a coating which has a yellowish tint. This coating is nearly all gluten, the most nourishing and valuable part of the berry. Outside of the gluten is a covering of bran. This is arranged in five coats, each differing from the other in structure and appearance, but all are made up of wood fibre, wholly worthless as an article of food. At the one end of the berry, and within the bran coats, we find the germ, which must be separated from the other parts in order to obtain flour of the best quality.

The milling of wheat has for its purpose the crushing of the berry and converting the starch and gluten into flour. When the wheat enters the mill, it is first cleaned, during which process all imperfect kernels and seeds of other plants are removed. The dust is then removed by running the wheat through a series of rapidly revolving brushes, through which is passed a blast of air. In some of the best mills the

wheat is steamed a short time before grinding. This prevents the bran from breaking into such small particles that, when ground, it cannot be separated from the other parts of the berry.

The wheat is ground by passing through series of steel rollers, those in each set being closer together than in the one preceding. After being thoroughly ground in this manner, it passes through the separators which remove the bran and the germ. Several grindings and siftings still follow before the flour is perfected. It is then exposed to a blast of air to cool it, when it is ready to be packed for shipment. Flour is packed in barrels and sacks. A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds; the sacks are of half-barrel, quarter-barrel, and eighth-barrel sizes. It usually requires four and a half bushels of wheat to make a barrel of flour.

The large milling centers are naturally near or at the large shipping centers, but we find small mills located all over the wheat belt. To these mills many farmers sell their wheat, and from them flour is sent, not only to supply the local trade, but to many distant cities and States, and sometimes to foreign countries. The capacity of these small mills ranges all the way from one hundred to one thousand barrels a day. Minneapolis is the greatest milling center of the world. In this city are found single mills capable of producing fifteen thousand or more barrels of flour in twenty-four hours, and the full capacity of this milling center is more than sixty thousand barrels a day.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Name some of the most important cereals.
Why are they called "cereals"?
What does the wheat plant require for successful cultivation?
Describe some of the inventions used in the production of wheat.

## CORN

Grass we might consider as being the staple of food, for it is from this class that we get wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, etc., and consequently it is the most important of all vegetable products. People have always used the seeds of these plants for food. They grow in all countries where man lives. The seeds of all these grasses are properly corns, and because from the flour formed from them various kinds of bread are made, they are called bread corns; a grass which produces bread corn is a cereal. Barley is the hardiest of all the grasses, and will thrive anywhere, even in the frigid zones. The ancient Egyptians believed it to be the first of the grasses used for food, and only two centuries ago it was the common food grain of England. It is prepared for table by *pearling* the grains, that is, peeling off the outer layer. Rice requires a hot climate; it is very largely used, and forms the principal part of the food of one-third of the human race. Rice is mostly starch, and contains but little nourishment for the brains or muscles, consequently the nations living on this cereal are behind Americans and Europeans in almost everything useful.

Wheat ranks next to rice in importance, but in our country the most valuable cereal is Indian corn, or maize, as it is more properly called. It is a native of the New World, and was cultivated by the Indians long before the white man set foot upon this continent. It is the largest and handsomest of the grasses, and considerable heat is necessary for its growth, as is shown by the great height of the southern varieties.

The color of the kernels ranges from white, through yellow, to dark red and even purple; the shape, from the tiny rice

grains of the pop-corn, to the long, sharp kinds of the South and West, and the wrinkled sweet kernels. One Rocky Mountain variety has a husk over each separate kernel.

The kinds most valued are the staple, the Indian-corn, the sweet, and last, but not least, I am sure, in your estimation, the pop-corn. It contains all the qualities needed to sustain life, in one of the cheapest forms, but is mostly adapted for people of active habits of life.

The botanical name of corn is *Zea Mays*. Columbus is said to have brought it to Spain about the year 1500. The early settlers of America found maize growing in all parts of the country.

For the past eighty years our corn crop has been constantly increasing, till now corn is the most important grain-product of the United States. The commercial value is perhaps best indicated by statistics. The report of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1911 gave the total yield as 2,531,488,000 bushels, produced by about 105,825,000 acres of land. This crop was valued at $1,565,258,000.

The principal corn-growing region of the United States comprises Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Texas, Oklahoma and Tennessee.

Corn is a tender plant, and at any period of its growth it is easily damaged by frosts. The seed cannot be planted until the season is sufficiently far advanced to allow the growing corn to escape late frosts, and the region in which it is grown must have a late warm autumn, almost without rainfall, otherwise the grain will not ripen. Corn thrives best on a rich loam, and most of it is raised on a heavy clay loam composed of finely ground rock from which the plant food has not been washed. The plant produces most abundantly where the rainfall is from thirty to forty inches, falling mainly in spring and winter. It thrives much better on dry land than on that which is wet or

abundantly moist. Since the plant absorbs a large quantity of moisture from the atmosphere, it often thrives in localities where the rainfall is not sufficient for the best results in raising wheat, oats and other small grain.

There are many varieties of corn, each of which seems to be suited to a definite purpose, and some are especially adapted to certain localities. The small, hard, yellow corn will mature in a shorter season than some of the larger varieties, and can be successfully grown in New England, and the northern parts of Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Sweet corn is raised for eating green and for canning, while popcorn is considered something of a luxury and is not raised in large quantities, although the crop when successful is more profitable than almost any other that the farmer can produce. When we speak of corn without any qualification of the term, the large dent corn is meant. The quantity of this variety raised in the United States exceeds many times that of all others combined.

We do not find in the corn belt any such large farms as the bonanza farms of the wheat region. In the Eastern States, the farms are small, seldom exceeding two hundred and forty acres. But as one goes westward, he finds the average size to increase until in Western Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, four hundred or more acres may be included in a farm. There are a few exceptions to this rule, where a syndicate, or some enterprising farmer, has purchased a number of farms and operates them all under one management. Much that has been said about the treatment of land in the raising of wheat applies also to the raising of corn. The land is plowed and prepared for the seed in about the same way for both grains. Corn, however, is planted in rows so that the hills are equally far apart each way. One looking at a field of growing corn early in the season, notices that the rows run both ways and at right angles to each other, and that they are about three feet

apart. When the corn is small this seems to be a waste of ground, but by the middle of the season the plants have become so large that the leaves of one hill touch those of the next.

The seed is usually planted from the first to the middle of May, according to locality. The work is done by a planter drawn by horses, and so gauged that it drops the seed and covers it at equal intervals of space. Guiding his machine by a wire stretched across the field, a careful operator will succeed in planting his field so regularly that the rows will be straight in each direction. The young plants are very tender, and when they have attained the height of five or six inches tillage begins. In order to keep the soil loose and moist about the roots, and to keep down the weeds the ground must be cultivated every week or two until the plants become so large that the cultivator cannot be drawn between the rows without injuring the crop. The field is then laid by for the corn to fill and ripen. In respect to tillage corn presents a marked contrast to wheat, which covers the ground so thickly that cultivation is unnecessary.

This necessity for cultivating the land makes corn a more expensive crop to raise than wheat. In good soil the moist thrifty plants attain a height of from sixteen to eighteen feet, but the average height is from seven to eight feet. Each stalk bears several ears. The yield varies from thirty or forty to as high as eighty bushels per acre, though the latter result is seldom attained. The crop is usually harvested about the middle of September, or it may remain standing longer if conditions make it necessary.

Formerly the harvesting was all done by hand. Only the ears were collected from the stalks which were left standing, but now the corn harvester does the work in a manner quite similar to that of the self-binder employed in harvesting wheat. The bundles of corn are stacked in shocks for drying. Husking is commenced at the earliest

possible date. Numerous machines have been invented for doing this work, but until recently they have not proved satisfactory, and most of the husking is still done by hand. This task is of such magnitude that it often engages the entire population for several weeks. After husking, the ears of corn are stored in cribs, which are large sheds having their sides made of narrow strips of board with wide openings between them, so as to permit a free circulation of air. The corn remains in the cribs until it is thoroughly dry, when it is ready for use.

While not as valuable as wheat, taken bulk for bulk, corn is more widely used because it is more suitable for so many different purposes. Corn is very wholesome and nutritious, and it is estimated that it is used as a food by a larger number of people than any other cereal except rice. Its most extensive use, however, is for fattening stock, and we find that the States in which the corn belt is located supply our markets with a large number of hogs and cattle. In many cases where corn is fed to stock, it is not husked.

Corn is shelled or thrashed by machines driven by steam-power. The largest of these will thrash from twenty-five hundred to four thousand bushels in a day. It is only the shelled corn that is shipped from the regions in which it is grown. This constitutes about one-fourth of the crop, the other three-fourths being used for purposes already stated.

Corn is one of the most useful of plants, and from it a large number of products are made. When ground, the kernel forms meal which is usually placed on the market in three grades, coarse, medium and fine, the last being nearly as fine as wheat flour. But before the kernel is ground into meal the hull and the germ are removed. From the germ, corn oil is made and the refuse, when ground, is placed on the market as gluten meal, and is a valuable stock food. The oil is used for lubricating machinery, in making paints, and when refined, as a substitute for olive oil for salads. But

the most remarkable of all is that from this oil is made a good quality of rubber. One of the most important products obtained from corn is starch. The largest starch factories are at Oswego, N. Y., and on Long Island the annual output exceeds twenty million pounds. Glucose is also of great importance and about sixty million bushels are conserved yearly in its manufacture. It is extensively used in canning fruits. Mixed with ten percent of cane syrup it forms corn syrup or karo. All are familiar with corn flakes, and hominy in its various forms is also widely known as a nutritious and wholesome food. When fermented, corn is one of the chief sources of alcohol and other spirituous liquors. Millions of bushels are consumed in their manufacture. The largest distilleries in the country are at Peoria and Pekin, Illinois.

The husks, dried, are used for mats, and for filling beds and cushions. The stalks may furnish fuel, thatch for roofs, or may be made into baskets. Paper has been manufactured from portions. The cobs alone, or soaked in oil, are useful for kindling.

## HELPS FOR STUDY

Why might grass be considered the staple of food?
Why is Indian corn so called?
What kinds of corn are valued most?
In what part of the United States is corn raised most extensively?
What is meant by "dent corn"?
How is the corn harvested, husked and shelled?
What are some of the uses of corn?

# LIST OF ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS FROM WORKS OF AUTHORS REPRESENTED

WASHINGTON IRVING
- Selections from the "Sketch Book":
  - Westminster Abbey
  - The Stage Coach
  - The Legend of Sleepy Hollow
  - Christmas Eve
  - Christmas Day
  - The Christmas Dinner
- Selections from "The Alhambra":
  - Palace of the Alhambra
  - Court of Lions
  - The Moor's Legacy
  - The Rose of the Alhambra
- Selections from the following:
  - Knickerbocker's History of New York
  - Life of Columbus
  - Tales of a Traveller
  - Life of Washington
  - Bracebridge Hall
  - Oliver Goldsmith
  - Conquest of Granada
  - Wolfert's Roost

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
- Courtship of Miles Standish
- Psalm of Life
- The Reaper and the Flowers
- The Fire of Driftwood
- The Old Clock on the Stairs
- Resignation
- The Rainy Day
- The Arsenal at Springfield
- The Ladder of St. Augustine
- My Lost Youth
- The Children's Hour
- Robert Burns
- The Arrow and the Song
- The Skeleton in Armor
- The Wreck of the Hesperus
- King Robert of Sicily
- Sandalphon
- The Birds of Killingworth
- The Legend Beautiful
- Excelsior
- The Builders
- The Day is Done
- Daybreak
- The Sermon of St. Francis
- The Song of Hiawatha
- The Building of the Ship

ROBERT BURNS
- Cotter's Saturday Night
- Tam o' Shanter
- Epistle to a Young Friend
- A Bard's Epitaph
- Duncan Gray
- Address to the Unco Guid
- To a Mouse
- To a Mountain Daisy
- On Seeing a Wounded Hare
- The Ploughman
- Bannockburn
- To Mary in Heaven
- For a' That and a' That
- O Wert Thou in the Cold Blast
- My Heart's in the Highlands
- Highland Mary
- John Anderson, My Jo
- The Banks o' Doon
- Auld Lang Syne

## LIST OF ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS

ALFRED TENNYSON
- The Charge of the Light Brigade
- The Brook
- Death of the Old Year
- The Revenge
- Lady Clare
- Break, Break, Break
- Enoch Arden
- Ring Out, Wild Bells
- Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead
- The Bugle Song

Selections from the following:
- In Memoriam
- Idylls of the King

CHARLES DICKENS
- A Child's Dream of a Star
- The Chimes
- Christmas Carol
- Cricket on the Hearth

Selections from the following:
- Dombey and Son
- David Copperfield
- Oliver Twist
- Little Dorrit
- Child's History of England
- Tales from Pickwick

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
- Maud Muller
- Angels of Buena Vista
- The Corn-Song
- The Exiles
- Kathleen
- The Pipes of Lucknow
- The Red River Voyageur
- Burns
- The Mayflowers
- A Song of Harvest
- Centennial Hymn
- King Solomon and the Ants
- A Prayer
- Snow-Bound
- The Three Bells
- In School Days
- The Eternal Goodness
- Barclay of Ury
- Among the Hills (Prelude)
- My Psalm

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
- Yussouf
- Aladdin
- The Singing Leaves
- The Oak
- The Heritage
- To the Dandelion
- The Pioneer
- The Shepherd of King Admetus
- Rhœcus
- The Finding of the Lyre
- The Fountain
- Longing
- The First Snowfall
- Commemoration Ode
- The Courtin'

EDGAR ALLAN POE
- The Raven
- Eldorado
- Israfel
- The Gold Bug
- A Descent into the Mælstrom

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
- Autocrat of the Breakfast Table
- Old Ironsides
- The Last Leaf
- The Voiceless
- Bill and Joe
- The Old Man Dreams
- The Boys
- The Chambered Nautilus
- Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill
- Contentment
- Under the Violets
- Dorothy Q

## LIST OF ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
- Thanatopsis
- To a Waterfowl
- A Forest Hymn
- The Death of the Flowers
- To the Fringed Gentian
- Song of Marion's Men
- The Antiquity of Freedom
- Robert of Lincoln
- Sella
- The Flood of Years
- Innocent Child and Snow-White Flower
- The White-footed Deer
- The Song of the Sower
- Seventy-Six

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
- The Rhodora
- The Humble Bee
- The Snowstorm
- Ode, July 4, 1857
- Each and All
- Forbearance
- The Mountain and the Squirrel
- Duty
- Sky-Born Music
- Love's Nobility

Selections from the following:
- Representative Men
- Compensation
- Nature
- Self-Reliance
- Conduct of Life

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
- The Snow Image
- The Great Stone Face

Selections from Twice-Told Tales:
- David Swan
- The Gray Champion
- The Ambitious Guest
- Little Annie's Ramble
- A Rill from the Town Pump

Selections from the following:
- Wonder Book
- Tanglewood Tales
- Paradise of Children
- Grandfather's Chair

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Selections from the following:
- Marmion
- Lady of the Lake
- Lay of the Last Minstrel
- Ivanhoe
- The Talisman
- Tales of a Grandfather

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE
- The Culprit Fay

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB
- Poetry for Children
- Mrs. Leicester's School

CHARLES LAMB
- Adventures of Ulysses

Selections from Essays of Elia:
- Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago
- New Year's Eve
- Dream Children
- Dissertation Upon Roast Pig
- Poor Relations
- Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading
- The Superannuated Man
- Old China

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS
- The Graves of a Household
- The Treasures of the Deep
- The Homes of England
- Hymns of Childhood